

THE

# SIGN



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# Russia Should Not Be Recognized

THE special attention of our readers is called to two very important articles in this issue. The first is "OGPU: O-Gay-Pay-Oo," by Mr. Edwin C. Hill. The other, by Mr. Ernest Oldmeadow, is "Recognize Russia?" We are featuring these articles in the hope of doing the little within our power to give a true picture of Soviet Russia and to do what we can to prevent our Christian Government from entering into diplomatic or trade relations with the anti-Christ and anti-God Bolsheviks.



MR. HILL is one of the foremost journalists in America today. For years he has been a prominent staff member of *The Sun* of New York. His latest book is "The American Scene." At present he is associated with the Columbia Broadcasting System for whom he presents every night the "Human Side of the News." His description of the origin and methods of the Soviet Secret Police was broadcast over a national hook-up on March 20. A loyal American and sincere Protestant, Mr. Hill is convinced, as all American Christians should be convinced, that, while trade is a good thing and new markets are needed for our exports, recognition of Russia would be too high a price to pay for them.



MR. ERNEST OLDMEADOW is the Editor of the London *Tablet*. Years before assuming the editorship he attained fame as a novelist, particularly as the author of "Antonio," which we have always regarded as a Catholic classic. An Englishman and convert to the Church, Mr. Oldmeadow has dedicated his keen intelligence and rapier-like pen to the defence of the Faith. He was among the first to expose the methods and aims of the Soviets. In season and out of season he has stressed the dastardly evil that the Bolsheviks have wrought against the Christian Faith and material prosperity of his own country. America has not recognized Russia. England has. What recognition actually means there Mr. Oldmeadow sets forth admirably.



WE REGRET that the Hon. Alfred E. Smith has been quoted as favoring recognition of Russia. If he was quoted correctly we can say that that was "one he didn't think through." Mr. Bainbridge Colby, Secretary of State under Woodrow Wilson—who first refused recognition to Russia—says in answer to the former Governor:

"The original refusal of the United States to recognize Russia had nothing to do with the acknowledgment or repudiation of its debt to this country.

"It had nothing to do with the type of government Russia saw fit to adopt, its Communism, or other theories of economic and social relations.

"Any desire to influence the internal administration of Russia or to express an opinion, either favorable or adverse, upon her form of government, was expressly disclaimed by the United States.

"It was on an entirely different ground that American recognition was denied.

"Our refusal was predicated upon the fact that Russia was an enemy State.

"Despite denials and the concealments and disguises employed by as subtle a propaganda as the world has

ever seen, this enmity continues to be the foundation of Soviet foreign policy."

Consequently, says Mr. Colby, "to concede recognition as a friend to a nation that protests she is not a friend, but on the contrary is dedicated to the overthrow of our institutions and sworn to conspire against our peace and security, is unthinkable—a solemn lie, to use the words of Secretary of State Elihu Root."

Further:

"The unhappy experience of Great Britain and Italy, both of whom have decided to cancel trade agreements with Russia, and the equally unsatisfactory experience of France, should silence the clamor of selfish traders who would barter American principles for commercial profit, and a dubious profit, at that."

And in conclusion Mr. Colby asserts that "no nation has materially increased its trade with Russia as a result of recognition; nor has the United States suffered in the least by withholding it."

"It is strange," says *The Post* of Washington, "that Al Smith, who spoke with such deep sympathy for the unemployed, should advocate competition between American workingmen and the slaves of Russia.

"Apparently the former Governor has not taken the trouble to inquire into the details of the American-Russian commerce which he would promote."



OUR Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, is fully aware of the menace of Bolshevism. Repeatedly he has spoken and written against the anti-God campaign which, originating in Russia, has spread into Mexico and Spain. And the Bolsheviks see in the Pope the greatest obstacle to their diabolical plans both at home and abroad. The Pope calls on all Christians to pray and work for the overthrow of Bolshevism. He has directed that the prayers said after all Masses should be offered *pro Russia* (for Russia). Most earnestly does he plead with all Christian Governments to safeguard the rights of personal liberty and religious freedom from the machinations of a system that would destroy civilization and make a mockery of God Almighty.

*Father Harold Purcell, C.P.*

P. S.—This issue of THE SIGN includes several new advertisers that enlarge the interest and service of our publication for the reader. We are very hopeful that this is the start of a steady flow of such high-grade advertising that will be helpful to all. It is certain that the increased revenue which such advertising produces helps your publisher make a better magazine for you.

The R. C. A. Victor Company is one of the largest and finest concerns in the country. They have recently turned their staff of engineers to producing a number of products that will make church activities more effective and pleasant. You and the co-workers in your church should know about them. So send for the information they are offering.

Another advertiser we are glad to welcome is the North American Insurance Company. Their announcement fully explains the service they have to offer you. We hope many of our readers will take advantage of it.



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## CURRENT FACT *and* COMMENT

### OGPU: O-Gay-Pay-Oo

By Edwin C. Hill

IT seems that one may fairly ask the question: Should a Christian nation, such as the United States at least is supposed to be, extend the hand of fellowship to a government which declares war on God and holds up His Son to obscene ridicule? Trade is a fine thing. New markets are a pressing need. Recognition would mean trade and new markets—but we would be paying such a price for them as this country never paid before. I know not what course the United States is to take, but in any and all events it must weigh the Gay-Payoo in the balance. . . . As for the Russian people, for whom we have only friendliness and sympathy, it seems to me that two lines written years ago by the great American who was secretary to Abraham Lincoln and Secretary of State under William McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt may be prophetic of their future. And those two lines were: "The people will come to their own at last . . . God is not mocked forever."

LUBIANKA STREET is deserted at night. It is a place accursed. It is the site of the most dreaded prison in the wide world. It is the one spot which makes even Devil's Island seem a paradise. Even in the sunlight the people of Moscow give it a wide berth. So there are none to look on or even give heed when a stir of activity echoes in the grim silences of No. 2 Lubianka Street. Staccato explosions from powerful motors. The rhythmical tread of marching men. Low-voiced commands in purring, spitting Russian.

From the darkness of the terrible walls of Lubianka Prison motor lorries roll into the dimly-lighted street. Behind the lorries a file of strapping young soldiers marching with the machine-like precision of Prussian infantry. The rumble of wheels and the tramp-tramp of hobnailed boots upon the cobblestones gradually die away and fade into the inky silence of the night. Lubianka is as quiet as death itself,

and the wail of the winter wind which sweeps the street is the wail of the tens of thousands of ghosts that haunt the place where their souls were torn from their mortal shells. . . .

The hours pass. The workingmen's clubs and the theatres empty their audiences into the streets of the Soviet capital. In Red Square, by the Kremlin, Lenin sleeps alone in his monstrous mausoleum. But in the dead of the early morning Lubianka resounds again to marching feet. The armed men are returning, and the cobblestones again echo the hollow rumbling of wheels and the rhythmical shuffle of disciplined soldiers. They return with thirty terrified Russian civilians and six subjects of his Britannic Majesty George the Fifth.

The Gay-Payoo have been on the hunt, and they have bagged a quarry and their ruthless action has caused an international affair which will almost certainly drive Great

Britain to break off its relations with Russia, if it does not lead to something even more serious. In the British Parliament and in the Foreign Office in Downing Street there is burning indignation. Patient John Bull, striving desperately these days to stave off another great European war, is pushed to almost the last limit of his forbearance, and grows that this time Stalin and his secret police, the Gay-Payoo, have gone too far.

### Six Britishers: Thirty Russians

THE six Britishers and the thirty Russians arrested in the latest raid of this remorseless instrument of the Soviet tyrants of Russia were employees of the Metropolitan-Vickers Company, an English corporation which has been constructing and operating electrical plants under the celebrated Five-Year Plan. Two of the Englishmen, Allan Monkhouse, the manager, and Charles Nordwall, an engineer, were released, but the other British subjects and the Russian civilians are held for trial on charges of sabotage, wilfully obstructing the Five-Year Plan.

In Lubyanka Prison Monkhouse was held for forty-eight hours, subjected to the prison discipline and then turned loose. For hours at a time he was questioned by officers of the Gay-Payoo, who worked on him in batches of twos and threes, all in uniform and high ranking officers. Nordwall was subjected to seventeen straight hours of this relentless interrogation, and after a brief rest to another inquisition of eleven unbroken hours. Monkhouse went back to his home, from which he had been dragged while at dinner with three guests.

The British Ambassador drove post haste to the Kremlin and to the office of the Foreign Secretary, Maxim Litvinoff, where he demanded the instant release of the four Englishmen still held in Lubyanka. He was refused. Litvinoff made a show of bravado in his statement that foreigners living in Russia were subject to the laws of the country. But, in reality, a power higher than Litvinoff was acting. And even Maxim Litvinoff may dread the day or hour when an agent of the terrible Gay-Payoo will tap him on the shoulder to answer to a real or a trumped-up offense.

All foreigners in Russia are in a state of fear over the present ruthless and widespread activities of the dreaded Secret Police. Only a week ago three high Soviet officials were executed and thirty-five workers sentenced to prison terms of from eight to ten years by the secret Gay-Payoo Tribunal, as an object lesson to the reluctant farmers of the Ukraine and of North Caucasus for tardiness in developing their agricultural resources and in grain collecting. Seventeen Americans, caught in the Soviet trap, all engineers of the General Electric Company, have telegraphed friends that they are going to get out of a country where even the power of such a nation as Great Britain cannot protect its subjects from the savage tyranny of Stalin and his secret police.

The Gay-Payoo is striking on every side to cover up the failure of the Soviet industrial and agricultural program. In disappointment and fury, the Communistic masters of unhappy Russia have unleashed their bloodhounds, the secret police of the Gay-Payoo, and have sent them baying on the trail.

There is no parallel on earth for this organization, the Soviet Secret Police. Officially, it is the Department of Political Administration. In the vernacular it is the Gay-Payoo, Russian slang for the initials of the department, OGPU. Actually, it is the invisible government of Russia, the mighty bulwark of Communism, answerable only to the Dictator himself, Stalin. And literally it is a combination of the Star Chamber of the Tudor Kings, of the Spanish Inquisition, of the Mafia of Sicily and of the red-handed Commune of the French Revolution.

It knows no law. Stucha, President of the Supreme Court of the United Social Soviets of Russia, defines Soviet law as "technical instructions, with no binding power over those who issue them." The law courts and the Secret Police, the Gay-Payoo, exist not to enforce the law but to enforce the political policies of the Dictatorship.

It knows no law, the Gay-Payoo, and it respects no person. Life and death are in its hands. It gives neither the benefit of judge nor jury. Any offense, criminal or political, is, in Russia, an infringement of the social order, and as such is answerable to the Gay-Payoo, a board of whose officers does the sentencing. Be it liberty, Siberia, or a bullet through the back of the head in the dungeons of Lubyanka, there is no appeal and no interference.

A mild-mannered monster, with the dreamy eyes and sensitive face of a musician or a poet was the creator of the terrible Gay-Payoo. But the melodies that soothed his soul were the screams of tortured women and the shrieks of strong men driven to uncontrollable agony before there came to them the happy release of death. The name of this man, who has gone to his own reward from the God that Stalin mocks, was Felix Dzershinsky.

He was by birth a Pole. He was a close friend of Lenin. Not since the days of Robespierre, in more than one hundred years, were the hands of a man plunged so deeply in blood. He inaugurated a reign of terror after the assassination of the Communist leaders, Volodarski and Uritski, and after an attempt on the life of Lenin. This was back in 1917, when the Gay-Payoo was known as the Cheka, and when the firing squads worked in eight-hour shifts, twenty-four hours a day in Lubyanka Prison.

### Dzershinsky Still Lives On

DAY and night the minions of Felix Dzershinsky, in obedience to the whims and orders of this gentle-faced, tranquil-voiced lunatic, sallied from the prison like evil birds of prey to hunt down their victims. Then, as now, a mere suspicion was sufficient to provoke an order of arrest. Then, as now, the spies of the secret police were everywhere—in the shops and factories, in the hotels and restaurants, even in the homes, for no man and no woman could know who was in the pay of the secret police, eager for a chance to twist a jest into a disloyal utterance, eager to betray them to death for a few miserable roubles.

This monster and his successors filled Moscow with agents provocateur, deliberately borrowing the most evil practices of the old-time secret police of the Czars, the famous Okrana. Their business was and is to entice people into saying or doing imprudent things, anything sufficient for a cause of arrest. Counter-revolutionists, conservatives,

Socialists, nobles, petty criminals, rich merchants, bishops, priests, princes, young girls and beardless boys were dragged in endless and sorrowful procession through the portals of Number Two Lubianka, never to emerge again.

### The Anti-God Campaign

THEN, as now, a savage warfare was waged by the Gay-Payoo against God and His Son, against the only thing really precious that is possessed by humanity, religious faith. According to official Communist statistics, thirty bishops and fourteen hundred and fourteen priests were executed in 1919 alone, but more reliable figures place the number at eight thousand one hundred persons in the Orthodox Church alone—prelates, monks, nuns, clerks and church servants. The Soviet and the Secret Police declared war on God Almighty and that war has been pursued with bloody relentlessness.

The persecutions failed to eradicate religion in Russia. They actually strengthened it. They cleansed the church of all lukewarm adherents and produced thousands of martyrs. The unshaken constancy of the victims set for their brethren a magnificent example. And the time came when even the Secret Police realized the futility of killing the clergy. Confiscations, imprisonment and brutal ridicule of sacred ritual and objects were substituted for the firing squad.

Today in Russia religion is derided by the Gay-Payoo as a product of human stupidity and ignorance. This is done in special anti-religious pamphlets which ridicule events of the Old and New Testaments and hold up to mockery and derision the lives of the saints and the history of the Church. Mock processions and theatrical displays burlesque the agony of the Man of Nazareth. The Miracle of Cana in Galilee and the Last Supper are represented as disgusting revels. Agents of Gay-Payoo spit upon the pictured face of Jesus and hold up the Machine as the true god of mankind.

Nobody will ever know how many victims were dragged to shame and torture and appalling death by the secret agents, whether they operated under the old name, "Cheka," or under their present designation, O-Gay-Pay-Oo. It was Felix Dzershinsky who explained, gently stroking his drooping mustache, his pale blue eyes glowing with fanaticism, that the function of the Secret Police was neither to judge nor to pardon. Its sole duty, as he put it, was "to incinerate our enemies."

That was the cue: "our enemies." . . . Any of the thousands of Communists high in power in the Soviet who wished to satisfy a personal hatred or a grudge put upon the lists of the Secret Police the names of the people he wanted out of the world. Charles R. Crane, formerly United States Minister to China, certainly a conservative person not given to exaggerated statements or wild charges, has solemnly averred that two million persons were the victims of the Cheka under the bloody rule of the madman, Dzershinsky.

The frightful episodes of the red year of the French Revolution, ninety-three, when the streets of Paris were filled with tumbrils carrying thousands to the guillotine, when those horrible wretches, Marat and Robespierre and St. Just, literally bathed in blood, when the French tyrants, too, declared war on God and all His works, were almost

trivial compared to the wholesale slaughter carried on by the Russian Secret Police in the ten or a dozen years after nineteen-seventeen. And while State murder might now be termed a retail rather than a wholesale business, it still goes on and there are indications, in the most recent activities of the Gay-Payoo, of a new reign of terror to conceal the failures of the government and to deceive or terrify the people.

Strange as it may seem, and as it does appear from this crimson record, the Gay-Payoo is anything but an aggregation of brutal ignoramuses with nothing but an unquenchable thirst for blood. On the contrary, its officers are cold-blooded intellectuals, chosen for mental and physical abilities. Picked men. Its uniformed force is composed of the fittest individuals, mentally and physically, that can be found in the whole Red Army. They are intelligent, well trained, thoroughly disciplined, well mannered, and, miracle of miracles, for Russia, well dressed.

Nothing is too good for the Gay-Payoo. Theirs is the finest food, the most luxurious club in Moscow and the best homes and schools for their children. The iron regulations that apply to the civilians are not for these autocrats of life and death. All-powerful and all-seeing, the Gay-Payoo censors the mails, the telegraphs and cables and telephones, invades private homes and violates even the foreign embassies. It goes into foreign lands to lay hands on recreant brethren and drag them back to their doom in Lubianka Street. There is no list of its agents. No human being, outside of the Gay-Payoo organization, has ever been present at a questioning of its victims. No one knows them and, in the lower orders of spies, they do not know even each other. But every department of government and even the meanest village has its secret agents.

### Will America Sell Her Soul?

THAT is how Russia is ruled today. That is how life is ordered. The facts are known and accessible to anyone. They are accessible to all of those good Americans, many of them among our most respected and admired leaders of American thought, who are urging that the United States recognize the present Soviet Government of Russia—the government which rests upon the activities of this very Gay-Payoo.

It seems that one may fairly ask the question: Should a Christian nation, such as the United States at least is supposed to be, extend the hand of fellowship to a government which declares war on God and holds up His Son to obscene ridicule? Trade is a fine thing. New markets are a pressing need. Recognition would mean trade and new markets—but we would be paying such a price for them as this country never paid before. I know not what course the United States is to take, but in any and all events it must weigh the Gay-Payoo in the balance.

As for the Russian people, for whom we have only friendliness and sympathy, it seems to me that two lines written years ago by the great American who was secretary to Abraham Lincoln and Secretary of State under William McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt may be prophetic of their future. And those two lines were: "The people will come to their own at last . . . God is not mocked forever."



# CATEGORICA

Edited by N. M. LAW

ON THINGS IN GENERAL AND QUITE LARGELY A MATTER OF QUOTATION

## RUSSIA MUST LOOK FOR CREDITS

RUSSIA is the borrower. Note particularly the last paragraph in this editorial from "The Times" of New York. Read the whole editorial in the light of Mr. Oldmeadow's article:

In 1931 the United States sold goods in Russia valued at \$103,000,000. Last year our exports to that country amounted to only \$12,500,000. This represents a loss of 88 per cent. During the same period Germany's sales to Russia declined by merely 21 per cent and England's actually increased by 29 per cent.

These figures are frequently cited to support the argument for American recognition of the Russian Government. In the case of Russia or of any other country it stands to reason that recognition facilitates the processes of trade. It supplies diplomatic and consular representation and tends to increase the willingness of exporters to accept the risk of selling goods on credit. But it can scarcely be argued that lack of recognition fully explains our recent loss of trade with Russia. We did not recognize the Government of that country in 1931, when our sales were valued at a figure eight times larger than in 1932, or in 1930, when our sales reached \$114,300,000, the highest figure since the war. The explanation of so large a loss of trade as 88 per cent must be sought elsewhere.

Two factors have clearly played an important part in recent changes. Figures of the Soviet Union show that most of the trade we have lost has gone to Germany and England. The German Government guarantees orders from the Soviet to German manufacturers up to 60-75 per cent of their value. England gives a similar guarantee on orders to British manufacturers, although of a smaller percentage. Again, it is an axiom of foreign trade that in the long run countries cannot buy unless they are permitted to sell. Since 1930 restrictions on Russian imports into this country have been increased, under provisions of existing laws concerning "dumping," "unfair competition" and "forced labor."

It is highly doubtful, therefore, whether the sale of American goods to Russia would be greatly increased solely by the act of recognition. In order to compete with Germany and England it would be necessary for us not only to revise at various points our existing tariff laws, but also to adopt the policy of government-guaranteed credits.

## JUROR NO. 12 STANDS UP

CONDENSED from "Negligence Case," a story contributed to "Harper's Magazine" by Alfred E. Loomis:

The aged court attendant opens the gate of the jury box. "This way, gentlemen." He leads us into the jury-room, and locks the door behind us.

We are in an oblong room furnished only with twelve chairs and a long, battered table. Strangers all, we seat ourselves, produce smokes, and tilt our chairs back against the scarred walls. A juror requests the foreman to ask at once for a vote. We have heard the evidence, and now the antagonisms and rapprochements of the jury-room must decide the issue.

"Zhenlmen, I ask you," begins the foreman. "Vill ve vote or talk?" Neither linguistic ability nor superior intellect has given him the leadership of 12 worthy men. Chance had directed that his name, Isidor Elitzik, be called first.

"Let's vote," say one or two, "and argue after."

"Dose for der plaintiff, Mr. Silbermann, raise der right hand," says the foreman. Seven hands shoot up, followed falteringly by the hands of three who do not like to be caught in a minority.

But Juror Seven, whose hand has not gone up, begins to speak.

"I think, gentlemen, that we might first get the plaintiff and the defendant straight. As I recall it, Maggi was the plaintiff and Silbermann the defendant."

"That's right," a chorus assures him, while Juror Four, a red-headed Irishman, adds, "The Wo—Eyetalian was the one fell down and put his elbow out of joint. He's the plaintiff, and gets my vote."

"My mistake, zhenlmen," says the foreman. "Vote again. Silbermann is the defendant. Raise der right hand for Silbermann."

Four hands, including the foreman's, point ceilingward, and I glance around, trying to recall the names of those voting for Silbermann. They are, I think, Rosenthal, Rosenbloom, and Rosenbluth. The other eight are for Maggi. The issue is now joined.

Mr. Rosenbluth (if I place his name correctly) is an imposing individual with a prominent nose, a diamond in his necktie. Placing his hand with assurance on Juror Seven's shoulder he declares, "My friend, it isn't that Silbermann owns a tenement house that you vote against him?"

"No," replies Juror Seven, wrenching his shoulder clear. "The evidence proved that in allowing a stair strip to remain broken he was guilty of negligence."

"But he was on the way from the hardware store with a new brass strip when the accident happened."

"So he said," replies Juror Seven. "But I disbelieve him."

Rosenbluth chimes in. "You mean dot Silbermann perjured himself? Think of the risk."

Juror Four: "No risk at all. Everybody does in these negligence cases. You've got to decide which is the worst liar and vote against him. Like a Presidential election. Foreman, let's see how we stand now."

The hands go up, six for the plaintiff, six for the defendant. "Now ve're getting someveres," says the foreman. "Go on, Rubens." (This to the man whose name I thought was Rosenbluth.)

Rubens leans against the table and adjusts his stickpin. "It's this way, gentlemen. Here's Silbermann, a poor landlord losing money right and left. Maggi gets behind with the rent, and Silbermann has to threaten to throw him out. So Maggi falls down the stairs and throws out his elbow. Maybe not on purpose. That I wouldn't say, even if I got my opinion. But a shyter chases him to the hospital and gets him to sue for \$3,000, split fifty-fifty. I wouldn't give him a nickel."

By this time the jury-room is blue with smoke. Jurors Two and Nine are swapping droll stories. Number Six is telling Number Eleven that all these cases are frameups, and that you can generally disregard the evidence and vote for the defendant. Another vote is taken, and eleven hands go up for the landlord.

Juror Twelve, a smallish man, has hitherto kept to himself, working a crossword puzzle. But now that all turn belligerently toward him I observe a stubborn glint in his blue eyes.

"Come now, Mr. Man," coaxes Rubens, "all the others switched over. Change your vote, and remember that we've got homes to go to."

"I have a wee home of my own," remarks Juror Twelve, "but I couldna sleep in that home if justice had not been done." There is a Scotch burr in his speech, and at least three jurors groan. "Listen, men," he continues. "Have you all forgotten the testimony of Mrs. MacIntosh that she tripped over the same broken tread the month before?"

"Yes, but she was a disgruntled tenant. You can't believe her."

"I can believe a Mrs. MacIntosh against six tenants that get a rent rebate for testifying for the landlord. And here's another thing. That hardware man said he never sold a stair rod to Silbermann on the 29th July."

"But his evidence was ruled out as irrelevant. You can't remember his testimony."

Juror Twelve settles back in his chair and composes himself

for sleep. "It was ruled out because the plaintiff had a poor lawyer. I'll be remembering it at this time tomorrow afternoon."

Hot sparks of argument fly back and forth over the head of Number Twelve. Two and Nine go on with their droll stories, till Number Seven looks at his watch and jumps to his feet. "Here, men," says he, "let's reach a decision. If we find for the defendant we encourage negligence in the maintenance of public dwellings. If we find for the plaintiff and give him a big sum of money we countenance ambulance chasing. But if we find for the plaintiff in the sum of six cents we discourage both negligence and this form of racketeering. How about it? Six cents? All of you? Let's go."

All rise except the Scot, who only thrusts out his jaw. "Wait. These are hard times. I say \$60 for the doctor's bills."

We stand irresolute. "Oh h—ll!" exclaims the red-headed Number Four. "It isn't our money, and the Ky—landlord can stand it. Let's make it \$600. He's insured anyway."

"That's right, the insurance company pays. Everybody satisfied with \$600 for the plaintiff and home for us? Then rap on the door." The foreman bangs the door and the attendant enters.

"Have you come to an agreement, gentlemen?"

"Ve have, six dollars for Maggi, the defendant."

"Don't tell me. Tell his Honor."

"Don't tell his Honor that, for God's sake. We're for Maggi, the plaintiff, in the sum of \$600. Wait a minute while I write it down for the foreman."

This done we file out, smiling and bowing. "And let this be a lesson," says Number Twelve, "always to settle out of court. Because you won't find on every jury a man with a sense of justice sae keen 'twill keep him from his wee home a' the nicht long."

#### TRANSATLANTICA

Excerpts from "The Seven Seas"

##### WHITE MAN'S BURDEN

HERE is a bit of news from far Baluchistan. It seems that the British recently put in a telegraph line in that hot and treeless country at great expense and effort, and then sat back to survey their handiwork and wait for cheers. Sure enough the applause was forthcoming, but in a somewhat unexpected form. The natives got up a resolution to express their appreciation—of "the grateful shade cast by the telegraph poles along the road."

#### PRIVILEGE

AN American engineer in Russia became annoyed by the fact that whenever he entered a railroad station he had to wait in line a couple of hours before he could buy a ticket. Finally, he could stand it no longer, and went to his employers who gave him a pass that made it possible for him to get his ticket without standing in line. The next day he started off on another trip, and as usual arrived at the station with five minutes to make his train. There were only two ticket-windows operating and in front of each was a long line of waiting travelers. Brandishing his permit, our friend marched merrily toward the head of the line, until a chorus of protestations stopped him. "What's the matter?" he asked. "I have a permit that relieves me from having to stand in line." The protestations changed to a chorus of guffaws. "What's the matter now?" he asked mystified. Finally one man recovered sufficiently to reply. "We all have permits," sobbed the representative of the people. "This line is entirely composed of people who have permits relieving them of the necessity of waiting in line."

#### ST. BERNARD

IN midwinter the snow is still thirty feet deep on the St. Bernard Pass, just as it was when Bernard de Menthon founded his famous Hospice there 900 years ago, or for that matter, when Hannibal took his elephants across. And the Hospice, perched on its 8000-foot height in a climate comparable to Spitzbergen,

still gives free lodging to the foot traveler who comes its way. Today, however, there is a central heating system to make life easier for the monks, and the majority of the wayfarers taken in to rest are seasonal laborers plodding with their families from country to country in search of work. Perhaps it is these changes which persuaded the Almoner and the Key-bearer to set out three years ago for Asia, where they explored the Himalayas on skis and came back to make a report. The result, made known this winter, is that the Monks of St. Bernard now plan to establish a similar Hospice in Asia, to care, under conditions far from modern, for needy wayfarers over the mountains from China to Tibet.

#### ESCROQUERIE

MONTE CARLO is a worldly lady; she has seen nearly every trick in the gambler's trade, and has found a way to stop them all. The latest threat, however, has been an unusually clever one, in spite of the fact that the eight wise men responsible are now in jail. For some time the bank in one of the high-stake card games had been losing steadily. There was apparently nothing to explain it, until someone finally noticed that every time the bank had a bad night there was a gentleman in dark glasses to be seen standing behind the croupier. A different gentleman each night, but the same glasses. Then the explanation came out. A gang of eight gamblers had discovered a means whereby, with the connivance of a croupier, they could mark the cards with an ink that was invisible to every eye save those looking through a certain type of dark glass. It was a simple trick thereafter to watch the cards with the croupier's help, and signal with eyebrows or nostrils to one's confederates out in front.

#### HELPING HANDS

REPUBLICS are all right, but in Wurttemberg the monarchy was no despotism. The waiter in a little brauhaus told a story to prove it. It was about his mother.

It seems that she was catching a train without much time to spare. She was bustling down the main street with a heavy bag in each hand, when an old gentleman asked whether he could help her. Of course, he could. And he did. The two reached the station. Once inside, the station master and the porters began bowing to the old gentleman.

"What are you doing that for?" asked the lady.

"Madam, don't you realize that your escort is the king?" one of them exclaimed.

Whereupon the good woman fainted and missed her train anyway.

#### NOTE IN MUSIC

IN the midst of a recent rehearsal, Hans Richter, the Viennese conductor, was suddenly startled by a loud and unplanned-for blast from the bass-trombone. Richter tapped on his stand indignantly and called the offender forward. "What do you mean by blowing that note when there is nothing to blow?" he barked. The musician was all mystified innocence. "It's here," he protested, "the note is right here in my score!" Richter reached down to take the sheet of music, when suddenly the note disappeared. "My God!" said the trombonist, "I've played a fly!"

#### PERSONALITY DEFINED IN ANECDOTE

AS Vice-president, Coolidge was once asked to preside at the laying of a corner stone for a public building. He turned the customary spadeful of earth. The workman laid the stone.

The crowd waited for the customary oratory, but none came. Finally, the master of ceremonies requested a few words from Vice-president Coolidge. Coolidge considered carefully. He gazed fixedly. Finally he pointed to the spadeful of earth he had thrown up.

"That's a fine fishworm," he said and walked off to his waiting limousine.—Boston Sunday Globe.

**S**HORTLY after her wedding, Mrs. Coolidge was inveigled by a book salesman into paying \$8 for *Our Family Physician*, a compendium of medical information. Afterwards she was afraid of the effect the price she had paid might have on her husband. She therefore said nothing about it. One day she happened to open the book and found on the fly-leaf the following words: "Don't see any recipes for curing suckers—Calvin Coolidge."—*Boston Sunday Globe*.

**O**N June 28, 1919, at 2:30 P. M., I stood in the famous Hall of Mirrors at Versailles. The peace treaty of the World War was to be signed and every person in Paris of importance, or imagined importance, had made an effort to see that ceremony. When, however, I saw two American buck privates a few paces in front of me I was not only interested in how they got their tickets, but amazed that they should be there when major-generals were biting their fingernails in disappointment.

The official tickets for the ceremony were pink with black printing. I thought at first that these were the same tickets that the doughboys had, but on closer examination I noticed that each was nervously fingering the top of a pink cigarette box with the edges broken off. And believe it or not, they were passed into the palace without the slightest questioning. According to Col. Richard Patterson, in charge of arrangements, only sixty Americans saw that epochal event. Those buck privates added two more to the official number.—Eddie Egan, *Fighting for Fun*.

**A**N anecdote of the late Cardinal Gibbons offers a good example of how to avoid futile argument on doctrinal themes. A lady with more naïveté than good sense approached the prelate and said:

"Now, your Eminence, with all your ability and brilliance, surely you can't believe in the infallibility of the Pope!"

"Well," said the Cardinal soberly, "the last time I was in Rome he called me Gibbons."—*Collier's*.

**I**N the days of swashbuckling finance, Commodore Vanderbilt decided to try a freight-rate war. First, he wished to embarrass Jay Gould's Erie, and incidentally to strengthen his own road, the New York Central.

At this time the rate for shipping cattle from Buffalo to New York was \$125 a carload lot.

Vanderbilt reduced his rate to \$100. Gould countered with a charge of \$75. Central went to \$50; Erie to \$25; Central, finally, to a dollar a carload!

Gould couldn't get much lower than a dollar, and to all appearances gave up the battle. The rate on the Erie went back to \$125, and Commodore Vanderbilt was exceedingly well pleased with himself. He had given Jay Gould a good tanning at last. Not a head of cattle was being shipped over the Erie, while Central was carrying to capacity.

Vanderbilt's elation was short-lived, however, for he learned that Gould had bought up every steer west of Buffalo, that he had been shipping them over Vanderbilt's line at a dollar a carload lot, and that he had sold enough cattle in New York to clean up a small fortune.—*Warshaw, Jay Gould*.

**"S**TAGE tradition is easily established," according to John Barrymore. "While I was playing *Hamlet* in London," he says, "Hilaire Belloc asked me to lunch with him at a Regent Street restaurant famous for whitebait. Now, somehow, whitebait eludes me. It was all very well for my host to have whitebait, for he did not have to play *Hamlet* that afternoon, and I did. I was in the middle of the famous soliloquy, of all places, when that whitebait stopped me. Rising abruptly, I strode desperately off the stage. Then, feeling slightly better, I returned and took up the soliloquy where I had dropped it. After the performance a discerning critic rushed back stage and,

wringing my nerveless hand, assured me that by leaving the stage in the midst of the soliloquy and coming back to finish it I had done something never done before in London, and that by so doing I had made stage tradition.

"And I know," the critic sagely added, "that it required thought."

"What he didn't know," concludes Mr. Barrymore, "was that it required speed."—*New York Herald Tribune*.

#### A KANSAS MEASURE

From the Topeka "Capital"

We don't blame a farmer for not writing many letters these days when it takes a bushel of corn to buy four postage stamps.

#### AN OLD FRIEND RETURNS

From the Cass County, Mo., "Democrat"

This office is back on an even keel—the "Congressional Record" is arriving ever so often. The "Record" seems to be printed on better paper than usual, and that will be a welcome thing to those newspapers who use the "Records" for single wrappers.

#### THE MAILED FIST REAPPEARS

**T**HIS "special" was radioed to "The New York Times" by G. K. Chesterton. Read it in conjunction with Mr. Gwynn's article:

In certain Liberal papers, with which on many points I agree, I notice there is a vivid description of the violent destruction of all liberal ideas by the new school of Prussianism in Germany; accompanied by the curious comment that this only proves how unkind we British have been to Prussian Germany.

I had imagined our policy had been persistently pro-German and pro-Russian ever since the war, but, anyhow, that is the moral they draw. We have been so unkind to the Prussians that we have maddened them into dreaming (for the first time) of militarism.

We have upheld France and Poland with such passionate enthusiasm upon every point that at least even Potsdam and Berlin have begun to dream of such dreadful things as drilling soldiers. Goaded beyond endurance, even the age-long pacifism of the Junkers has given way. And the discovery that the Junkers are no longer Quakers may well shake us with remorse for the depth of our crime.

If this is theory, it does seem to show how curiously history is taught. I was brought up to believe that Bismarck avowed his policy of blood and iron before the great war; that Prussia was a proverb for militarism quite a long time before 1914, that a German Emperor, still alive, as some say, definitely advised his soldiers to imitate the Huns who lay waste Europe in the Dark Ages, that there were jokes in the English press even then about the Prussian proclivity for using the mailed fist, that the Prussian annexation of Alsace was too brutal even for Bismarck, and that the Prussian destruction of Poland, which the Prussians would now repeat, was one of the acknowledged crimes of Christendom.

In short, I had somehow learned long before the great war that the Prussians were dangerous because, given their present philosophy, they neither feared God nor regarded man, or, to translate it into modern language, because they did not pretend to have either the international idea of Christendom or the humanitarianism of modern democracy. In short, because they were prone to behave any time exactly as they are behaving now.

The mere fact that we all said this steadily for six years does not in itself prove it to be untrue. The mere fact that this warning is to be found in the files of Liberal papers or in the works of almost any publicist, let alone in the obscure journalism of this person (as the Chinese say), does not prove it to be untrue.

The facts of the moment do prove it to be true.



# Recognize Russia?

By Ernest Oldmeadow

**O**UGHT the United States of America recognize the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics?

So runs the question on which the Editor of *THE SIGN* has asked for a Catholic Englishman's opinion. I do not hesitate to respond. If this were an affair of America's domestic politics or economics, a foreigner like myself would have no right to intrude. But it is a spiritual and moral issue, affecting Christendom at large and the welfare of all mankind.

In writing about Recognition, I shall assume that my American readers already know the character of Bolshevism and the fearful history of Russia since 1917.

I shall neither analyze Lenin's Marxism nor describe the persecution of religion by Lenin's successors. Educated men and women know by this time that a tiny minority of the Russian people, numbering barely one in a hundred of the total population, has seized power throughout a territory which would hold the United States of America more than twice over, and that these usurpers are using their advantage without scruple.

My task just now is to convince any Americans who may need convincing that their great Republic can not both retain its Christian dignity and recognize an anti-Christian tyranny.

## American Leadership

**H**ARDLY anybody is so completely a Citizen of the World that he can write about the affairs of another country without blundering. In the paragraphs which follow I shall have to speak frankly on some American controversies, including such vexed topics as the League of Nations and Prohibition, but if, as a far-off foreigner, I ruffle American feelings on any point, my offence will have been unintentionally committed.

Soon after the close of the Great War, it was a common experience at meetings of philanthropic societies in England to hear the United States spoken of as having become "the Moral Leader of Mankind." The phrase first became widely current just after President Woodrow Wilson had successfully insisted that a League of Nations, bound by a solemn Covenant to "seek peace and ensue it," should be an integral and even a paramount part of the Treaties. Almost simultaneously with President Wilson's triumph in Paris came the unexpectedly quick ratification of the Eighteenth Amendment by the State Legislatures. Although Prohibition has never had more than a handful of whole-minded admirers in England, the spectacle

of a whole nation renouncing Wine, one of mankind's oldest pleasures, deeply impressed England's moral sense.

Thus it came about that many of my fellow-countrymen ungrudgingly ceded to the U. S. A. that old title to moral leadership which England, as early as the year 1833, had earned by the Abolition of Slavery and had consolidated by many

**T**HE greater part of what I have written is a warning to the American nation at large. I close with a few words to the great family of American Catholics. In the course of researches which have been pursued during fifteen years, with the aid of intelligent men and women of seven different nationalities, I have become convinced beyond a shadow of doubt that the only adversary before whom Bolshevism quails is the Catholic Church as personified in our Holy Father the Pope. Those who have attended, on my behalf, the meetings of Anti-God Militancy often tell me that they have heard bitter words from Bolshevik mouths against the British Empire, but these are as nothing in comparison with the words of hatred uttered against the Pope.

It is not necessary for me to point out that His Holiness could not exhort Washington to refuse Recognition to the Soviets without raising a storm which would do far more harm than good. But I can and do urge American Catholics to recognize their tremendous responsibility at this moment. Let them exert the whole of their legitimate influence and they will restrain their new Government from giving the Moscow usurpers and persecutors a new strangle-hold upon the hapless Russians and a new advantage in their campaign for de-Christianizing the whole world.

naval, military and financial interventions on behalf of oppressed or distressed peoples. Twelve years ago, sincere applause usually rewarded public speakers in England when they paid glowing tributes to America's idealism and to America's moral example.

The decision of Congress (which it is no part of my business, in this place, to approve or to deplore) that the United States

should not take up membership in the League of Nations gave a rough shaking, not only to Europe's politicians but also to America's admirers in the philanthropic sphere. The disappointment increased when it gradually became evident that Washington would neither join the League nor leave it alone. The frequent appearance of "observers" and other American emissaries at Geneva was welcome to the Old World's statesmen, but bewildering to less sophisticated persons. In homely language, it began to be said that Europe was holding and feeding America's Baby.

Meanwhile, the peach-like bloom was fast fading from the cheek of Prohibition. During those prosperous years, American tourists and business men came to Europe in very large numbers and they brought with them stories about Prohibition as unedifying as they were piquant. Astonished Europeans listened to histories which would have been incredible if they had not been supported by evidence—histories of the methods by which the Anti-Saloon League has pushed Ratification through certain Legislatures, as well as of ugly corruption among sundry paid workers on the Dry side. Probably these transatlantic visitors exaggerated the facts, but their strange new vocabulary of "bootleggers," "speak-easies," "hip-flasks," "beer-runners," "hijackers," and so on appealed to the popular imagination and passed into our own vernacular. The result was that Prohibition, which had been at first regarded in Great Britain as a wrong-headed but noble-hearted exercise of altruism, began to be derided as the crazy meddling of prudes and cranks, helped on by crooks.

About the same time—I am still speaking very frankly—America's moral stock fell sharply on the British market because of a change in American literature. Illustrated magazines of a kind which neither England nor America had been accustomed to produce came to our shores from New York in huge quantities; and it was found that American novels, once so free from indelicacy, had undergone an unsavory change.

## One Remaining Glory

**Y**ET, in spite of these set-backs, the notion of America's moral leadership has persisted in England; and this brings me to my point. While much else has crumbled away, a grand fact has survived to the honor of America's name. This grand fact is her consistent refusal of Recognition to the persecuting despotism in Russia. I myself have more than once been present during animated conversations which have

been closed by one or more members of the company using some such words as: "I grant all you say about Washington and the League of Nations as well as all you say about Prohibition; but the United States are still putting us to shame in the matter of Russia, and I take off my hat to them."

### Boring From Within

SOME hard-headed reader may be inclined to dismiss my next point as fanciful; yet it is sober fact.

To live as we now live in England, with the knowledge that our country accords full diplomatic recognition to Russia, is to live under a never-lifting cloud. As everybody knows, the Legation or Embassy of a foreign Power enjoys ex-territoriality in the country where it is established. The American Ambassador to King George V—or, as we say, to the Court of St. James—lives in Grosvenor Gardens near Westminster's Catholic Cathedral, but his mansion is juridically regarded as part of the United States. Although the French Embassy, at Albert Gate, is in a most English quarter it is none the less a bit of France. Similarly the Russian Embassy is as much a part of Russia as if it were in Moscow or Leningrad; and every well-informed Englishman knows that on those few square yards of Russian soil every sort of intrigue against Christianity and our Fatherland is going on.

Taking the fullest possible advantage of diplomatic privilege and immunity, Moscow keeps in London sharp-eyed staffs hugely in excess of her genuine requirements. She follows the same procedure in connection with her commercial activities in England, with the result that our metropolis is infested by swarms of stealthy spies and propagandists. The "diplomatic valise," or post-bag, is notoriously used for the furtherance of Moscow's detailed plans against the interests and even against the very existence of the Empire which has recognized her tyrannical Government and has welcomed her Ambassador.

Only those of us who breathe and move in the midst of this situation know how real and heavy is the weight it lays upon our hearts and minds. If it were suddenly announced that ten thousand monster aeroplanes had landed a Red Army on some lonely stretch of England's coast, and that the invaders had begun to profane churches and to maltreat our fellow-countrymen, there would be a rush to the colors and a quick march to the place of battle. But what can one do when the attack is being made by quiet sapping and mining directed from an inviolable Russian citadel on a sacrosanct little patch of Russian soil in the very heart of our Empire's metropolis? Every day and all day, we know that the ugly work is going on; but we know also that our Government has given formal recognition and a safe status to a Power from which our grandfathers would have recoiled in anger and disgust.

Although I have never lived in North America, I believe that the large Christian elements in the population, Catholic and Protestant, try to "seek first the Kingdom of God and His justice," and to hinder Caesar from filching the things that are God's. But, while I have confidence in the ordinary American's sincerity, I can not feel sure that American sincerity and American perspicacity are coextensive. In my own country there are millions of earnest Christians who can not be brought to realize Bolshevism's deadly perils. They have allowed themselves to be hoodwinked by Recognitionist arguments; and our sad history may repeat itself in the United States if American vigilance and energy be ever so slightly relaxed.

To be forewarned is to be forearmed; so I will tell readers of THE SIGN how it is that large sections of England's religious public have been deceived. The men in high places who are quietly helping Russia have done so either from an increasing hunger for Trade or a decreasing respect for Religion, but they are not so crude as to admit publicly that these are the main springs of their action.

Whenever they speak or write for Christian hearers or readers, they take care to put out the story that they have resumed diplomatic relations with Moscow on the highest grounds of humanity. After listening with faint smiles to our reasoned and documented indictments of the Red Tyranny, they reply: "Very well. Let us assume that the very worst you can say about Soviet Russia is literally true. Your description is the best possible reason why we should not thrust a nation of 160,000,000 souls outside the pale. Only by abundant contacts with nations which have kept their heads can Russia be reclaimed for Christian civilization."

### Excommunication?

AND, having said this or something very like it, the Recognitionists usually go on to say a good deal more. They scold us sharply for what they call our un-Christian spirit in wishing to "excommunicate" so vast a country as Russia from the comity of nations, and they leave some of the on-lookers with the impression that it is we, and not the Recognitionists, who ought to be heartily ashamed of ourselves.

Although the flaw in this argument is obvious, somehow it is not detected by the average Englishman; because the average Englishman is a man who takes alarm whenever there is a hint of anything so Popish as Excommunication. But Catholics will see the fallacy at once. To explain it, let us keep to this word "Excommunication" which the Recognitionists employ so successfully when they wish to discredit our objections. We reply that the Russia which Christian Governments ought to declare *vilanda* or "for shunning," as theologians would say, is not the Russian nation at large. To that unhappy nation—oppressed, starved and despoiled of her

Faith—our hearts go out in sympathy and Christian love. What may be called excommunication we would launch only against an unrepresentative usurping, tyrannical, persecuting "minority of a minority"—an oligarchy which has not been raised to office and power by a National Election or a popular referendum, or by any other democratic mandate but has seized the reins of Government as arbitrarily as ever they were seized by military adventurers or Court conspirators in the days of open Absolutism.

### The Unholy Dictatorship

SO much for the attempt to depict non-Recognition as a brutal excommunication of an unhappy people. Now let us look at the argument that Recognition tends to bring Russia back within the ambit of Christian civilization. The exact opposite is the truth. By according Recognition to her Unholy Dictatorship, we do nothing for once Holy Russia. Or rather we do much worse than nothing; because our action helps the Moscow dictators to keep the people in bondage.

One often hears the remark that, if the Stalin régime were only half as bad as it is painted, the Russian masses would rise in revolt and cast out their oppressors. The answer is that recognition of the Soviets by nominally Christian Princes, such as England's and Italy's, as well as by godless Republican Governments, such as those of Spain and France, has taken heart and hope out of any underfed and overdriven Russian patriots who might otherwise have rallied their last ounces of strength in a desperate fight for Faith and Freedom.

All through Russia the same plausible story has been spread from Moscow. Peasants and workmen and soldiers are told that the universal triumph of Bolshevism, or of "the World Revolution," is at hand; that the capitalist countries, tottering on the brink of ruin, have almost all been compelled to accept the Soviets' Ambassadors and to send their own envoys to the Kremlin; and that the benighted, insolent, scheming Pope of Rome is being deserted by more and more of his dupes every day. It is not difficult to estimate the effect of such propaganda upon men and women who are racially inclined to Defeatism and are just now enfeebled by privations and by long-drawn fear.

While I must be chary of raising false hopes, I may say at this point that certain information now in my hands leads me to believe in the possibility of Mr. Stalin's overthrow. But if, during the critical months which are ahead, it should be blazed and trumpeted all through Russia that the United States of America have *had* to recognize the Soviets, the blow to freedom's friends would be staggering and Stalinism would receive a new lease of life.

Here is an instance of the cunning use which Moscow makes of British Recognition. One day a squadron of the English Royal Navy, cruising near the coasts of



Asia Minor, met part of the Russian fleet steaming over the same waters. As Great Britain and Russia are in full diplomatic relations, the protocol of international courtesy on the high seas had to be observed, and, to their immense chagrin, British seamen had to hoist the Soviets' flag and to play the Internationale. Within a few days, all Russia was humming with the news that proud Britain's battle-fleet had encountered the ships of the U. S. S. R. and had rendered obeisance. A few educated Russians knew that nothing had happened save a routine observance of insignificant naval etiquette, but the enormous majority of Moscow's subjects believed that a decrepit Britannia had meekly dropped her trident at the sight of the hammer and the sickle.

No. There is humanity not inhumanity, fraternity not hostility, in the policy of refusing Recognition to self-seeking despots who have put to death more Christians in a dozen years than were slain, in the first centuries of the Church, by all the persecuting Roman Emperors put together and who are still sending, every day, hundreds of men and women to a living death for no offence worse than "a want of Revolutionary consciousness." If America stands firm against Recognition, she will greatly strengthen the hands of those Englishmen who have long been striving to purge their land of the Recognitionist disgrace; and, if England's rulers can thus be persuaded or forced to break off relations with a Government which has repeatedly humiliated the British Foreign Office with broken promises and mocking excuses, then heart and hope will be put into those Russians who now seem to possess neither.

### Delusion and Imposture

THROUGHOUT the ten years last past pro-Muscovite advocates of Recognition in my country have been shedding crocodile tears over their workless fellow-citizens and have been clamoring for unrestricted commercial and diplomatic relations with Russia as a remedy for unemployment. They have predicted that Russia's gratitude for our friendliness in buying her timber, wheat and butter will be so lively that our blast-furnaces will be re-kindled and our shipyards and engineering-works reopened to cope with pressing orders for ships and machinery on Russian account. Those of us who are under no Muscovite spell have replied that all this is a Great Delusion on the side of Britain and a Great Imposture on the side of Russia; but we have been as men crying in the wilderness.

Russia has sold to England (*for hard cash down*) millions of pounds' worth of White Sea softwoods which were mostly felled and sawn and chipped in conditions not indistinguishable from *slave* labor. Further, she has sold us (*again for cash down*) immense quantities of butter which her own experts have admitted to be poor

and often dirty. In return Russia has bought from Great Britain manufactured articles to only about one-fifth the value of her sales to England; and, instead of paying us cash, she has demanded and obtained absurdly long credits.

### Some Russian Methods

HERE is an instance of her methods. Whenever she can help it, Russia refrains from shipping her exports of timber in British bottoms. As most people know, the British Mercantile Marine is subject to stern rules for the protection of seamen's lives, and the observance of these humane regulations both diminishes the carrying capacity of our ships and involves extra expense for the safe stowing and fixing of deck cargo. In order to make a few poor thousands of rubles extra, the Russians have given out their timber-freights to ship-owners in small States, where there are no Boards of Trade with stiff restrictions, and it has been no uncommon thing for timber-ships from the White Sea to arrive in English ports shamefully and perilously overloaded. The fines sometimes inflicted in such cases by competent courts-of-law have always been less than the money saved by Moscow in chartering ill-found ships; and thus the game of fooling the Briton has gone on.

Little by little, it has come out that Germany and even the non-Recognitionist U. S. A. were doing far better than England out of Russian trade. I will not insult the American people by writing as if the making of money-profit will be the crux of Recognition or non-Recognition, when Washington arrives at a decision; but I am bound to take account of the wide-spread unemployment in America, and of Bolshevism's seductive suggestions that Recognition will bring abundant employment and money into the States. The United States will get as much trade and cash from an unrecognized as from a recognized Russia.

Some years ago, when many of us in England were opposing Recognition, we were told that our foolish and short-sighted policy was helpful to Revolution. Our critics declared that an ostracised Russia would be also an actively hostile Russia, pouring into our country the agents of sedition and subversion. They said that a political and commercial agreement with Moscow would be to our advantage, because we could fix our terms and that among these terms would be the obtaining of a firm and clear promise from Moscow to abstain from revolutionary propaganda in Great Britain. Moscow gave her promise with alacrity, knowing that it was not worth the paper on which it was written or the breath with which it was uttered. Before Recognition, we, in England, were able to ask newly-arrived Russians what they were doing in our country and why they had come into our midst; but, since Recognition became an accomplished fact, we have been disabled from adequate in-

quiry because London is full of Russians who are able to produce some sort of proof that they pertain to the Soviet Embassy or to the Consulate.

Immigration into the United States is rightly guarded with much more jealousy than in Great Britain and at present it is not difficult to keep militant Communists out of the country. Recognition, however, would throw away this advantage and would enable small but most dangerous bands to enter the Republic in order to work mischief. In short, America has nothing to gain in money from Recognition, and she has everything to lose from the standpoint of Christian citizenship. As a large exporter of fruit, both fresh and canned, of meat, of cereals and of other foods, America does not need to buy the products of Russian agriculture and, therefore, she is not in a position to foster large increases in her exports of manufactured articles to Russia now that England has begun to stipulate that there shall be no big balance of trade against her when the figures of Anglo-Russian imports and exports are totted up from time to time.

Once more I affirm my belief that America is high-minded enough not to make monetary profits the determining factor in Recognition; but I repeat also the warning that American philanthropists who may be favoring Recognition in the fond hope that it will increase exports from the States to Russia are living in a fool's paradise.

### Whom Bolshevism Fears

THE greater part of what I have written is a warning to the American nation at large. I close with a few words to the great family of American Catholics. In the course of researches which have been pursued during fifteen years, with the aid of intelligent men and women of seven different nationalities, I have become convinced beyond a shadow of doubt that the only adversary before whom Bolshevism quails is the Catholic Church as personified in our Holy Father the Pope. Those who have attended, on my behalf, the meetings of Anti-God Militancy often tell me that they have heard bitter words from Bolshevik mouths against the British Empire, but these are as nothing in comparison with the words of hatred uttered against the Pope.

It is not necessary for me to point out that His Holiness could not exhort Washington to refuse Recognition to the Soviets without raising a storm which would do far more harm than good. But I can and do urge American Catholics to recognize their tremendous responsibility at this moment. Let them exert the whole of their legitimate influence and they will restrain their new Government from giving the Moscow usurpers and persecutors a new strangle-hold upon the hapless Russians and a new advantage in their campaign for de-Christianizing the whole world. May America stand firm!



# 1933 + 1934 HOLY YEAR

By P. W. Browne, Ph. D.

FOR many moons legislators, economists, diplomatists, humanitarians, and what-not have offered panaceas innumerable to cure our social and economic ills; but they have found no sovereign remedy. These self-sufficient dispensers of divers nostrums have not visioned the cause of our ills, beyond the material horizon; they have forgotten the Omnipotent God; and they have not heeded the teachings of Him Who says, "Not in bread alone doth man live."

The only power on earth that assuages human suffering and restores the equilibrium of society is the Church, which for nineteen centuries has preserved inviolate the Gospel of the loving Christ Who, under the shadow of the Hill of Hattin, proclaimed: "I will have compassion on the multitude." (*Mark*, 8:2.) The Catholic Church is the moral self of the Incarnate God, "the Way, the Truth, and the Life," without whose unerring guidance neither man nor nation can survive in healthy life. She fears neither those who sally forth from the tents of wickedness nor the loud moanings of the sea of turbulent passion.

## An Abiding Power

CHRIST'S power is as actual now as when He trod this earth, and through the Church we can hear His voice in the darkest night as did the Apostles that night upon the sea of Galilee, when, amid blinding spray and shrieking winds, the waves were tossed up to the sky and the clouds flung down to the sea, threatening to engulf Peter's bark. Then the voice of Christ, ringing clear through the murky shadows, "commanded the winds and the sea; and there came a great calm."

The Church has passed safely over the tempest-tossed sea of the ages, and remains unscathed. She alone can now save our crumbling civilization from destruction; solve the problems that agitate the world; bring order out of chaos; and provide the means to alleviate the burdens of mankind, for, like her Founder, she has "compassion on the multitude."

Yet it should not be forgotten that the Church is unable to solve our problems if her children be apathetic or disloyal: "He who is not with Me, is against Me." They must hearken to her admonitions; give heed to the pronouncements of the Vener-

able Pontiff who sits in the Chair of Peter; be dutiful in submission; generous in support; and, above all, be watchful lest they be drawn into the vortex of pernicious theories that now menace the world's social fabric.

## Christ Through Peter

THE voice of Christ was heard in no uncertain tones on Christmas Eve, when Pope Pius XI proclaimed to all "for whom Jesus Christ paid the price of our redemption and opened the fountains of grace so that all might slake their thirst therein and find abundant life," a Year of Jubilee, to commemorate the nineteenth century of the Crucifixion—"the central and culminating phase of the Redemption." The Year of Jubilee will begin on April 2, 1933, and end on April 2, 1934.

The celebration of a Year of Jubilee is of remote date; and it is a religious conception that comes down to us from the Old Dispensation. The word Jubilee is said to be derived from the Hebrew term *jobel*—the instrument used by the "People of the Covenant" to announce a great solemnity. The transition of the term comes from the Greek *HIOBELOS* (rendered in Latin, *jubiläum*). Thence it passed into the Romance languages to signify "a time of solemn observance."

Under the Old Dispensation a Year of Jubilee was that which followed immediately seven sabbatical years (the sabbatical year being the seventh of a seven-year cycle). The laws governing the sabbatical year embraced three enactments: (1) rest for the soil, (2) care for the poor, (3) and the remission of debts. The first enjoined that the soil, the vineyards, and the oliveyards should have complete rest from tillage. (*Exodus*, 23:10, 11; *Leviticus*, 25:2-5.) The second enjoined that the spontaneous growth of the fields, and of trees, should be reserved for the free use of the poor, strangers, servants, and cattle. (*Exodus*, 23:11; *Leviticus*, 25:5-7.) The third ordered the remission of debts. (*Deuteronomy*, 15:1-3.)

The Year of Jubilee which followed the sabbatical year was proclaimed on the tenth day of the seventh month, and it was of greater significance than the latter. Its aim was to bring back to the "People of the Covenant" the earlier idea of the theocracy, when all were free as servants

of God, and under which everyone enjoyed the fruits of his legitimate possession. God appeared as their Redeemer by giving liberty to the slave, and by providing a certain portion of their heritage to the needy: "There shall be no poor or beggar among you, that the Lord thy God may bless thee in the land which He shall give thee in possession." (*Deuteronomy*, 15:4.)

In order to celebrate such a year of grace, the prerequisite was forgiveness of sin; and thus it was that the Year of Jubilee was proclaimed on the Day of Atonement. "As the year in which the restitution of all things will take place, the Year of Jubilee in the prophecy of *Isaiah*, 61:1-3 (fulfilled in Christ, *Luke* 4:21) is taken as a type of the Messianic time of salvation, in which, after all the battles of the Kingdom of God have been victoriously fought, the dissonances of the history of mankind will be lost in the harmony of the Divine life, and, with the rest that remaineth for the people of God (*Heb.* 4:9), the acts of history will be closed." (*Herzog-Schaff, A Religious Encyclopedia*, Vol. III, p. 2090.)

The importance of such an institution as the Year of Jubilee under the Old Dispensation is apparent from its moral and social advantages—the prevention of the accumulation of land on the part of a few; the abolition of poverty; the levelling down of social inequalities caused by wealth; the abolition of slavery; the aid given to those whom adverse circumstances had reduced; the rectification of abuses which had crept into the State during the course of time, and the preservation of the theocracy. (See Kitto, *Encyclopedia of Biblical Literature* s.v. "The Year of Jubilee.")

## A Catholic Adoption

THE Year of Jubilee which the Church celebrates is based on that of the Old Dispensation. Thurston says: "The same conception, spiritualized, forms the fundamental idea of the Christian Jubilee, though it is difficult to judge how far any sort of continuity can have existed between the two." (Art. "Jubilee" in *Catholic Encyclopedia*, Vol. VIII.)

The earliest record of a Christian Jubilee dates from 1300. In February of that year Pope Boniface VIII issued the Bull *Antiquorum fida relatio* in which he

granted, on specified conditions, "great indulgences and remission of sins." Since 1300 an *annus jubilæus* has taken place every hundred years, excepting in 1800, when the holding of such a celebration was impossible owing to the aftermath of the French Revolution.

### The First Jubilee

REGARDING the first Jubilee celebration Alzog says: "The Jubilee of the Jews, or rather a custom analogous to it, was perpetuated under the Christian Dispensation, and during the closing year of every century throngs of pilgrims might be seen in Rome. Moved by the recital of an old man, aged one hundred and seven years, who said he had remembered that, just a century previous, he had witnessed similar throngs coming to the Holy City, Boniface VIII, in 1300, granted a plenary indulgence to all pilgrims who from penitential motives should visit the churches of St. Peter and St. Paul. Strangers were required to visit these churches for fifteen, and the Romans, for thirty different days. On this occasion two hundred thousand pilgrims gathered around the Holy Father." (*Universal Church History*, Vol. II., p. 578.)

The conditions under which the indulgence might be gained during the celebration proclaimed by Boniface VIII were: (1) That all pilgrims, being truly penitent, should confess their sins; and (2) that they should visit the basilicas of St. Peter and St. Paul. The Bull of proclamation does not use the word *jubilæus*; but all writers describe the event as *annus jubilæus*, though we also find it termed "the holy year," or the "golden year."

Protestant writers seem to misunderstand the meaning of a Jubilee, and hence misstate the meaning of what the jubilee indulgence really is. They confuse two things that are absolutely distinct: the *guilt* of sin, and the *penalty* attached to it. They regard a plenary indulgence as a full remission of sin (*a culpa et poena*). The guilt of sin is remitted only by sorrow and sacramental confession. Hence such an indulgence is not a forgiveness of sin, but a remission of the penalty due to it. "All theologians are agreed that an indulgence is not a remission of guilt but of the penalty. The Sovereign Pontiff never claimed any power of absolving in grievous matters apart from these."

Confirmatory evidence of the immense throngs gathered in Rome for the celebration of the Jubilee in 1300 is found in the *Divine Comedy* of Dante, who, evidently, was one of the pilgrims, and one of the *magna turba* (great throng) that came to the Eternal City. In the *Inferno* (*canto xviii*) he refers to it under the name *Giubbileo*, and compares the sinners passing along the bridge of Malebolge, in the infernal regions, to the throngs crossing the bridge of Castle Sant'Angelo on their way to and from St. Peter's. The house in which Dante is said to have lived—the

"Albergo dell Orso"—still exists. It is recorded that accidents were numerous during the early Jubilee years. This was almost inevitable, as the streets of Rome in those days were narrow and tortuous, and the only bridge for pilgrims going to and coming from St. Peter's was the Ponte Sant'Angelo. During the first day of the Jubilee of 1450 a stampede occurred on the bridge, and some two hundred pilgrims were either crushed to death or drowned in the muddy waters of "Father Tiber." As a result of such accidents the Popes began to make great improvements in Rome: the streets were widened, and greater provision was made for the safety and comfort of pilgrims. Many charitable institutions were established, of which the most remarkable was the Archconfraternity of the Holy Trinity, which established near the Church of Holy Trinity, the famous hostel known as *La Trinità dei Pellegrini* which in a single month during a Jubilee year is known to have housed and fed nearly forty thousand pilgrims.

In former days during the Holy Year Rome gave itself entirely to the celebration. Carnivals were forbidden, and all amusements were proscribed. The money that under ordinary conditions would have been spent in amusements was given to the poor. A recent writer says: "Together with the crowd of very modest pilgrims, even royal princes and high patricians took part in those manifestations of faith, coming to Rome with appearance and conviction of penitence. The good example was given also by the Popes themselves. They visited the pilgrims in their hospices, they washed their feet, and administered the sacraments to them. Among the many illustrious pilgrims and converts visiting Rome during the Holy Years were Emperors and Kings, who put aside their crowns to receive the *berrotone* ('pilgrim's hat') and the *stocco* ('pilgrim's staff') that the Popes used to bless and offer to them."

### Subsequent Changes

BONIFACE VIII intended that the Jubilee should be celebrated only once every hundred years. But sometime before the middle of the fourteenth century Clement VI proclaimed a Holy Year for 1350, acting, it is stated, on the request of St. Bridget of Sweden and others, on the ground "that the original span of human life was so short as otherwise to render it impossible for many to hope to see any Jubilee in their own generation." On this occasion it was enjoined that visits be made to St. John Lateran and to St. Mary Major, in addition to those already prescribed by Boniface VIII. In 1389 Urban VI, by the Bull *Salvator Noster*, reduced the time for the holding of a Jubilee to thirty-three years, in memory of the earthly life of Our Lord. Another change in the interval came during the pontificate of Nicholas V (1447-1455) due presumably to the disturbed condition of

the Church at the time; he fixed the interval for the Jubilee to a period of fifty years. Some two centuries later Paul V reduced the interval to twenty-five years—the custom still observed.

### Recent Jubilees

AS already stated there was no Jubilee in 1800; nor was there any in 1850 and 1875. In 1850 Pius IX was in exile at Gaëta; and, in 1875, he suspended the celebration as a protest against the action of the Italian Government that, five years before, had deprived him of the Papal States. His immediate successor, the illustrious Leo XIII, celebrated a Jubilee at the beginning of the present century. It was the last great act of his remarkable career. Three years later the "Immortal Leo," who was more than ninety years old, "and whose aspect was almost spiritualized into transparency and made the crowd of pilgrims believe he already belonged to another world than to this, closed his eyes forever."

In 1925 Pius XI proclaimed a Holy Year which attracted to Rome tens of thousands of pilgrims from every country in the world. It was a new and peaceful Rome that then extended its hospitality to visitors. The city had much improved from what it had been a quarter of a century earlier, when it was considered a risk to visit certain sections of Rome. I recall vividly an incident of student days where a rugged son of the Green Isle (now a distinguished ecclesiastical dignitary in the Antipodes) administered a brief but a much-deserved wallop to one of the "tribe of Nathan" who had often insulted the polyglot group of our student class.

It is thought that the Holy Year just proclaimed by the Holy Father will attract large numbers of pilgrims, and that they will sing many *Te Deums* for the privilege accorded them. They will enter a new Pontifical State—the newest, but yet the oldest in the world. Territorially it is only 160.3 acres in extent; but Vatican City has been skilfully transformed into a microscopic metropolis.

The most distinctive feature of the Year of Jubilee is the opening of the "Holy Door" in each of the Roman basilicas which pilgrims are obliged to visit—St. Peter's, St. Paul's, St. Mary Major, and St. John Lateran—where, it is claimed, the first opening of a *Porta Santa* was held during the pontificate of Pope Martin V (1417-1431). Singular to state, Martin V was only a subdeacon when named to the Papacy; but was within a brief period raised to the diaconate, ordained priest, and consecrated bishop. He was crowned as Pope at Constance, whither he had gone to attend the Council where "nationalism was born." Returning to Rome, September 28, 1840, he immediately began to bring order in the city and "laid the foundations of a new Rome."

The earliest account of the ceremony of the "Holy Door" is found in *Andanças e*

*Viajes de Pedro Tafur*, p. 37 (cited by Thurston, *loc. cit.*). Tafur says that the Jubilee indulgence is connected with the right of sanctuary which existed in pagan times for all who crossed the threshold of the *puerta tarpea* of the Lateran, named for a Roman patrician, Plautus Lateranus, whose palace was built on the site. The palace was confiscated by the Emperor Nero, who reared there an imperial residence. It was given to Pope Melchiades by Constantine the Great, in 312, and a basilica was built on the site by Pope Sylvester I, in 324.

This basilica has ever since been known as the first in dignity among the churches of Rome, and is known as "the mother and head of all the churches of the City and the World (*Urbis et Orbis*). When the Lateran came into the possession of the Papacy it continued to be a place of sanctuary for Christian sinners who sought refuge within its precincts. This privilege was abused, and it was ordered that the *puerta sancta* be walled up at all seasons except during times of special grace. Formerly the door was opened only once in a hundred years. The period was later reduced to fifty, and "now it is opened at the will of the Pope."

Each of the basilicas to be visited during the Holy Year has a "Holy Door." During the Jubilee celebration the "Door" of St. Peter's is opened by the Pope in person, while the doors of the other basilicas are opened by Cardinals who have been deputized for the purpose.

### Opening the Holy Door

THE most graphic description of the opening of the "Holy Door" with which I am familiar is to be found in Cardinal Wiseman (*Recollections of the Last Four Popes*, p. 170), who assisted at the Jubilee of 1825; "On Christmas Eve [the Pope] proceeds in state to the great portico of the Vatican Basilica, which, though only a vestibule, must needs be of great dimensions, to afford a place for such ceremonials, and the thousands who flock to witness them. The visitor to Rome may have easily noticed, that, of the five great doors opening from the porch into the church, the one nearest to the palace is walled up, and has a gilt metal cross upon it, much worn by the lips of pilgrims. On inquiry, he will be told that it is the *Porta Santa*, or 'Holy Gate,' like the 'King's Gate' at Jerusalem, never to be opened except for a most special entrance. Only during the Year of Jubilee is the gate unclosed; and it is for the opening of it, as symbolical of the commencement of the Jubilee, that the Pope has descended to the vestibule. . . .

"After preliminary prayers from Scripture singularly apt, the Pope goes down from his throne, and, armed with a silver hammer, strikes the wall in the doorway, which, having been cut round from its jambs and lintel, falls at once inwards, and is cleared away in a moment by active *Sanpietrini* (workmen employed regularly in St. Peter's). The Pope then, bare-

headed and torch in hand, first enters the door, and is followed by the Cardinals and other attendants to the high altar, where the first vespers of Christmas Day are chaunted as usual. The other doors of the church are then flung open, and the great queen of churches is filled."

### Rome a Generous Giver

MANY persons ask—even Catholics—who are not of the practical type: "What special purpose does a Jubilee serve?" Let me answer. It has been at times a means of bringing a great moral renovation in the world; it has often been the means of bringing back to the Fold many a "lost sheep." Again to quote Cardinal Wiseman: "It is a year in which the Holy See does all it can to make Rome spiritually attractive, and spiritually only. The theatres are closed; public amusements suspended; even private recreation pressed within the bounds of Lenten regulations. But all that can help the sinner to amendment, or assist the devout to feed his faith and nourish his piety, is freely and lavishly administered. The pulpit is occupied by the most eloquent preachers, awakening the conscience or instructing ignorance; the confessionals are held in constant possession by priests who speak every language; pious associations or confraternities receive, entertain, and conduct from sanctuary the successive trains of pilgrims; the altars are crowded by fervent communicants; while, above all, the spiritual remission of temporal punishment for sin, known familiarly to Catholics under the name of an Indulgence, is more

copiously imparted, on conditions by no means over easy. Rome, during that year becomes the attracting center of Catholic devotion; the magnet which draws it from every side. But it does not exhaust it or absorb it; for multitudes go back full of gratitude to Heaven and the Holy See for the blessings which they feel they have received, and the edifying scenes in which they have been allowed to partake."

"You who have possibly been taught that a Jubilee is one of the happiest devices of Roman astuteness for filling an exhausted exchequer; a sort of wholesale barter for temporal goods of those spiritual goods which are usually dealt in retail only! If such has been the doctrine taught you, and believed by you, may you, if nothing else will undeceive you, live till next Jubilee . . . and satisfy yourself, with your own eyes, whether Rome be the giver or the receiver; on which side turns the balance of the accounts between the prodigality of her charity and the indigence of her clients." (*Op. cit.*, pp. 172, 173.)

### For a Troubled World

ONE can scarcely conceive that any honest Catholic dare doubt that the forthcoming Jubilee will bring great spiritual results and aid in the restoration of peace and happiness to a troubled world. Only a few days ago the Holy Father, replying to the annual greetings of Roman patricians, headed by Prince Colonna, said: "The Holy Year beginning in 1933 will bring a spiritual revival, will also restore the world's confidence, and induce economic revival."

## Just One Hour?

By Sr. M. B.

HE bade us watch in the Olive Garden,  
Peter and James and John—and me!  
Like a child afraid in the dark God pleaded  
(And only I knew what the end would be);  
But my thoughts were away on a thousand chases,  
And heavy the eyes of the chosen three.

They sit on thrones in the bliss of Heaven,  
Apostles Peter and James and John.  
(They know not as I of the first Good Friday);  
They slept at their post and their chance is gone.  
But still He is calling to me, unfaithful,  
Across the years as the night wears on!



# The ROAD of PAIN

*The First of a Series of Devotional Papers  
on the Fourteen Stations of the Cross*

By Hugh F. Blunt, LL.D.

## PROLOGUE

**T**HE Way of the Cross is a great drama. It is told in fourteen acts, the first of which narrates the trial of Jesus before Pilate and His condemnation to the death by crucifixion. But there is a necessary Prologue to this tragedy. That Prologue is part of the Passion, and may be said to begin immediately after the triumphal entry of Christ into Jerusalem on Palm Sunday. Indeed, our Prologue begins even before that, with the efforts of the Jewish leaders to seize Jesus and put Him to death.

The Jewish characters in that Prologue, high though their position was, were the scum of the earth—irreligious, selfish, jealous men. Their hatred for Jesus was no new thing suddenly coming to the front on the day of His arrest. Already had they made several attempts to take Him and stone Him to death. The last time they had done that was at the time of the Feast of Dedication in the preceding December. But Jesus had avoided their snares and retired to the country beyond the Jordan.

When informed of the death of Lazarus, about the end of February or in the first

part of March, Jesus came to Bethany and raised Lazarus from the dead. It was an epochal event. It made many believe in Jesus, and increased the hatred of His enemies who ran to the Chief Priests and the Pharisees to tell them the extraordinary news. There was indignation in that Jesus should work miracles. "If we let Him alone so," they said, "all will believe in Him, and the Romans will come and take away our place and nation." Caiaphas, the High Priest, sneered at their ignorance. "You know nothing," he said. "Neither do you consider that it is expedient that one man should die for the people, and that the whole nation perish not." From that hour on they decided to kill Jesus.

**N**OW, this decision to kill Him was actually made at least six weeks before the arrest and trial. He would have been arrested before, but they could not reach Him. He had gone away from Jerusalem and could not be found, even though there was a price on His head; for the Council had given orders that if any one knew where He was He should be informed on

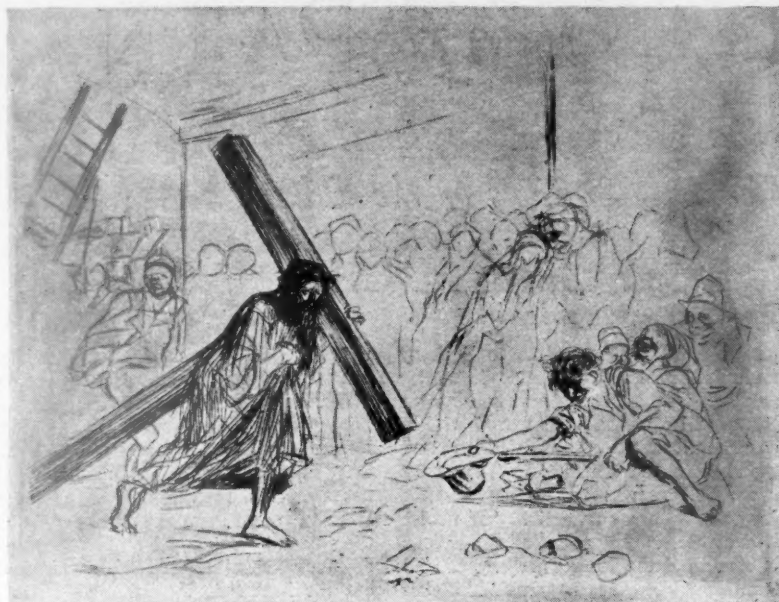
that He might be arrested. But Jesus kept out of the way. His time was not yet come. When He finally did return, He had with Him many disciples from Judea and Galilee. Hence the authorities still held back. They knew His popularity, but they could not estimate the strength of His following. Even when, on Palm Sunday, He entered the city in triumph, and on the following day took control of the Temple and drove out the hucksters, they were infuriated; and when, to cap the climax, He announced the destruction of Jerusalem, as He did on the Tuesday of that week, they could not bring themselves to take desperate measures. Afraid to test the popular enthusiasm for Jesus, they would do nothing that might stir up the pilgrims and, perhaps, circumvent themselves. They dreaded those pilgrims, especially the ones from Galilee, as an uncertain quantity, but in spite of that they asked Jesus trick questions in order to lessen His influence with His followers. But all to no avail.

**O**N Tuesday Jesus had gone to Bethany; on the same day the Sanhedrin, or Council, met with Caiaphas to decide what



Courtesy of the Grand Central Art Galleries

THE BODY OF CHRIST IN THE ARMS OF HIS BLESSED MOTHER (FORAIN)



Courtesy of the Grand Central Art Galleries

#### THE CARRYING OF THE CROSS (FORAIN)

was to be done; and on that same day Judas went to Jerusalem to see if he could make some silver by playing into the hands of the Jewish authorities. Already they had decided to apprehend Jesus, but "by subtilty," and not on the festival day, lest there should be a tumult among the people.

**"BY subtilty."** The work would have to be underhand. But by no means must He be arrested on the festival day which was so near, or during the week following it, since the festival time continued for an octave. This was not due to any religious regard for the celebration but because of the fact that, at the time of the Pasch, there would be too many friends of Jesus in Jerusalem. After the Pasch, when all the pilgrims should be home again, it would be safe to arrest Him. So, when Judas came with his offer to betray Jesus, they knew he was their man. They could have seized Jesus in public if they wanted to. But there was too much danger in that. He would have to be taken quietly, secretly, when there was no danger of mob-violence in His favor.

Now Judas was one of His intimates. He knew the secrets of Jesus, knew where He spent the night, knew where He could be found practically alone. Judas was then and there engaged to be ready when they wanted him; to help them find Jesus alone. But the understanding was that he would not be wanted until after the festival days, that is, until at least a week from the following Thursday night. Or, if it was necessary to change the plans, it might be possible to seize Jesus secretly during the Pasch, keep Him hidden in jail so as to avoid any possibility of His starting a rebellion, and then put Him to death

after the feast days, when the city life was back to normal.

Thus the matter was left for the present. Judas made his agreement and received his pay—between eighteen and twenty dollars (estimated in our money); the ordinary price of a slave. No one has ever been able to explain the action of Judas. He was a self-seeker, avaricious, disappointed, perhaps, because Jesus had established no material kingdom, tired of following a Leader Who dealt only in spiritual rewards, but his vile action in betraying his Friend and Master, his God, could never be weighed by human understanding. Only the inspired Word of God has sounded the depravity of the man by simply stating that "Satan entered into Judas."

And Satan seemed to be in control of things from now on. Judas went out. He had sold himself. He was going to betray Jesus. When or how, he did not just know. All he had to do was wait for his chance. That chance was to come on Thursday night.

And Judas, with the thirty pieces of silver, went back to rejoin his Friend and his friends. But everything was playing into the hands of the traitor. He heard the orders which Jesus gave Peter and John for the preparations for the Paschal feast, and had the effrontery to sit down with them all to eat the Last Supper. He felt safe. Nobody guessed his duplicity. He even went so far in the course of his sin as to receive the Body and Blood of the Lord at that first moment of the Institution of the Sacrament of Love—to Judas a sacrament of hate.

**JUDAS** thought he was safe, but from the words of Jesus he knew that his secret had been discovered. "That which thou

dost, do quickly," said Jesus. And Judas hurried out into the night. He rushed away from the Cenacle; he was beside himself with anger. He would show them all. He would line up on the side of the authorities. Perhaps he would be a big man in Jerusalem after this.

In a few moments he was pounding at the door of the High Priest Caiphas. He was not kept waiting. Now is the time, he said to Caiphas. You've got to act at once. He has found me out. If you delay, He'll evade you again. Get your men, your servants, your soldiers. He and his friends are still at supper. They'll be breaking up soon. I know the place where He is going to stay tonight—in the garden of Gethsemane. Come! At once! Caiphas was delighted at the way things were breaking for him.

**MEANWHILE**, the Supper had ended. Judas had left the Cenacle at about nine o'clock, and an hour later Jesus and His friends also left, and set out for Gethsemane whither Jesus was accustomed to retire when He did not go to Bethany. On to Gethsemane! The Passion had begun already.

Gethsemane—so called because an oil-press used to stand there—was a small farm, on the further side of the Brook Kedron, a dark, obscure ravine, a valley of shadows, dry in summer, but in winter and spring a black torrent, a dirty stream, coated with scum, and blood-stained with the sewage from the Temple. Gethsemane was a favorite haunt of Jesus, and Judas knew this well. Arriving there, Jesus left eight disciples at the gate and took Peter and James and John into the most hidden corner of the garden, shadowed by the fruit-trees and flowering shrubs against the moon and by the olive-trees.

Then began the awful agony. He was crouched there in the sickly light of the moon, His head bowed to the earth. He was dazed, desolate with the unimagined griefs that crowded upon Him. He saw the betrayal by Judas, the flight of His apostles, the destruction of Jerusalem, the countless sins of man till the end of time, and Himself enduring all these. His human nature recoiled from the scene, from the torments of His approaching Passion and, most of all, from the cruel death. He was the "Unfallen Man Dying." He feared Death. For Him sin had not paved the way for the separation of body and soul as in ordinary mortals. Consequently, Death was a terrible thing. It cast a stupor upon Him and made His soul so sorrowful unto death that He shuddered to face it, had not an angel come before the agony to comfort Him. The awful agony drew from Him a sweat of blood. And then Judas came to betray Him.

When Caiphas had received the message of Judas, he frantically made preparations to seize Jesus; he summoned at once his



servants, the guards of the Temple, the officers of the Sanhedrin, a guard of Roman soldiers from Pilate's palace with a tribune to command. The news spread quickly and some of the Chief Priests joined the group until it became a mob composed of Jews of every rank. It was a nervous, uneasy mob whose work was to be done quickly. Perhaps Jesus had already escaped. Judas was questioned on all sides. Where was Jesus? Where had Judas left Him? At the house of So and So? Let's go there.

The mob headed by Judas, with the lanterns and torches glimmering in the darkness, pushed its way to the Cenacle. But Jesus was not there. Curses from the disappointed crew! He had escaped! Never mind, said Judas, I know where He has gone. Follow me! And through the city streets again he led them, down into the valley, over the Kedron and to the gate of Gethsemane. He had no need to go farther. In the glaze of the torches he saw Jesus standing there. Jesus had come to meet him. Maybe the soldiers did not know Jesus, could not distinguish Him in the shadowy night. Which is the One? Point Him out!

Jesus came forward. "Whom do you seek?" He asked. "Jesus of Nazareth," they snarled. "I am He," said Jesus, and at that the whole mob was thrown to the ground by a supernatural power. When they were on their feet again, Judas, giving the sign agreed upon, went up to Jesus and kissed Him.

It was enough. The mob was now sure. The soldiers rushed at Him and held Him fast. The disciples, afraid of their very lives, fled and left their Lord to His fate. The soldiers tied Him with ropes and dragged Him down the hill, over the Kedron, and up the hilly street of Jerusalem.

**N**OW that the authorities had Jesus in their power, they scarcely knew what to do with Him. Some would like to stone Him to death at once and have the matter over with. But that was a dangerous business. The Jews had one eye always on the Roman conquerors. No need to antagonize Pilate. Besides they did not know just how strong the party of Jesus was. This thing must be done with the semblance of legal form. What will we do? Why, there's only one thing to be done. We'll take Him to Annas. His word is law. Of course! What else! Hey, you guards, drag the Rebel to the house of Annas! You'll get your orders there! The procession hurried on, careful not to make too much noise lest some of the followers of Jesus be aroused and make an attempt to rescue Him. Perhaps the friends of His, who had run away from Gethsemane, were already gathering forces to effect His rescue. The city was asleep. It was between midnight and three o'clock.

The palace of the High Priests, Annas and Caiphas, was soon reached. Both

lived in the same palace, occupying separate wings with only a courtyard between. It was a family affair, for Caiphas had married the daughter of Annas.

**A**NNAS had been the actual High Priest. He had gotten the job by bribery and corruption, 6 A. D. In fact, all the High Priests were political powers, and their appointment, or rather their purchase of the job, was a source of much revenue to the Roman Government. Annas had held the job for nine years when, in 15 A. D., he was deposed by Pilate's predecessor, Valerius Gratus, about eighteen years before the death of Jesus. But he still wielded a tremendous power. His was the first place in the Great Council. In fact, he held the power in all the councils of the High Priests who succeeded him. He had been elected legally for life, he was the head of the sacerdotal party, spiritual and material head, and though the Jews outwardly submitted to the pontiffs appointed by the Roman invader, deep down in their hearts they were religiously loyal to Annas.

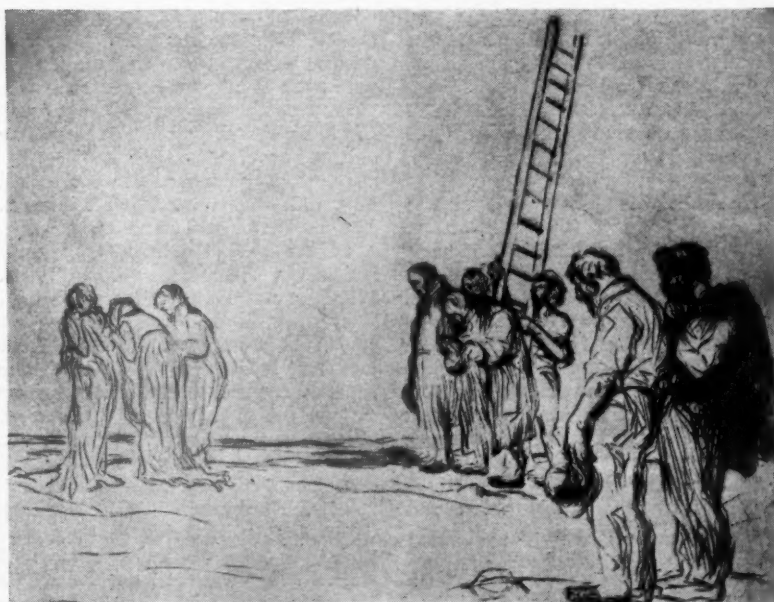
Annas was a successful man of the world. Josephus says he was the richest man in all Palestine. He was clever and very energetic. He was, in a word, the Big Boss. He always remained the power behind the throne until his death at an advanced age and, though he did not continue to sit on the throne himself, he saw to it that he should have the appointment of those who would sit on it. His five sons, his son-in-law and his grandson were in turn holders of the office.

Not only did Annas have authority with the Jews, but also had great influence with the Romans, due to his lax religious views. He was of the party of the Sadducees, not a large party, but of great weight,

since the highest society belonged to it. They were rank materialists, scoffing at the immortality of the soul. Poor patriots, they were glad to acknowledge the supremacy of the Romans. Besides that, Annas had a great flair for foreigners. But his great influence with the Romans was due to the fact that, with the enormous wealth which was derived from the trade in the Temple booths, he could and did make fine gifts to his friends at the Roman Pretorium. A cunning plotter, a self-seeker and a sycophant. And his family was a licentious lot hated by the people. So the Talmud: "What a wrath of God is this family of Simon Boetius! May their tongues be forever accursed! What dread misfortune is the family of Annas! Accursed be the hisses of these vipers!"

**A**NNAS was delighted that Jesus was brought to him first. It was an acknowledgment of his leadership. It pleased him for another reason. He hated Jesus. He was eager to examine Him. But he also wanted to mark time. He was stalling in order that the other members of the Council, who were being hastily summoned, might have time to get there for the trial which must be conducted before Caiphas, the real High Priest. So there was little done in the presence of Annas. He simply cross-questioned Jesus about His disciples and His doctrine. He wanted to test His strength and find out whether there was any danger of a sedition.

Jesus answered: "I have spoken publicly. I have taught always in the synagogues and the Temple, whither the Jews resort; and I have said nothing in private. Why question Me? Ask those who have heard Me as to what I have said to them.



Courtesy of the Grand Central Art Galleries

THE DEPARTURE FROM CALVARY (FORAIN)



They know what I have taught them." Jesus was not going to evade the issue. It did not concern His disciples. He alone was concerned. Annas winced under the snubbing. He showed it plainly, and one of his servants, to curry favor, gave Jesus a blow.

"If I have spoken evil," said Jesus, "show what evil I have said; but if I have spoken well, why do you strike Me?" Annas had enough. Without further ado he gave orders that the Prisoner be bound again and taken to Caiphas who was a man after his own heart. Trust him to know how to use his authority in dealing with this clever Rebel. Annas knew that Jesus was already as good as condemned.

Joseph Caiphas had now been the High Priest sixteen years. He had bought the office. He was bluff, hasty, choleric, bold, arrogant, unscrupulous and determined. He was crazy for power and did have great power even though he was putty in the hands of Annas. The power he got by bribes and by intrigue. He had paid dearly for it. It was his and he was not going to run any risk of being eclipsed by this Jesus. That power he lost a few years later when he was deposed (36-37 A. D.) by Vitellius, but just now he was sitting on top of the world, not a very pretty sight, with his fat, oily, sweaty neck, which the gorgeous mitre and scarlet cape could not make less repulsive.

**C**AIPHAS licked his sweaty lips. Everything was going along nicely. He had Jesus in his power, and he beamed brightly upon the members of the Council. The Sanhedrin! The Great Council! It had originated during the dominion of the Syrians over Palestine. It had been a great body and had numbered some of the prophets among its members. But how its glory was fallen now! It was, however, the Jewish High Court. It was the supreme authority in Judea, in religious, political and judicial affairs, insofar as it did not conflict with the rights of the Roman Governor. It was composed of the High Priests, the Scribes, the elders, and the heads of the twenty-four classes of priests. But, with all its authority, it was a body divided into factions. Some of the members were Pharisees, extreme purists for the law even to pettiness and hypocrisy. They were ardent nationalists, hating Rome, refusing to recognize its dominion, craving independence, and visioning the world-supremacy of the Jews under a Messianic King. Hence, they were jealous of Jesus, knew that He saw through their hypocrisy, and hated Him as much as they hated the Roman invaders.

Another set were the Sadducees—sensualists, materialists, free-thinkers and free-livers. They were much in favor of the Romans, consequently were scorned by the Pharisees, and also by the Herodian set who were also anti-Roman and anti-Pilate. Both Annas and Caiphas were Sadducees. So that the Council was a

queer mixture, one hating the other, one distrusting the other. There was one thing they agreed on, however, that was to hate Jesus and do away with Him.

**I**T was about three o'clock in the morning when Jesus was brought before Caiphas and the Jewish leaders. Their eyes were upon Him as He was shoved into the upper room where the trial was to be held. Caiphas was sitting on a platform at one end of the room while the other members of the Council sat on cushions in a half-circle. Besides the Council, there were secretaries, officers, guards. It had been quite impossible to get all the Council together in such a short time for this informal session but, since twenty three were sufficient, there was no need to delay the proceedings.

The present session was just as illegal as the proceedings a few minutes before in the house of Annas. The regular meeting-place of the Council was in a hall near the Temple, and any session held elsewhere was illegal. Of course, they argued that the Temple gates were closed at this hour; that it was wise to do things secretly lest the public be aroused, and there was the excuse that the festival day had begun. All mere subterfuges which did not lessen the illegality. Besides, a night session was illegal. It was the law not to open a hearing before daylight, nor continue it after dark.

The greatest illegality of all in this case was in regard to the Prisoner on trial. By law He was guaranteed His rights; everything in His favor was to be presented first. But it was here presumed that the Prisoner had nothing in His favor. By law, too, witnesses should be voluntary, while in this case the accusers sought false witnesses. In a word, Jesus was allowed no defence, no counsel, no hearing. He was condemned from the start, had been condemned weeks before. And the Council were going to take the suggestion of Caiphas "that it was expedient that one man should die for the people." What chance did Jesus have?

The mock trial began. It was a packed jury. All they wanted was a pretext. They sought for evidence and found none. But in the back of their minds they clearly had enough evidence, the will to kill Him. Witnesses were produced. They disagreed. They swore they had heard Him say that He would destroy the Temple. What blasphemy! The jury made believe to shudder. Jesus was silent. He knew there was no use in answering to this crew. Caiphas was insulted. "Why don't you speak?" But Jesus still was silent. And then Caiphas, to force the issue, screamed: "I adjure Thee by the living God, that Thou tell us if Thou be the Christ, the Son of God!" And Jesus solemnly replied: "I am! . . . And you shall see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of the power of God, and coming with the clouds of heaven."

Caiphas made the gesture of rending his garments. That's enough! he said. That's all we need. He has convicted himself. What's your verdict, gentlemen? They were all Yes Men, so what could they do but say: "Guilty!"

It was quick work. No matter about the law which ordered judges to fast before pronouncing sentence and only after serious deliberation. In capital cases they were not to decide until a day after the examination. But what was the law among friends? They could fix it up somehow. Let's think it over. Meanwhile, you guards, take Jesus away and keep Him safe some place down in the cellar until we send for Him. So Jesus was seized by the guards and brought downstairs, out through the courtyard and into an underground room which served for His cell.

It was during this night session that Peter had denied his Master three times. He was still standing near the fire in the courtyard when Jesus was led through on the way to His cell. Jesus looked at Peter. Peter caught His eyes, eyes like swords that cut the heart of Peter, and his hot tears of repentance fell upon the embers and the ashes. He would never smile again.

Jesus was kept in the jail an hour—an hour of humiliation and agony. The guards and lackies slapped His face, spat upon Him, played blind-man's buff with Him, and ridiculed His claim to be a prophet. It was a charming interlude for the servants while their religious masters were struggling upstairs with a very serious problem.

**I**T was a big problem to them. They had pronounced sentence of death on Jesus, but how were they going to execute that sentence? Now it was possible that they could put Him out of the way secretly, say, stone Him to death and nobody but themselves would be the wiser. But there was a catch there. How about their Roman soldiers? They had been requisitioned from Pilate. They would be wise to the whole affair, would tell Pilate, and then they'd be in trouble. Besides, if the news leaked out—and some of His followers knew He had been arrested—there was apt to be a riot.

Again, tomorrow—in fact, already—it was the festival day. They were defeated. They couldn't kill Him today. They would have to wait eight days. And anything could happen in eight days. Another thing, they were not prepared to take upon themselves the odium of this Man's death. It would look as if they were animated solely by envy. And, of course, they were not! There was only one thing to do, that was to pin the whole thing on Pilate. They must have smiled as they came to this conclusion. They would kill two birds with one stone, Pilate and Jesus. They would make Pilate try Jesus and condemn Him. It was necessary to get a fresh condemnation from Pilate. There

would be no sense in asking him merely to ratify their sentence. He wouldn't do it! He must try Him and condemn Him as an enemy of Rome. And then Jesus would be crucified. Crucified! That's what we want. Give Him the meanest and cruelest death possible. That's the only way to strike terror into the people and keep them from meddling with our affairs! We'll fool Pilate!

Now, gentlemen, as to the charges against the Prisoner! Let's think. Now don't mention about His claiming to be the Son of God. That's all right for us as Jews. But Pilate would laugh at that charge. He's a gentile, what does he know

about our religion. Son of God! No. Don't mention that to Pilate. Now, let's see. These are the charges. Pilate must listen.

First, we'll charge that Jesus has tried to pervert the people; secondly, that He has forbidden the Jews to pay tribute to Caesar; and thirdly, that He claims to be the King! Good! That's a charge of High Treason! What more do you want? And Pilate must find Him guilty, and as Jesus is not a Roman citizen He'll be condemned to be crucified. And Pilate will have to condemn Him at once. There are some criminals to be crucified today. He'll make one job of it and crucify Jesus, too.

That's settled. But we have no time to waste. Send for the Criminal at once and have the formal sentence pronounced.

The order was given. Jesus was dragged up the stairs to the Council chamber. Caiphas proclaimed that Jesus was found guilty by the Council and must go to Pilate to receive the condemnation of the Roman Government. So, in confusion and with precipitation, at five o'clock in the morning, Jesus was hustled by the mob out of the High Priest's palace, Annas and Caiphas leading the murderers. Away to Pilate. It was the only time in Jewish history that a Jew was delivered over to the hands of Rome.

# PLAYING *with* SAINTLY NAMES

By Hugh T. Henry, Litt.D.

THE devout soul plays with the names of Saints in an affectionately devout manner. It remembers always the old caution condensed into two Latin words: *Sancta sanctorum*: Deal with holy things in a holy manner.

On the other hand, the Church Militant feels quite at home with the Church Triumphant, because of the doctrine of the Communion of Saints. We are children of God and heirs of Heaven, which is our Father's House. And children are not too formal when happily at home. Familiarity of this kind permits affectionate freedom of language.

To our apprehensions, St. Michael the Archangel is the Knight in Armor driving Satan from Heaven. One of the prayers after Low Mass invokes him as our Protector against the wiles of the devil. He is Guardian of the Peace, so to speak. Anyhow, one of the hymns on his Feast plays with that thought:

*Angelus pacis Michael in aëdes  
Cælitus nostras veniat, serenæ  
Auctor ut pacis lacrimosa in orcum  
Bella releget.*

One translator renders the stanza thus:

"Angel all peaceful, to our dwellings send us,  
Michael, from Heaven coming to befriend us;  
Breathing serenest peace may he attend us,  
Grim war dispelling."

The meaning of St. Gabriel's name is "Hero of God," or "Man of God." The name suggests the angelical office in general, and the power conferred by Almighty God upon Gabriel is suggested by the stanza:

*Angelus fortis Gabriel, ut hostes  
Pellat antiquos, et amica cælo,  
Quæ triumphator statuit per orbem,  
Templa revisat.*

"Angel of strength, who triumphed, tumults quelling,  
Gabriel send us, ancient foes expelling,  
Oft in these temples may he make his dwelling,  
Dear unto Heaven."

A more evident play on an angelic name is illustrated by the

name of St. Raphael, which in Hebrew means "God has healed," or "the Divine healer." The Latin stanza plays on this meaning:

*Angelus nostræ medicus salutis,  
Adsit e cælo Raphael, ut omnes  
Sanet ægrotos, dubiosque vitæ  
Dirigat actus.*

"Angel Physician, health on man bestowing,  
Raphael send us from the skies all glowing,  
All sickness curing, wisest counsel showing  
In doubt and danger."

Hereupon we recall how St. Raphael guided the young Tobias and healed the blindness of the elder Tobias.

Naturally, the play upon names has been very slight and somewhat formal thus far. The Saints who have won their triumphs in our own weak flesh are closer to our apprehensions and our affections, and, hence, the playing on their names is more conspicuous, as we shall now perceive.

If any of my readers have found the Latin stanzas thus far quoted something of an obstacle to pleasant reading, no doubt I should caution them not to pursue the present paper any further, for the playing is unavoidably upon the Latin names of Saints, since it occurs in our ecclesiastical hymnody. On the other hand, there are no doubt many readers of THE SIGN who have studied, or are now studying, Latin. These will find the small amount of Latin involved rather "intriguing" and inviting. And, so, I continue placidly on my way.

Medieval hymnodists found in the name of St. Stephen, the Protomartyr, a grand opportunity for playing upon his name. In Greek *Stephanos* means (amongst many things) a crown or wreath indicating victory. Lovers of oratory will immediately recall the oration of Demosthenes "For the Crown" (*peri tou stephanou*), which enshrines the word in its title, and which is considered the finest piece of secular eloquence, whether ancient or modern.

One of the hymns in honor of St. Stephen dates back at least to the ninth century. Its first two lines—

*Stephano coronæ martyrum  
Cantate canticum novum—*

begin with *Stephano* and follow on with its Latin equivalent *coronæ* (that is, crown): "Let us sing a new song to *Stephen*, the *Crown* of martyrs." Our Savior is (as another hymn in honor of the Saint declares) the true *Crown* of the martyrs. But I suppose that in the present hymn an attempt was made to signify by *corona* that the Saint was the Protomartyr, the *leader* (and, therefore, in one sense) the *crown* of the martyr-throng. Still another hymn (*Eia plebs levitica*) suggests in its fifth line that his crown was formed from one of the stones that, cast upon him by his assailants, caused his death.

Adam of St. Victor was one of the most fecund, as he is the most celebrated, writer of sequences. In one of these he plays happily on the name of Stephen:

*Nomen habes Coronati  
Te tormenta decet pati  
Pro corona gloriæ.*

"Crowned—that is thy very name;  
Surely then it well became  
Thee to suffer for a Crown. . . .

Another hymn less skilfully uses the word *indicat* to show us that his name *indicates* a crown—rather a prosy expedient which I have sought to soften in the following translation of the stanza:

Well Stephen's martyr-crown  
Doth with his name accord  
And bid us, bowing down,  
Give glory to his Lord.

**B**UT enough illustration of a single name, how glorious soever it be. Let us now think of St. Vincent, deacon of Saragossa, martyred in the year 304. His name in Latin is *Vincentius*, derived from the word *vincere* (to conquer). Here, again, the opportunity for playing on the name was too good to pass by. One sequence by Adam of St. Victor pursues the idea through nine consecutive lines in the words I have Romanized:

*Omnes ergo jocundemur  
Et vincentem veneremur  
In Christo Vincentium.*

*Qui vincentis habens nomen  
Ex re probat, dignum omen  
Sui fore nominis.*

*Vincens terra, vincens mare  
Quidquid potest irrogari  
Poenæ vel formidinis.*

"Let us all rejoice, and venerate *Vincent*, conquering in Christ. He, having the name of one *conquering*, proves in the event that his name was a worthy omen: For he was a *conqueror* on land, a *conqueror* on sea, of whatsoever could be threatened, whether of punishment or of fear."

Another hymn in his honor is much more restrained; but, having enumerated his many trials, concludes that "*Sic ubique victor est*" ("Thus is he everywhere a *victor*"—*victor* also being derived from the verb *vincere*).

It was not easy to play similarly on the name of St. John the Evangelist. One hymnodist got around the difficulty by recalling the name conferred by our Savior upon him and his brother James. St. Mark's Gospel tells us of His calling of the Twelve: "And to Simon He gave the name of Peter: And James the son of Zebedee, and John the brother of James; and He named them Boanerges, which is, the sons of thunder" (3:17). In the Vulgate text, "the sons of thunder" is *filius tonitruus*. St. John, then, was a *filius tonitruus*. And, accordingly, our thoughtful hymnodist manages to work into his verse that curious naming which only one of the Evangelists, St. Mark, records:

*Amore Christi nobilis  
Et filius tonitruus,  
Arcana Joannes Dei  
Fatu revelavit sacro.*

"In love for Jesus nobly sealed  
The Son of Thunder, John,  
The hidden things of God revealed  
Which love had nobly won."

**T**HE name of Boanerges is thought by commentators to imply that impulsive or "fiery intrepid zeal" manifested in the question: "Lord, wilt Thou that we command fire to come down from heaven, and consume" the Samaritans who would not receive our Lord into their city (St. Luke's Gospel, 9:52-54), and the incidents mentioned by St. Mark (9:37-40 and 10:35-39). In his *Life of Christ*, however, Bishop Le Camus says that they were called "the *Sons of Thunder*; yet their souls, though at times impetuous because of their violent zeal, were particularly meditative. In them we must look rather for men of contemplation than for men of action," and he continues at some length an elaboration of this fact. Doubtless the medieval hymnodist could confidently count upon a better popular knowledge of sacred history among his hearers than we of today might assure ourselves.

One name that offered itself easily for similar playing was that of St. Clare (in Latin, *Clara*). *Clara* (feminine of *clarus*) means clear, bright, shining, etc. One hymn in her honor accordingly writes its first line: *O Clara, luce clarior* ("O Clara, brighter than the daylight"). Another hymn declares that God *Claram clarere voluit* ("desired *Clara* to shine clearly"), and that she was *Clarissima nata* ("noble in her lineage"—*clarus* here meaning in Latin *distinguished*). Still another hymn tells us that *Clarae lumen diffunditur* ("Clara's light is shed abroad") and that her convent "*claret matris notitia*" ("shines because of the wisdom of its mother," that is, of St. Clara).

The name of St. Celsus is delicately played upon. In Latin *celsus* means lofty, nobly elevated (as we recall in the "*Gloria in excelsis*" of the Angel's song. And a hymn in honor of the Saint begins: "Let the choir sing most sweetly to Saint Celsus, and announce his lofty (*præcelsa*—most glorious or lofty) merits."

If my readers are not as yet surfeited, let me give just one more example of this medieval playing upon the meanings of personal names, taken from two hymns in honor of St. Severus. The name immediately makes us think of *severe*—and our thought is correct; but it can also mean simply *grave*, *austere*, *serious*. One hymn, indeed, seems at first to emphasize the idea of *severity*. One of its stanzas declares flatly that his name indicates his character:

*Cujus nomen est Severus,  
Quod est signum quod severus  
Debet esse præsul verus  
Cuncta spernens levius.*

"Whose name, Severus, is a sign that a true prefect ought to be *severe* and ought to spurn everything that is effeminate." But another hymn seems to indicate that *gravity* rather than *severity* is to be attributed to the Saint. Its first play is obtained by separating the word *Severus* into *se verum* (objective case of *verus*):

*Servum Severus se verum,  
Deo pium, non severum,  
Dicat ab infantia;  
Severum nomen divisum  
Pium signat, inexcisum  
Antiphrasi media.*

("Severus, from his infancy, shows himself a true servant, affectionate toward God, not *severe*; the name of Severus thus divided signifies *affectionate*, by means of an antiphrasis in the undivided word"). The word *pium* can be translated as *pious* in the sense of *loving* or *devoted* or *affectionate* (as in the expression, "pious Aeneas").

Well, enough (perhaps too much) illustration of the medieval attraction for plays upon personal names. Meanwhile, however, we cannot but perceive that this playfulness was really pious, devoted, affectionate.



# The Seeds of Change

By Hilaire Belloc

## *The Sixth in a Series of Twelve Articles on the Break-up of Protestantism as the Last Organized Opponent of the Catholic Church*

**T**HERE is always a doubt when one is following any great spiritual movement whether the phenomena noted are causes or effects. Generally speaking, it is wisest, in most cases, to regard them as effects. The true cause of any great change, if it is of a spiritual character, seems to escape observation; and perhaps the explanation is that the impulse comes from outside this world.

But, whether they be causes or effects, it is historically essential to note the sequence of events which leads up to the ultimate undermining of the Protestant dominion.

In my last article, when establishing the best average date for the maximum of Protestant influence, and the corresponding "lowest point" of Catholic influence among the white peoples—that is, in European civilization and its offshoots beyond the seas—I presented the negative points. I showed how the doctrinal foundations of Protestantism in a certain attitude towards the Bible had broken down through the action of science and textual criticism, through the dissatisfaction in practice with the results of Protestant individualism, particularly in the characteristic Protestant development called "Industrial Capitalism."

In this and subsequent articles I propose to consider the positive side, and to put in their order those events and forces which, one after the other, produced, or were the symptoms of, the gradual revival of Catholic influence.

### **The French Clergy**

**T**HE French Revolution drove a large number of Catholic French priests into exile. It had also, incidentally, the effect of purifying the Church in France—which badly needed purifying, when such men as the Bishop of Autun and the Archbishop of Narbonne could be found in its hierarchy, and when a large number of priests (not a majority, of course, but a large minority) occupied their places mainly as a worldly profession, and a section of them with no regard to scandal at all.

The French priests who were driven into exile were mainly humble parish priests who had refused the Civil Constitution of the clergy. Of these a considerable proportion took refuge in England. Now here

notice that interesting irony which runs all through history and which is perpetually making men cut rods for their own backs.

The rivalry between England and France had been intense for generations, and that rivalry had turned into a complete antagonism through the fact that the French monarchy had represented the strongest political force on the side of the Catholic culture, the English monarchy the strongest political force on the side of the Protestant. But to your average statesman a consideration of the spiritual causes of a thing is too deep to be taken into count.

### **Clerical Immigrants Welcomed**

**A**LL that the English statesmen knew was that the French monarchy, their great rival, had fallen, and the French nation, their great rival, was apparently in dissolution; it was the first point of their policy to take advantage of this break-up of the rival nation. They worked with might and main to support the anti-Revolutionary side in France because the Revolutionary side, after 1791, represented the national strength of France and her armed forces, while the anti-Revolutionary side represented forces now in opposition, the activity of which would weaken the unity of the French nation.

Therefore, the emigrant French priests, as representing the anti-Revolutionary forces, were officially welcomed in ultra-Protestant England. They were made much of, and the word went round the English governing classes that they were to be cherished and succored and encouraged. No one feared for a moment that such encouragement would have any effect upon the solid mass of English Protestantism. The English Catholics of that day were a tiny handful (not one in a hundred of the nation), barely tolerated, and almost of as little account in their own eyes as in those of their neighbors.

But the presence of these pious and devoted men—the French emigrant priests—the example they gave and the picture, for the first time presented before English eyes, of a considerable body of that kind was the planting of a seed of change. It was slow indeed in growth, but you certainly find an origin here of the Catholic influence that followed.

Not that these priests were of any great numerical effect, but that, for the first time since the fall of the Stuarts, Catholicism was timidly and apologetically beginning its appearance in the world of English ideas, from which it had hitherto been for nearly a hundred years utterly banished.

There is a very remarkable book which I should like to see reprinted, and which I strongly advise anyone who is interested in these matters to get hold of if he can through the dealers in rare literature. It is called "Priestly Absolution at Oxford." It is the *first* document, the starting point, of the set of ideas in that University which culminated half a lifetime later in the career of Newman. It is quite a thin little book, not much more than a pamphlet, racily written, witty, full of anecdote, and it consists in the autobiographical reminiscences of a man who, as an undergraduate and young graduate at Oxford, fell—the very first of his generation—under the influence of the emigrant French priesthood.

It shows you the average young English Protestant—intelligent, curious of new things—finding the adventure and novelty of another spiritual world, and, in particular, the sacramental system, and, among the Sacraments, in particular the Sacrament of Penance. It describes how after he had taken Orders, he preached, acting under that influence, from an Anglican pulpit a sermon on priestly absolution. This sermon was forgotten in the later, greater, movement of Newman, but it was really the starting point of the whole affair.

### **An Unexpected Effect**

**T**HIS effect of the French emigrant clergy upon England, the chief nation of Protestant culture, upon that English University of Oxford, which was then and is still the centre of anti-Catholic effort of every kind in Great Britain, was not destined to produce any considerable Catholic body or indeed any appreciable increase to the tiny, scattered and obscure group of Catholics then in England. Its effect was something very different.

That effect was to produce *within the Anglican Church* a section who hankered to introduce Catholic practices and ideas into the Protestant establishment, while

keeping that establishment anti-Papal and heretical as well as schismatic; and the general name for this new tendency was the "Oxford" (or later the "Tractarian") Movement." Its main fruit had *not* been the growth of a larger body of Catholic Englishmen—that increase came in by another door—but the creation of a large and flourishing body of wealthy, influential, very active, new High Anglicans.

These have been called by different names in different phases of their development—Puseyites, ritualists, etc. Today they are generally known under the self-contradictory title of "Anglo-Catholics." But note that, though all this did not make for the increase of Catholicism numerically in England, it did make for familiarity with Catholic ideas and for a renewal of the old conception of the Catholic Church and its influence as something to be reckoned with.

### The Act of Union

THE next point, also attaching to England, was also a piece of irony; it was the consequences of the Act of Union with Ireland.

The act of Union with Ireland was a political measure designed to strengthen England in her struggle against France. The Union did not then mean—as it came later to mean—the destruction of a Catholic political system to the advantage of Protestant England, for there was in 1800 no Catholic political system in Ireland. The wholesale bribery whereby Pitt achieved the Union was directed to the purchase of Protestant votes, for the only even representative body in Ireland to be negotiated with was a Protestant body—the Parliament in Dublin. Pitt probably intended to accompany the measure with some form of Catholic Emancipation; he certainly spoke and acted as though he really did so intend.

To give Catholics political liberty in Ireland while Ireland had an independent Parliament would have meant, of course, the setting up of a wholly separate nation over against England, but to have a minority of Catholic voters in England and Ireland combined could not, in Pitt's judgment, do any great harm to Protestantism or to the hold of England over Ireland. Meanwhile there was set up, with English Protestant money, Maynooth, the object of which institution was, in the eyes of the English government, the cutting off of the Irish connection with the Continent by training the priesthood at home instead of sending them to Catholic universities overseas.

King George III would not sign any measure for Catholic Emancipation; and no doubt Pitt was glad enough, in spite of his protestations, to find himself relieved of the responsibility. But the idea had been started and could not now be buried again. Through the efforts of the Irish members in the English Parliament after George III's death and, in particular, of Daniel O'Connell, Catholic Emancipation

was passed in 1829. Liberal English opinion favored it, because the Liberal creed regarded religion as an indifferent matter, concerning individuals only, and, therefore, thought it unjust that any man should be disfranchised on account of his religious beliefs.

### The Irish Famine

WHILE this was going on there came, with very startling effect upon the English Protestant mind, the conversion of very prominent Anglicans, notably Newman and Manning. They had a following though, in mere numbers, that following remained of little significance among the millions of Protestant England around them. But the effect of those conversions was to breed an opinion (which the future did not justify) that the High Church Movement would produce a great mass of conversions, that there would be a sort of wholesale secession in a large proportion of the Anglican clergy and the formation of a really large body of native English Catholics—men of English blood and English traditions, but repudiating what had become the essentially English mark of Protestantism.

I say that this fear on the one side and hope on the other was never realized. The numerical increase of Catholics in England such as it was (and it was much less than anyone expected) came in by that other door—the Irish Famine. The responsibility of England for the Famine, and the statesmanship which left a nation, already ruined by alien government, to starve, when prompt succor would have saved it, is not a matter for discussion here. The point to remember is that the Irish Famine drove over to England the first great wave of emigration.

The Irish began to settle in the new English industrial towns, their numbers increased very rapidly indeed, and, though the flood tide of that movement gradually slackened, its last effects are still felt. About one-quarter of the baptisms in Liverpool are Catholic, and a somewhat larger proportion in Glasgow: and though there is a very heavy leakage from the Catholic ranks in later years, and particularly in early and middle working life, yet the Catholic funerals in these great industrial centers show that this leakage is not today more than twenty per cent.

Now that we can estimate a final result, we find in Great Britain a Catholic population of more than one-twentieth and less than one-seventeenth—that is, still a tiny minority, which makes England the only great European western country in which the

Catholic body is still but a petty fraction.

The Catholic body in England is not sufficiently large to establish a true Catholic culture among its members: there is no Catholic daily paper; there is no Catholic University; the English Catholics are strongly affected by a system of law and education which is steeped in the Protestant traditions of the nation. Still, a proportion of from five to six per cent of a community is something very different from a proportion of one per cent, and the change in tone is even more striking than the change in numbers. The Irish Famine and the consequent emigration "put Catholicism on the map"—to use a modern slang phrase—in English affairs.

### The Catholic Penetration

A CATHOLIC hierarchy was established in 1850 in the midst of violent national protest; and especially remarkable was the subsequent growth in numbers of monasteries and convents; it was very much larger than the proportionate total growth of Catholics in Great Britain. Still more remarkable was the permeation of the Catholic influence in the discussions—though they were not much more than discussions—of intellectual England. As during the later part of the nineteenth century the Protestant doctrinal system broke up, the solid doctrinal system of the small Catholic minority stood as an example of what certitude in philosophy could mean and exercised an intellectual influence quite out of proportion to its numbers.

The Irish Famine had had another effect besides this reproducing of Catholicism in England. It had poured a stream of Catholic emigration into the United States and into the English colonies. To this original Irish element there was added, of course, in the United States during their vast development of the later nineteenth century great bodies of Catholic emigrants from central and eastern Europe—Italians, Germans and Poles.

In general the English-speaking world, at the end of this development, at the beginning of the twentieth century, was everywhere possessed of a considerable Catholic minority. That minority lived under governments and societies of an anti-Catholic and Protestant tone, but it was present and active and made it impossible for the rest of the white world to regard the English-speaking portion as a purely Protestant thing such as it had been a hundred years before.

In the other half of Europe, among the nations of Catholic culture, the movement that was proceeding was of quite another kind. Through what changes the fortunes of the Faith went during the nineteenth century in those countries, which had withstood the storm of the Reformation but which had been so profoundly affected by the sceptical and deist movement of the nineteenth century and also the materialist movement, I shall try to describe in my next article.

In this article Mr. Belloc traces the seeds of change in the Protestant Culture. In his next article, appearing in the May issue, he will portray the change in the Catholic Culture.

THE SIGN-POST is our Readers' very own. In it we shall answer all questions concerning Catholic belief and practice and publish communications of general interest. Communications should be as brief as possible. Please give your full name and correct address as evidence of your good faith.

# THE SIGN-POST

Questions ♦ Answers ♦ Communications

Anonymous communications will not be considered. Writers' names will not be published except with their consent. Send us questions and letters. What interests you will very likely interest others, and make this department more interesting and instructive. Address: THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

## PERSONAL REPLIES

W. G.—St. Winifred (Winefride, Wenefreda) was a virgin-martyr of the seventh century. She is the patron saint of North Wales. With other pious maidens she served God under the direction of St. Beuno, though it is not known that she formally embraced the life of a nun. She suffered death at the hands of the tyrant, Caradoc, at the place since called Holywell, so named from the many miracles which even in our day bear witness to her sanctity. The medieval legend that St. Winifred was raised to life after her death, by the prayers of St. Beuno, and for many years thereafter presided over a convent of nuns, is not worthy of credence. (*Book of Saints*, page 272.)

A. A. S.—The only information we have about St. Eleanora is that she was a martyr and virgin of Birmingham. Her feast day is August 16.

M. E. S.—Communicate with *Columbia* in regard to Father Page. Father Owen Dudley, author of *The Shadow on the Earth*, is a convert to the Catholic Church. He was ordained for the Anglican ministry in 1911; converted to the Catholic Church in 1915; ordained priest in 1917. He is a member of The Catholic Missionary Society of London.

W. H. R.—Allan (Alan) is a variant form of Elian or Eilan. St. Elian was either a Cornish or Breton Saint of the sixth century. Very little is known about him. His feast day is January 12. Another St. Alan is listed in the *Book of Saints*. He was a bishop of Brittany of the fifth century. His feast day is October 26. There are several Saints by the name of Henry, the most famous, perhaps, being St. Henry the Emperor. His feast day is July 15.

W. E. M.—*The Messenger of the Sacred Heart* is located at 515 East Fordham Road, New York, N. Y.

## IMPEDIMENT OF DISPARITY OF WORSHIP

May a divorced non-Catholic, who has never been baptized, and who is willing to become a Catholic, marry a Catholic in the Catholic Church and with the blessing of the priest? The individual has always admired and wanted to embrace the Faith.—R. P., TROY, N. Y.

In answering questions of this kind all we can do is to cite the law which governs such a case, without attempting to give a solution of the matter, since we do not know all the facts. Besides, such matters do not belong to Question Boxes, but to diocesan matrimonial courts. If the non-Catholic in question was never baptized and his former partner was certainly baptized, and, furthermore, if his marriage took place before May 19, 1918, it was invalid on account of the impediment of disparity of worship. If it occurred after that date it was valid on this ground because the impediment of disparity of worship has been restricted by the New Code of Canon Law to those baptized in the Catholic Church; that is, a baptized Catholic can not marry an unbaptized person validly, unless he has obtained a dispensation from the impediment, but a baptized non-Catholic may validly marry an unbaptized person. Therefore, in the supposition that the man was certainly unbaptized and the woman certainly baptized, the marriage could be declared invalid. But these cases are not always as simple as this. If, however, the man was declared invalidly married on account of the impediment, he

would be free to marry again. And if he became a Catholic he could marry a Catholic with the blessing of the Church. However, the Church will not receive any one who wishes to enter her because he admires the Faith, but only on condition that he is intellectually convinced of the validity of her claims to be the one and only Church of Christ.

## PASSION LITERATURE

I am hoping to get together a Passion library, and ask you to kindly recommend some books on this sacred subject.—J. L., CINCINNATI, OHIO.

The following books will make a good beginning of such a library:

### DEVOTIONAL

Under His Shadow, Fr. Francis Shea, C.P. ....	\$1.50
School of Jesus Crucified, Fr. Ignatius, C.P. ....	2.00
Jesus Christ, His Life, Passion, and Death, Berthe, C.S.S.R. ....	1.75
The Precious Blood, Fr. Faber ....	1.60
Suffering Man-God, Père Seraphim, C.P. ....	1.40
Tragedy of Calvary, Msgr. Bolo ....	1.25
Ascent of Calvary, Père Perroy ....	1.05

### HISTORICAL

The Passion, Père Ollivier, O.P. ....	2.00
The Passion of Our Lord, Card. De Lai (translated by Cardinal O'Connell) ....	2.00
History of the Passion, Groenings, S.J. ....	1.25
The Death of Jesus, Fr. Philip Coghlin, C.P. ....	1.25
The Passion and Glory of Christ, Msgr. Poelzel ....	2.75
Figures of the Passion, Gabriel Miro (2 vols.) ....	3.50

## FATE OF BEDRIDDEN WOMAN: ORIGINAL SIN AND PROPAGATION OF HUMAN RACE

(1) I have been bedridden for many years, and there seems no hope of cure. In explaining this to some friends I said that it was to be, meaning that it is God's will. But I was called a fatalist. (2) In talking about creation one said that if Eve had not eaten the apple and committed sin, how could the human race have started? Both these questions left me dumb. Please explain.—A. S., NEW YORK, N. Y.

We sympathize very sincerely with you in your prolonged illness. May we suggest that by your patient endurance of pain you can do a vast amount of good for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. Nothing in the world but Christianity and the graces thereof can give a person the spirit to suffer and endure with patience such an illness as yours. By uniting your sufferings with those of Jesus Christ, "filling up what is wanting of the sufferings of Christ," you can atone not only for whatever sins you yourself have committed, but also, by reason of the intercommunication of merits, you may, if you will, obtain the pardon of many sins and the graces needed by so many for the saving of their souls. Have you ever read "Why Must I Suffer?" a booklet for those in your condition? (Price 35 cents.)

(1) The word "fate," as St. Augustine said, may be used in both a Christian sense and also in a pagan and material sense, but he advised against the use of the word on account of its pagan connotations. (See the January SIGN, page 345.) In the first it is synonymous with Divine Providence; in the second, it means blind chance. Therefore, in the above interpretation, a fatalist



is one who believes in Divine Providence, which regulates all things in Heaven and earth. This term, so understood, is no reproach. But in the second (material) sense, it is unworthy of any Christian to be so-called, for it means disbelief in a benign Providence, and belief in blind chance.

(2) The difficulty behind this objection, we presume, is that Adam and Eve could not "increase and multiply," while in the state of justice and sanctifying grace, because carnal intercourse is sinful. This is silly. God gave the command to "increase and multiply." Is it to be supposed that He commanded them to do something sinful? Nor, on the other hand, is there any ground for the absurd opinion that our first parents must have committed sin before they could carry out the command of God. Marriage was instituted by God for the purpose of propagating the race. When married persons exercise their rights they perform a good act, and if they are in the grace of God, even a meritorious act.

Moreover, no one knows with certainty what kind of fruit was taken from the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. It may have been an apple; Jewish tradition so held. But no one knows. It may have been a fig, for Adam and Eve made aprons of fig leaves to cover their nakedness after their sin, and very probably snatched the first leaves at hand. Furthermore, original sin did not result from the sin of Eve, but the sin of Adam, for he was appointed by God the head of the human race, not Eve. When he fell from grace and original justice, the human race of which he was the head fell with him: "For as by the disobedience of one man (Adam) many were made sinners, so also by the obedience of One (Christ) many shall be made just." (Rom. 5:19.)

#### TERESA NEUMANN

*Will you please tell me if Teresa Neumann in her rôle as mystic has been discredited by the Church authorities? If so, why was this done?*—G. M. H., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Teresa Neumann has never been discredited by any Church authority, so far as we know. Rather, the attitude assumed toward her has generally been very favorable. The recent decision to urge her to submit to supervision in a public hospital, which was proposed by the bishops of Bavaria in a recent meeting, was not for their greater enlightenment, but in order to furnish an answer to the skepticism of scientists and unbelievers. Teresa has not eaten or drunk since Christmas, 1926. This is extraordinary, and if true (which we think it to be), manifests the intervention of some power outside the course of nature.

#### IS SWORN AFFIDAVIT AN OATH?

*Does the Church regard an affidavit sworn to before a notary public as the calling upon God to bear witness to the truth of what is sworn to?*—F. F., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

An oath is an act of Divine worship (*latría*), by which a man calls upon God, the Infinite Truth, to bear witness to the truth of what he is saying. In taking an oath there must be an invocation of God, either explicit or implicit. Where there is no invocation of God intended or demanded, there is no oath. If an affidavit is made in this latter manner, it is not an oath, properly so-called, but simply an affirmation.

#### PRESERVING VIRTUE

*I heard a priest say over the radio, that if a young woman were attacked, she could in good conscience jump from a height or into a body of water to keep her honor, even if the leap meant death. I also read in a Catholic periodical of an abbess and her nuns, whose monastery was broken into, and the nuns threatened. Whereupon the abbess cut off her nose and handed the knife to each nun, who did the same. Now, are these actions lawful?*—N. N., Long Island City, N. Y.

St. Thomas teaches that it is not lawful for a woman to kill herself, lest she be violated by another. The reason is that it is not lawful to commit a greater crime (suicide), in order to avoid a

lesser (bodily attack). It is not a sin when a woman is violated against her consent, because she is not formally corrupted, except with the consent of the mind. What has been said of suicide, or the direct killing of oneself, must also be applied to the mutilation of one's members. The principle on which this argument is based is that it is never lawful to do evil that good may come of it. Nevertheless, it is lawful to expose oneself to the danger of death, in order to avoid a criminal attack, for the good of virtue is sufficient reason to allow one to expose oneself to such a danger. But in this case death is not directly willed or inflicted. Such a person's principal intention is to escape from the violator, hoping that her action may not result in death. The stories about the Saints and holy persons in this matter are explained either by direct inspiration of God (Who is the Lord of life and death), or by their good faith. Moreover, in such cases grave fear often disturbs the use of reason, and hence takes away or lessens culpability.

#### THE CAPUCHINS: DERELICTION OF CHRIST

(1) *What was the origin of the Capuchin Order, and who was its leader?*

(2) *If Christ enjoyed the Beatific Vision all during His life because of the Hypostatic Union, why did He cry out on the Cross: "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?"*—L. O'D., New York, N. Y.

(1) The Order of Friars Minor Capuchins, or Capuchins, is a branch of the first Franciscan Order and a reform of the Observants of the Marches, Italy. It was instituted in 1525 A. D. by Father Matteo da Bassi, who aimed at a more perfect return to the primitive observance of the Rule of St. Francis, in resistance to the tendency to accept certain relaxations in the Rule.

(2) This piteous cry of Jesus on the Cross is not to be understood to mean that His Godhead was withdrawn from His human nature, nor that the Beatific Vision was in any way obscured, but in the sense that His Father had delivered Him to the torments of His enemies, and had not heard His prayer for deliverance, when in agony in the Garden of Gethsemane. How Jesus enjoyed the Beatific Vision, the while His human soul was the subject of the most cruel torment, is most mysterious. It is but another instance of the Hypostatic union, by virtue of which He could suffer in His human nature, the while He was God, "in Whom there is no change or shadow of alteration."

#### REPORTED PAPAL PERMISSION

*I read in The New York American of February 28 that the Pope gave permission to Archduke Albrecht of Hapsburg to marry Mlle. Irene Lebach, divorced wife of Ludwig von Rudnay, Hungarian Minister to Sofia. Please explain this. Is it a case of wealth again?*—N. N., NEWARK, N. J.

In the first place, the above bit of news is only "reported" by the Associated Press from a Budapest newspaper. In the second place, if the report is true, we must presume that the divorcee was never validly married to Ludwig von Rudnay. Therefore, she would be free to marry in the Church, after having obtained a civil divorce. The latter is allowed for the purpose of avoiding civil suits. This is not another case of wealth, but, if true, merely an application of the Church's law on marriage. The same permission would be given to yourself under the same circumstances. Your last sentence seems to indicate that you are one of that class who readily gives credence to newspaper reports even though they may be at variance with the strict law of the Church which she has always strictly enforced.

#### PERPETUAL VIRGINITY OF BLESSED VIRGIN: BRETHREN OF JESUS APOCRYPHAL GOSPELS

(1) *Did the Blessed Virgin have other children besides Jesus? If not, how explain the text of St. Matthew (1:25): "And he knew her not till she brought forth her firstborn son"? And, "Is this not the carpenter's son? Is not His mother Mary and His brethren James*

and Joseph and Simon and Jude? And His sisters, are they not all with us" (Matt. 13:55, 56)? (2) Did the Blessed Virgin have brothers and sisters? I have always thought that she was the only child of St. Ann and St. Joachim, yet St. John (19:25) says: "There stood by the cross of Jesus His mother, and His mother's sister, Mary of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalen." (3) Was there ever a Gospel of Mary, which was eliminated by the Church Fathers? I have been told that scholars argue that it is of equal authenticity with the Gospels received by the Fathers. Also, was there a Gospel of Nicodemus, also rejected by the Fathers, although it treats more frankly and fully of the trial of Christ before Pilate?—R. C. C., NEW YORK, N. Y.

(1) It is an article of Faith that the Mother of Jesus remained always a virgin, that is, she was a virgin before, during and after the birth of Jesus. This dogma of the perpetual virginity of Mary is not explicitly revealed in the Holy Scripture, but it is implied therein. The unshaken tradition of the Church from the beginning has always held that the Mother of Jesus was always a most pure virgin. Every argument brought to bear against it has been rejected as blasphemous by the Church and the champions of Mary. As we observed in the March issue of THE SIGN, page 473, most of the objections to this doctrine arise from a misunderstanding of Jewish terminology, when they are not made for an unworthy motive. In order to understand biblical terms we must interpret them in the sense of the sacred authors (and the authors of the New Testament were Jews), not in the current English sense.

St. Matthew (1:25) wishes to show in the strongest possible language that St. Joseph had no share in the procreation of Jesus. The word "until" is concerned with the time before the birth of Christ, not afterward. It is illogical, and bad exegesis, to argue that if they did not come together before the conception, they must have afterward. Good exegesis interprets the meaning of a word in one passage according to the manner in which it is used in others. Thus, God said: "Even to [or until] your old age I am the same" (Isa. 46:4). Does it follow that God will cease to exist after old age is reached? St. Jerome turned the objection upon Helvitius, who urged this text against the perpetual virginity of the Blessed Virgin, by asking him: "If anyone were to say that Helvitius did no penance until he died, would it follow that he did penance after his death?"

A son was termed "firstborn" even though there were no other. This was a strictly technical term among the Jews, as the firstborn had all the rights of primogeniture.

As to the phrase "brethren of the Lord," the explanation is that they were probably cousins of Jesus—children of Mary of Cleophas, who was probably the sister of the Blessed Virgin. After St. Joseph's death, the Mother of Jesus may have made her abode with Mary of Cleophas, and as a result the latter's children were regarded as brothers and sisters of Jesus. The Jews, as said above, had their own manner of speech. They used "brother and sister" more loosely than we do in English. This is found to be so throughout the Bible, which is preëminently a Jewish book. Thus, Abraham and Lot were called brothers (Gen. 14:14) though, as a matter of fact, we know that they were uncle and nephew (Gen. 12:5). Italians, even today, call cousins "brother-cousins." The Jews had no word for cousins, consequently the use of brothers and sisters. anyhow, Mary is always called the Mother of Jesus, never the Mother of the Brethren; and Jesus is called Son of Mary, but the "brethren" are never called Children of Mary. Even Renan, the apostate, who was not in sympathy with Catholic doctrine, admitted the force of this argument: "He (Jesus) was known for a long time as the only son of a widow. In fact, such appellations (Son of Mary) were employed when the father was dead, and when the widow had no other son." (The Gospels, p. 280.) Jesus left His Mother in care of St. John when dying on the Cross, which would be difficult to understand if there were any other children of the Blessed Virgin.

Sometimes St. Joseph is called the Father of Jesus. Even Mary calls Joseph father of our Lord (Luke 2:48) but the meaning is,

of course, that he was the legal father, "being, as it was supposed, the father of Jesus." (Luke 3:23.)

(2) Whether or not St. Ann and St. Joachim had other children beside the Blessed Virgin is not known with certainty. Tradition, however, seems to hold that Mary was their only child. The expression of St. John need not be taken in the strict sense of blood sister, for the reasons given above. The "sister" of Mary mentioned as having stood beneath the Cross, who was either Salome or Mary of Cleophas (depending on whether Mary of Cleophas is the name of the "sister," or a distinct person), may have been a cousin, or a more distant relative.

(3) There was a Gospel of the Infancy, attributed to St. James, which described the birth, education, and marriage of the Blessed Virgin. It may also have been called the Gospel of Mary, for we have not found mention of such a Gospel among the apocryphal books. This Gospel, together with the Gospel of Nicodemus, were rejected as apocryphal by the Church, because they were not inspired. Naturally, being merely human documents, and therefore written according to human standards, greater and more intimate details are recounted in them than in the inspired Gospels. The latter were written by the evangelists under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, Who moved them to write only those things which God wished them to write. Since apocryphal Gospels are not inspired, nor received into the Canon of Holy Scripture, they should not be read, especially by the unlettered. Useless and even troublous thoughts will arise in the imagination, with no profit but rather disturbance to a simple and sincere piety.

#### WOMAN WEARING MALE ATTIRE

*Is wearing long pants and white ducks and other sports wear by women considered indecent or immodest?*—N. N., NEWARK, N. J.

St. Thomas, writing on the attire and ornamentation of women, is inclined to be quite severe in this matter. (Of course, the good Saint was not concerned with "style," but with virtue.) In his opinion the attire of a person should be conformable to his condition in life according to the common estimation of men. He says that it is in itself most unbecoming for a woman to wear man's dress, and vice versa. The chief reason he gives is that such a change of dress is a cause of sensuality. It was explicitly forbidden in the Old Testament: "A woman shall not be clothed with man's apparel, neither shall a man use a woman's apparel; for he that doth these things is an abomination before God." (Deut. 22:5.) Though the reason of this prohibition, namely, to avoid imitating the Gentiles, who made such changes in their superstitious and licentious worship, does not have the same force today, nevertheless the danger to modesty and purity still accompanies such manners. Those with a love for modesty do not do it. In these things there is a revelation of character, for "the attire of the body, and the laughter of the teeth, and the gait of a man show what he is." (Ecclus. 19:27.) However, there may be cases where a change of attire may be tolerated for a reasonable cause, such as mountain-climbing, hunting, etc., where there is no sign of bold exhibitionism. Of one thing, however, we are certain; the bold attempts to imitate male attire in female clothes indicates a lack of commonsense and good taste, where it is not designed for unworthier purposes.

#### FEAST OF IMMACULATE CONCEPTION B. V. M.

*Will you please tell me in what year the Feast of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary became a holy day of obligation?*—A. W., BUFFALO, N. Y.

If you refer to the United States, it was decreed in the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore, in 1833, that the Feast of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary was to be celebrated as a Feast Day of obligation on the 8th of December. This decree was confirmed by the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore in 1837.

## JOINING Y. W. C. A.

A group of Catholic girls are thinking seriously of joining the Young Women's Christian Association. Would this be contrary to any of the wishes of our Catholic religion?—C. F., WEST ROXBURY, MASS.

While the Church does not explicitly forbid Catholics to join either the Y. M. C. A. or the Y. W. C. A., it is certainly contrary to the wishes of the Church that Catholics become members of either of these organizations. The reason is plain. Both of the above societies are essentially Protestant religious sects. As such they are a false religion. Catholics, therefore, ought not to encourage such false forms of worship. There is always danger that Catholics who join the Y will be gravely influenced by its subtle propaganda. It is on record that many Catholics who joined these organizations have become indifferent in their faith, and many others have lapsed from it entirely. This is not said in any disparagement of the purely social and athletic opportunities afforded by the Y. But beneath all these things the evangelical crusading spirit lurks, and it will require convinced faith on the part of any Catholic to withstand it. We sympathize with you, if the Church cannot offer those social and athletic advantages which you desire. It is a matter of regret that the Church is so poorly equipped in this regard. We advise that before joining the Y you to look around for Catholic societies offering the same advantages, and also to consult your pastor in the matter.

## GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

St. Blase, E. J., San Jose, Cal.; Sacred Heart of Jesus, B. J., St. Louis, Mo.; Our Blessed Lady, Utica, N. Y.; Sacred Heart, M. F. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Blessed Virgin, D. T. B., Jamaica Plains, Mass.; St. Anthony, M. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Sacred Heart, M. E. K., Madisonville, Ohio; Blessed Mother Mary, S. S. J., Wichita, Kansas; Sacred Heart of Jesus, H. H., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Sorrowful Mother, Sacred Heart, M. C. F., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Souls in Purgatory, B. S. P., Roselle, N. J.; St. Christopher, M. C. F., Napoleon, Ohio; Poor Souls, M. O'B., Phila., Pa.; Sacred Heart, Souls in Purgatory, Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, Little Flower, S. A. M., Madison, N. J.; Sacred Heart, M. G. B., St. Louis, Mo.; Souls in Purgatory, G. K., West View, Pa.; Our Lady, Sacred Heart, Little Flower, G. A., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.; Sacred Heart, Our Blessed Mother, Suffering Souls, M. F. G., Brooklyn, N. Y.; St. Jude, Our Blessed Mother, The Precious Blood, M. B., New York, N. Y.; St. Anthony, A. J. C., Hartford, Conn.; Our Lady of Perpetual Help, R. M. T., W. Newton, Mass.; Sacred Heart, E. Elmhurst, L. I., N. Y.; Sacred Heart, R. L. T., Dayton, Ohio; Sacred Heart of Jesus, M. T. W., Jackson Heights, L. I., N. Y.; Sacred Heart of Jesus, Blessed Mother, St. Jude, Little Flower, St. Joseph, C. T. W., Phila., Pa.; Our Blessed Lady, St. Joseph, C. K., Newark, N. J.; Poor Souls, St. Paul, St. Gabriel, H. E. F., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Souls in Purgatory, Brooklyn, N. Y.; St. Anthony, M. M. D., Indianapolis, Ind.; Sacred Heart, Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph, Souls in Purgatory, St. Anthony, M. McC., E. Milton, Mass.

## THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

I. McL., New York, N. Y.; J. F. T., Brooklyn, N. Y.; M. J. C. K., Avalon, Pa.; M. M., Jersey City, N. J.; M. K. H., Cincinnati, Ohio; E. J., N. Cambridge, Mass.; M. F. W. O., Manova, Pa.; M. E. S., Chelsea, Mass.; M. M., Cliffside, N. J.; M. S., Brooklyn, N. Y.; A. H., Woodhaven, N. Y.; L. M., J. M., Louisville, Ky.; A. V. P., New York, N. Y.; M. L. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.; M. T. W., Jackson Heights, N. Y.; M. V. K., Elmhurst, L. I., N. Y.; S. M. R., Rochester, N. Y.; A. D., Normandy, Mo.; M. J. S., Allston, Mass.; C. F., Rochester, Mass.; A. T. M., E. Boston, Mass.; M. P. J. P., Brooklyn, N. Y.; M. W. A. P., Valley Stream, L. I., N. Y.; M. L. R., Dorchester, Mass.; I. E. R., New York, N. Y.; E. S., Phila., Pa.; B. W., Pittsburgh, Pa.; M. C. F., Pittsburgh, Pa.; I. C. Rosebank, S. I., N. Y.; M. M. D., Indianapolis, Ind.; K. V. F., New York, N. Y.; M. J. L., St. Louis, Mo.; S. S. J., Wichita, Kansas; A. H. T., Forest Hills, Mass.; M. V. B., Amity-

ville, L. I., N. Y.; M. M. P., Whitestone, N. Y.; M. C. K., Staten Island, N. Y.; A. D., Normandy, Mo.; M. S., New York, N. Y.; M. C. T., Easton, Pa.; M. F. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.; M. L. K., Bridgeport, Conn.; M. A. S., Tuckahoe, N. Y.; M. C. E. W., E. Milton, Mass.

**EDITOR'S NOTE**—In reply to a number of requests we wish to state that THE SIGN has gotten out a special pamphlet on St. Jude. Besides a sketch of his life, it contains occasional prayers and novena devotions in his honor. Almost every mail brings us notice of favors received through the intercession of this Apostle who has been for centuries styled "Helper in Cases Despaired Of." Copies of the pamphlet are 10c each or 15 for \$1.

## MR. BELLOC MAKES A CORRECTION

## EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

A typographical error due, I fear, to my bad handwriting appears in the first column of my February article in THE SIGN, seven lines from the end of the column. "Their community" should, of course, be "the community." I hope that most of your readers saw the mistake, for as it stands the sentence would mean that the Jesuits were "sovereign"! My point was that the Catholic theologians and particularly the Jesuits in the early seventeenth century opposed the Protestant doctrines of the Divine Rights of Kings and passive obedience. They maintained the ancient philosophical doctrine that sovereignty resides ultimately in the community and not in the executive, who is but the servant or instrument of the sovereign power.

HORSHAM, ENGLAND

HILAIRE BELLOC.

P. S. What an excellent issue is your February number! Especially Mr. Denis Gwynn's article, "Europe As 1933 Begins."

## KATHLEEN NORRIS AND THE BOOK CLUB

## EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

At the risk of giving additional free advertising to a writer already over-advertised in the Catholic Press as a "Catholic" writer, I am sending you by way of a memo the front cover of this week's issue of *Publishers' Weekly*. Doubleday, Doran announces a new novel by Kathleen Norris for March 8.

This suggests to me an editorial opinion you expressed in the April, 1932, issue of THE SIGN in answer to inquiries from your readers. Your editorial impressed me at the time as being a courageous utterance long overdue. If it is not against your policy to reproduce an article from a former issue, I would recommend your doing it. You were just one year ahead of the journals which are now "getting next to themselves," and beginning to question the sacrosanctity of a name still sailing in Catholic waters under the flag of "Mother."

The enclosed comment of the *Ave Maria* adds a pertinent reflection to the strictures of *Catholic Book Notes* and *Echo*, and "reveals the thoughts out of many hearts." By what right is a writer whose own works can at best qualify for a "white list" (not offending the Christian sense of truth and modesty) sit in judgment on the best Catholic book of the month? Can a busy magazine writer in Saratoga or California afford to bother with the selections beyond endorsing them much as a big shot would endorse a cigarette? Can the busy Michael Williams afford to bother with an appraisal of the month's output? *Et sic de aliis*. What factor, precisely, determines the choice of the best book?

There are others besides the editor of the *Ave Maria* naïve enough to wonder at these things.

CHICAGO, ILL.

(REV.) MAXIMUS POPPY, O.F.M.

## [ENCLOSURE]

"*Catholic Book Notes* says in a review of Mrs. Kathleen Norris' latest story, 'Tree Haven,' that none of her characters believe in God, sin, or the sanctity of marriage. And although Mrs. Norris has the heroine (Cynthia) suffer the consequences of her mis-



placed affection, 'it is simply a social awkwardness.' The review adds: 'It is an odd book for a Catholic to write.' The *Echo* of Buffalo observes: 'Kathleen Norris' novels are all, or nearly all, of this type, and it seems about time to cancel her name from the list of Catholic authors.' It will be supererogatory to ask some reader to write in and set us right if we are wrong; but a bee does seem to buzz around us to the effect that Mrs. Norris is one of the Committee that puts a halo about the head of the author of the best Catholic book of the month, man or woman. And it sticks remotely and tantalizingly somewhere in our poor, weak human consciousness that Mrs. Norris was crowned with the nimbus herself. If these suppositions are wrong altogether, lay the blame on our years. We are due for the old-age pension."—*Ave Maria*, January 14, 1933.

### THE VINCENTIAN CENTENARY

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I just finished reading your excellent magazine, *THE SIGN*, and wish you continued success in your excellent endeavors. I am not a critic, but I think it is the best Catholic magazine, yes, the best magazine, published.

However, may I call your attention to the "Article" regarding anniversaries occurring in the year "33." After an excellent enumeration of the splendid achievements accomplished in the centuries ending in "33," you forgot to mention that the Society of St. Vincent de Paul, that great organization of Catholic gentlemen engaged in the glorious work of succoring the material and spiritual needs of the poor of Jesus Christ, was established in 1833.

Throughout the entire world, the Society is celebrating the centenary of its foundation. At the same time Vincentians are beseeching the Good God that supernatural things may so happen that its Founder, Frederick Ozanam, will be canonized.

Would it be too much trouble to mention the Society in your wonderful magazine, and briefly outline the great work accomplished materially and spiritually by those great Vincentians who have gone, and the continued work done by those who are still present?

ST. VINCENT DE PAUL SOCIETY,  
PITTSBURGH, PA.

FATHER LAPPAN,  
Diocesan Director.

### PAPER-BOUND CATHOLIC LITERATURE

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In your March issue is a communication, on Catholic literature, from John J. Griffin, Somerville, Mass. I agree most heartily with his contention for paper-bound copies of such books as Father Scott's works, *The Faith of Our Fathers* and *The Question Box*. Were it not that these books appeared in cheap bindings, it would have been impossible for us to send them to non-Catholics. We have altogether too few of these paper-bound volumes, while we have so many fine Catholic works beyond our reach due to prohibitive prices. I notice that in the article by Mr. John Moody, mention is made of his forthcoming book, *The Long Road Home*. I hope it shall be gotten out like Stoddard's *Rebuilding a Lost Faith*. Since you have started Mr. Hilaire Belloc's series, the thought has come to me that it should be reprinted in a paper-bound volume that its lasting effect for real good may not be lost.

K. OF C. FREE LITERATURE BUREAU,  
DETROIT, MICH.

LEO B. YORK,  
Secretary.

### THE CATHOLIC REVIVAL IN SPAIN

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

It is not an easy thing to make up one's mind to write a letter to a magazine, especially if it be a popular magazine, and one as deservedly popular as *THE SIGN*. There is the possibility, only too real, that one's best efforts will meet no more glorious end than a waste-paper basket. Since, however, there seems to be at least a number of your readers interested in Spain, and you have shown yourself disposed to help spread information concerning

conditions in that country, I have finally decided to make the attempt.

The letter from R. J. Lang which appeared in last month's issue gave a very important aspect of conditions there. Conditions are and have been at least as bad as he pictures them. I would like to add to that portrayal, however, some facts which make the future of Spain look a little brighter.

The Spanish people are reacting very definitely to the persecution to which they are now being subjected. The Spanish episcopate has published a memorable document laying down the teaching of the Church concerning laicism, and giving practical norms for the guidance of the people. Individual bishops have supplemented this on various points. In all the dioceses there is being planned or already carried out a system of serious and intensive religious education. Almost countless catechetical centers have been established. Classes are not limited to a mere hour or half-hour on Sunday, but are given on different days of the week, in some places every day. The bishops have called upon the Religious Orders and different pious associations of both sexes to provide all the persons available and suitable for carrying on this teaching. In the principal cities, special courses in religion are being conducted, some adapted to the younger students, other classes in apologetics for those of higher education.

Parochial schools are being constructed to foster the same purpose. It is hoped that eventually there will be no need for any Catholic to send his children to the lay schools. Parochial life is also being greatly stimulated, and it is finding an outlet for very profitable activity in the formation of organizations of Catholic Youth. In 1924, there were 620 such organizations in Spain; by 1928, the number had reached 700, a gain of eighty in four years. During the last four years, the number has increased from seven hundred to fourteen hundred, and that despite official and semi-official opposition and hindrance.

The Catholic Press of Spain which has suffered much in the way of suppression and fines during the last couple of years seems also to be undergoing a great revival. The great Catholic dailies such as *El Debate* are more intensely Catholic than ever. Various new Catholic publications have been started, while others which were Catholic in little more than in name have taken on a definitely Catholic tone.

As to external cult, under which heading has come most of the persecution, it, too, gives great promise. There was no Corpus Christi procession in Madrid last year, but what a manifestation of faith was given on the following Friday, the Feast of the Sacred Heart. The city was decorated as for a national festival. Whole streets were decorated to proclaim to all the reign of Christ in Spain. Thousands of people of every rank spent the previous night in adoration. On the feast itself, what was lacking in demonstrations outside the churches was amply supplied for by the added concourses which crowded the churches and approached the sacraments.

With regard to the above-mentioned celebration, there is one fact which I believe and hope to be symbolic of the future. Among the other decorations were seen a number of "Republican" banners decorated with a picture of the Sacred Heart. The realization that Catholicism is not synonymous with the old monarchy may, I think, do much to bring persecution to an end. Those who are doing most of the persecuting are fanatics who are determined to wipe out everything they consider allied to the monarchy they hate. If they can be brought to dissociate the two ideas, perhaps even to associate Catholicism with true liberty, conditions ought soon to change for the better. Many instances could be cited to show the present connection between Republicanism and a fanatical "laicism." I recall the instance of a girl who thought it the proper thing for her as a good daughter of the Republic to have a civil wedding. The amusing thing about it was that at the ceremony she carried a rosary and a prayer book. Another is that of a minor official who consulted his superior to find out how his children could make a "civil" First Communion.

All these things being considered, I think we may well believe with many Spaniards that the faith of Spain has not been buried in the ashes of her ruined churches, nor her love of the Crucifix

uprooted from her heart because it has been removed from her schools and tribunals of justice. The Faith of generations doesn't die so easily.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

JOSÉ FERNANDEZ.

### ANOTHER FALSE REVELATION

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

As I am an interested reader of your magazine, especially The Sign Post, allow me to correct an error in your answer to a question in your January issue, page 346, in regard to the seven Our Fathers, Hail Marys, and the Apostles' Creed, in honor of our Lord's Passion, for protection from contagious diseases. I beg to say that revelation of our Lord's was published, I believe, nearly two years ago in *Our Sunday Visitor*, and I have had great cause many times since to thank God that that blessed revelation fell into my hands. . . . I have made ever so many copies and given them to my friends. I have a copy of this revelation in every room in my house, and have not missed a day in saying the prayers. It has worked wonderful miracles in my house.

KETCHIKAN, ALASKA.

M. V. K.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Not with any desire of questioning your spirit of piety, but in the interest of truth, we wish to inform you, and all our readers, that this alleged revelation is false. Upon requesting *Our Sunday Visitor* for information about this, the Editor replied: "I would appreciate it if you would simply state that *Our Sunday Visitor* corrected this bit of misinformation, which appeared in its columns, and branded as false the entire revelation." Thus our presumption that it was spurious is found to have been correct.

### WHY THE COLORED RACE IS COLORED

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Your explanation of why the colored race is colored, in the February issue of the magazine, does not seem credible to me.

The story, as related to me in my childhood, seems more satisfactory. When Noah left the ark he planted the grape, and when the fruit ripened he converted the juice into wine. Unaware of its potency, he drank too much of it and became intoxicated. He lay in a nude posture on the floor. Ham was the first to see him in this condition. He ran to his brothers, Sem and Japhet, and asked them to come and see their father, that they also might make fun of him. Instead, the brothers whom Ham called covered their father's nakedness. When Noah awakened from his sleep and learned what had happened, he grew angry and, calling Ham, cursed him, and said that his descendants would be slaves even to the slaves of men. As a mark of distinction his children would be black, and his descendants so remain to the present day.

This does not seem to be a fairy tale, as they are black, no matter what climate they are in. Of course, climate changes, but not so much as is shown in the colored race. I should like you to inquire into this question and let me know the truth.

NEWTON CENTRE, MASS.

WM. MCGRATH.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The above account of the reason of the blackness of skin of the Negro is verily a "fairy tale." It originated with Martin Luther, who said: "The blackness of their skin is the sign of God's malediction." See the November, 1932, issue of THE SIGN, page 227.

### FOR GREATER STRESS ON BIRTH CONTROL

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Some time ago I heard a priest speak on the evil of birth control. He said that after conception there existed a body and a soul. From my own knowledge of what our Church teaches, this means that anyone destroying this life is guilty of sending a soul into eternity without the hope of ever seeing its Creator. Since this is the truth, why do not priests in their sermons and writings lay more stress on the eternal effects of this monstrous practice than they do? What man, if he knew, would, for a few minutes' pleasure, destroy the natural effect of this pleasure, and blight the

eternity of any creature of God? What man would dare hope much for forgiveness, who continues this sin, knowing that these little ones will be crying out to God, Whom they cannot see, for vengeance on that last day? Again I ask, why do not priests come out more strongly on this point?

EVERETT, MASS.

JOHN E. MURPHY.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Some Catholics are wont to complain that priests come out too strongly on this point.

### WANDERING BOYS AND THE ARMY

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In connection with editorial "200,000 Boys on the Road" in current SIGN, I am enclosing pamphlet descriptive of the C. M. T. C., a modified extension of which was to care for these boys, using present far-flung civilian and military organization which has made these camps so successful.

I am afraid you do not understand the army very well. Of course, since the project is permanently shelved, so I hear, the appropriation is not applicable for army expenditure, as you seem to infer; and the boys will still be wandering uncared for. It was one definite, concrete solution. The army is doubtless relieved that it may continue its present training program unhampered by this responsibility.

MEDICAL RESERVE CORPS  
PITTSBURGH, PA.

HERBERT H. SULLIVAN, M.D.  
Major.

EDITOR'S NOTE: We are only one of a large number who objected to an apparent waste of \$22,000,000; and are happy to learn that the foolish project has been shelved.

### EASTER WATER

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Regarding Question 1 in "Seven Unrelated Questions" in your January issue, Father Connell in his booklet "The Sacramentals" says: "Also on the former of these occasions (Easter) water is blessed. This should be used to sprinkle the house on the same day or during the octave of Easter, and should not be reserved and used as ordinary holy water during the year." Perhaps this note could have been explained a little more in detail. The pamphlet is published by the Paulist Press.

CENTRALIA, ILL.

(REV.) C. HAVEY.

### A LAYMAN'S NOTE ON PRIEST WRITERS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I want to congratulate you on the wonderful magazine you are putting out each month. It is quite as good, and indeed far better than some of the so-called "better" magazines. From a typographical standpoint it is just about perfect.

The anonymous article "Should Priests Write?" in the February issue is *grand!* I enjoyed it more than anything else I have read in a long time, and I would not care one bit if you would tell us the author's name.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

FRANK C. LARNER.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Another article, also anonymous, on "Priests and the Press" will appear in an early issue.

### RIETI AND ITS FRANCISCAN SHRINES

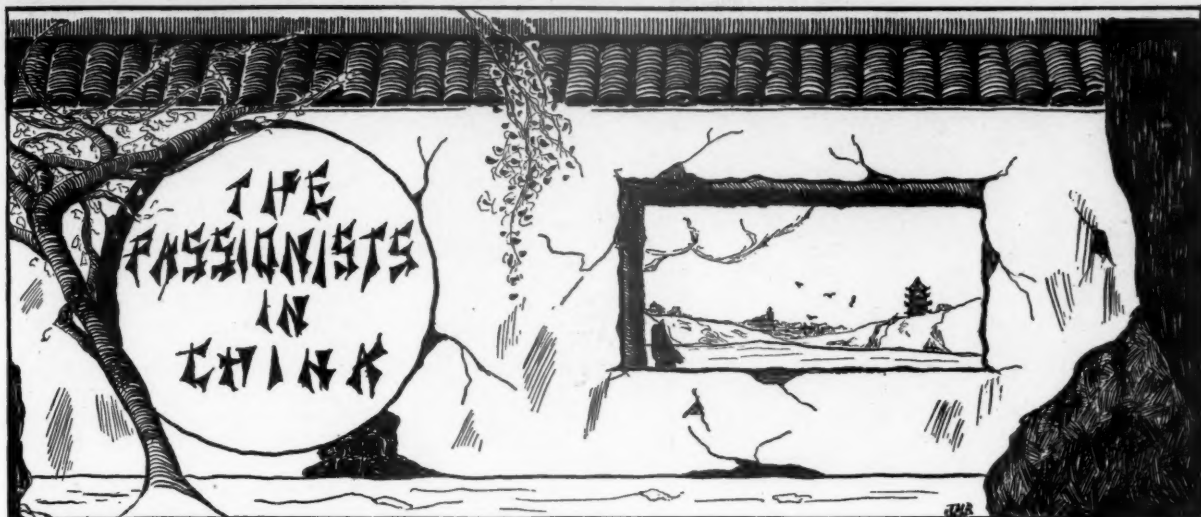
EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I want to express my appreciation of Francis Gabriel Powers' three papers which appeared in THE SIGN concerning Rieti and its Franciscan shrines. They are well written, instructive and highly interesting. They portray graphically the lovable character of our Holy Father, St. Francis, and the reader must needs be drawn to the "Poor Man of Assisi" after reading such a delightful and refreshing account of the places hallowed by his earthly presence.

I anxiously look forward to each new issue of THE SIGN. Your magazine is a substantial contribution to the best in Catholic literature.

OLDENBURG, INDIANA

(REV.) AURELIAN MUNCH, O. F. M.



# Our Own Mrs. Murphy

By Paul Ubinger, C.P.

**W**ERE some of our friends to delve into a Catholic foreign-mission directory and happen upon the word "lazaretto" I imagine they would be at a loss to form a mental picture of one or to vision its work. Yet they would find a lazaretto in Shanghai in the compound of Mr. Lo, that fervent Catholic layman whose splendid charities are known throughout the world. If they crossed the entire breadth of China they would come upon another at Ta Tsien Lu, the border city that lies within sight of mysterious Tibet's snow-topped mountains. There are lazarettos in the Belgian Congo, in India and in the Islands of the South Sea. Indeed, these asylums of mercy are scattered along the entire frontiers of the Church.

In 1924, we started a lazaretto at Shenchow, Hunan. It is a receiving house, a place of refuge for old folks and cripples, for the blind and helpless and hopeless whom the compelling charity of Christ will not suffer us to turn from our doors. This asylum was opened to save the souls of those who are tottering near to eternity, and of all those outcasts who evoke little pity and less help from their pagan fellowmen. We have gathered them in that daily we may have the opportunity of practising, like our Divine Master, the corporal works of mercy. There is the hope also, which experience has proven to be not unfounded, that the charity shown the inmates of the lazaretto may be an influence in bringing others to the Faith.

I would not be honest were I to omit another motive for our mercy, the hope of a reward. Christ Our Lord Who promised to recompense even the cup of cold water given in His name will not be unmindful,

we feel sure, of our kindness to His suffering creatures. If our prolonged patience, our crushing of repugnance, our spending of time and energy will win a mead of grace for some obstinate soul, we are well repaid.



COPPERS BURN THE POCKETS OF CHINESE CHILDREN AS PENNIES DO THOSE OF AMERICAN BOYS AND GIRLS. UNABLE TO PASS A PORTABLE RESTAURANT, THIS HUNGRY YOUNGSTER HAS PARTED WITH A PRECIOUS COIN FOR A BOWL OF JELLY-LIKE DESSERT

Our Blessed Lord's words: "Behold, the poor you have always with you," and, "The poor shall have the gospel preached to them," reëcho in our minds at every street corner and every lonely trail in Western Hunan. And recalling how He

associated with the poor, how He helped and loved and defended them, we are constrained to follow His example and fulfil His desires. We find the opportunity to do this amongst the poorest of the poor in our lazaretto. Most of them are old folks. Some of these we found actually starving in miserable hovels of mud and straw by a little-traveled lane; others we picked up from a shaky lean-to at the back of a deserted temple; others again we discovered lying forsaken on the city wall, waiting on their strip of bamboo matting for the hand of death. A few came to us begging help.

**O**UR lazaretto is an old Chinese dwelling, within the mission compound, which we have cleaned and renovated and whitewashed. Two wooden horses support a few boards which are covered by a simple cotton Chinese quilt. These are their beds. They have square wooden tables on which to eat their meager meals. Bamboo stools are the only other furniture, and on these they squat about a charcoal brazier in winter or, in early summer, pull out into the comforting sunshine. It fills our hearts with joy to see these pitiable creatures in a sheltered place to sleep. They are so grateful that they have a little rice to eat, and they cheerfully chat about their checkered lives and this unexpected, heaven-sent refuge for their last days.

For six years good Sister Finan and I, and for the past two years, Fathers Quentin and Jeremiah, C.P., have been visiting these inmates every day, teaching them about God and eventually winning them over to the desire for Baptism. Here we administer ointments and medicines to alleviate their pains and ailments; here





THE LAZARETTO AT SHENCHOW IS AN ASYLUM FOR CRIPPLES, THE BLIND, THE HELPLESS AND THE HOPELESS WHO EVOKE LITTLE PITY AND LESS ASSISTANCE FROM THEIR PAGAN NEIGHBORS. ONE OF THE THREE IN THIS GROUP WHO DIED RECENTLY WAS BENEDICT HO, WHO IS SQUATTED ON THE RIGHT OF THE PICTURE. FR. PAUL UBINGER, C.P., WRITES THE INTERESTING STORY OF THE GRACE-TOUCHED LIVES OF BENEDICT AND HIS WIFE, "MRS. MURPHY" HO

we give them food and drink. It is surprising what a scant morsel keeps them alive. And here we clothe them and see them putting off proudly to church in their cheap garments. The greatest joy of all, however, is to see the miracles of grace wrought by God in that lazaretto.

**B**ECAUSE most of the old folks have some deadly disease or chronic affliction, especially tuberculosis, the missionary must be ready lest death snatch away these souls before they are baptized. Fathers Cuthbert, William and Theophane, C.P., and the Sisters of Charity, who spent themselves unto exhaustion during the famine of 1926, could relate innumerable instances of the workings of God's grace. In periods of epidemic scores of souls have found in the lazaretto their gate to Heaven. During those times, I am convinced, the Savior throws His mantle of Divine protection about us priests and Sisters as we give spiritual solace to the souls of these stricken creatures and relief to their tortured bodies. Enveloped in a pestilential atmosphere created by scores of victims of loathesome diseases, I have recalled instinctively passages in the Gospel relating the promise of protection our Divine Master gave His first disciples: "Go—and into what city soever you shall enter heal the sick that are therein and say to them: The Kingdom of God is come nigh unto you. Behold I have given you power to tread upon serpents and scorpions and upon all the power of the enemy; and nothing shall hurt you." God wishes these souls to be saved through our ministry, and it is His all-abiding grace that enables us to carry out His designs for them.

Whilst most of those who have passed through our hands in the lazaretto these last six years have died, there remains a

score of inmates who have been nursed back to health and are now well-trained Catholics. To pagan newcomers they speak eagerly of this new doctrine that has brought them peace and light. All without exception, after studying the catechism and understanding the consoling truth of the redemption, have of their own accord pleaded for Baptism. Beneath many a hideous body I found a soul which made rapid flight upwards towards spiritual perfection. Not all our charges, however, learned doctrine quickly. Some were slow to grasp the simplest ideas about the Faith.

I shall give just one example. We called her Mrs. Murphy, because like good old Irish women usually are, this Chinese grandame was radiantly cheerful. Her family name was Ho, which means River. Old Auntie River and her withered little husband, old Uncle River, had weathered over eighty summers in the mountains of Western Hunan. Their village, strangely enough was called Ho Chia Yuan, "Gardens of the River Clan," though it nestled in a streamless valley some miles from Shenchow. Old Mrs. Ho was short of stature and covered with a profusion of wrinkles that told of the brawniness of her heavy-set, hardy frame of other years. Both she and her husband were still capable of hiking five miles every day to the city of Shenchow to sell a few pairs of hand-made straw sandals, their only source of income.

**T**HIS old couple had reared a family of six children, four sons and two daughters, just one-third of the total number they had brought into the world. All the children were married quite young. After the wedding of the last child the old folks divided their rice fields amongst the sons. The daughters, now members of other

clans, were not considered. Both sons and daughters, however, even after leaving the parental roof, had for many years kept the old couple supplied with annual shares of their respective rice crops. Then came repeated visitations of drought and consequent famine. Not only were the old folks now without support, but three sons and one daughter were numbered among the victims of starvation. Numerous grandchildren had to scrape and scratch to eke out an existence for themselves and their offspring. Eventually the old couple were forced to sell the long-neglected, ancient homestead. They moved to a tumbledown hut with corn stalks for walls and rice straw for a roof. Directed by a loyal old Catholic widow, I found them starving there after the famine of 1926.

**T**HE old lady still wanted to cling to life, and it was she who begged the Christian widow to interest us. It became evident at once that she was the ruling spirit. For when I offered to take them in that I might care for their souls and bodies, she first sent the old man off to the Mission. He came one morning with a filthy old cotton comforter, a worn bundle of ragged clothing and a broken crock filled with charcoal from which he might light his pipe and, in winter, warm himself. Old Man River was soon made comfortable in the lazaretto. Before long he joined his companions at catechism class and in church. His wife had remained at home to gather in a few tobacco plants which they had planted near their hut and to collect a bit of rice which her dutiful married daughter was accustomed to bring once a year. Knowing that this would not be forthcoming if she went to the Catholic asylum, the old lady waited on. Meantime she paid weekly visits to her husband bringing with her always, in token of devotion, a rice cake or a handful of dried vegetables.

When the tobacco leaves were harvested and her daughter's gift received, the venerable Mrs. Ho made her way to the Mission to stay. Her son-in-law carried her possessions: a measure of rice, some worn-out bedding and an old iron pan. She was put in the women's lazaretto, in care of the Sisters of Charity. Her face lighted up with a broad smile which long years of hardship and suffering had never extinguished. From the very beginning her happy disposition impressed the Sisters. In a few days they had her transformed into a neat little grandmother. Her straggling gray hair was combed back and fastened into a knot under the black turban customary amongst the country folk of Hunan. She giggled and uttered a few incoherent words in answer to questions put to her. Though a little homesick at being separated from her husband, she was happy that he was so well provided for. It soon became evident, however, that her whole treasure was her smile, for of intelligence she had very, very little.

It seemed that it would be impossible to teach her prayers and Catholic doctrine. True, she toddled along to church and class with the others, but it did not dawn on her what this worship meant. Sister Loretta and I used every possible approach to her mind with the usual primary notions about God, Heaven, and souls. It was without the least visible result. After months of instruction, for instance, I asked her, "Do you believe in one God?" She would chuckle and, with a sweep of her hand answer hesitatingly, "There is one at every turn of the road. You could never count them." "Is God a spirit?" I questioned her. She replied, "No, he is a carved, wooden statue." Instead of genuflecting before the Blessed Sacrament, she insisted on making the pagan kowtow and prostration. Although she remained quiet and attentive during Divine services in church, she seemed to reap no benefit from her attendance. The shadow of a memory remained, so she was able eventually to mumble some of the prayers she heard daily. But it took a whole year to teach her to make the Sign of the Cross correctly, and then she did it with hesitation.

Sister Loretta had been in charge of the women's catechumenate. This meant that she spent four unbroken hours every day in the classroom with a motley group of old and young women, maidens and small girls. Imagine the patience and skill, the diligence and tact and humor that this good Sister required in order to teach the abstract truths of religion as well as the practical rules of morality to her class. Each individual differed from the other in age, talent, temperament and home training; nearly all were illiterate. Yet it is astonishing that the majority of those who have come under her tutelage have persevered in study and have acquired a knowledge of Christian doctrine that would be creditable to many adult Catholics in America.

**A**FTER his first year in the lazaretto the husband of Ho Pei Niang (she was Mrs. Murphy now to all of us) made progress in his knowledge of doctrine and was numbered amongst the fortunate ones to be baptized. He received the name of Benedict. In Chinese we abbreviate the name, for the sake of euphony, to Bento. This afforded new amusement for the old lady who found it difficult to pronounce the new name of her consort.

At the end of two years to the surprise of everyone, especially herself, Mrs. Murphy began to respond to the untiring efforts of Sister. An intelligent young girl was appointed as her special tutor and the old lady memorized a few prayers. The repetition of instructions heard in the classroom, the series of sermons she listened to on Sunday and feast days in church, the conversations about doctrine she overheard between neophytes and Christians—all these slowly awakened her dormant in-

tellect. She began to think for herself. The grace of God, in answer to the prayers of the missionaries and their friends, was also working upon her soul. We marveled that she gradually acquired an intelligent knowledge of the fundamental doctrines of our Faith. She understood that there is one God, the Almighty, All-Wise and All-Good Creator of Heaven and earth; that God sent His Son, Jesus Christ, to redeem the world; that, as our Representative before the Father, He obtained pardon for our sins; that God will punish the wicked and reward the good in eternity. She believed that the Father, Son and Holy Ghosts are three Persons in one God. She learned that the grace of God comes to us in the Sacraments. Besides, she began to pray of her own accord and to beg that her sins be washed away by Baptism.

**F**INALLY, after another year and a half, she was baptized. Her perpetual smile radiated as she came forth from the church. When we asked her new name, she answered, "Ho Helena; and my husband's name is Ho Bento." Helena did not live long after her baptism, for old age soon brought her to her deathbed. The greatest human consolation of her last, lingering illness was that her husband was permitted to visit her frequently. "Are you happy?" he invariably asked. She always smiled back at him, "Why shouldn't I be happy? The Lord of Heaven Who has forgiven my sins will soon take my soul to enjoy everlasting happiness." It touched all of us to see her partner of a long lifetime holding her hand or smoothing her brow while he murmured, "You go on before; I shall not be long in following after."

When Sister Finan called me for the anointing, I asked old Mrs. Ho "Are you afraid to die?" She answered, "Jesus, the Lord of Heaven, has saved me. I want to go to Heaven. When I get there I shall not forget you, my spiritual Father. I shall remember the Bishop and all the priests. I shall pray for Sister Finan, Sister Loretta" . . . and the good soul named each Sister and each priest whom she had known. With that promise on her lips, and a smile on her face, she clasped her crucifix a little tighter and, breathing the name of Jesus, died.

**T**HE missionaries and native Christians were edified and filled with something akin to awe at the manifestation of God's grace in this humble soul. She who had been reared in the shadow of temples and idols and who had known no religion but the worship of ancestors and the bondage of superstitious fear, was completely transformed. In a few years she became an intelligent child of God, understanding the significance of the Cross and exulting in the hope Christ's Passion engendered in her heart. Frequently she had burst forth into expressions of gratitude towards the priests and Sisters whom she called the spiritual fathers and mothers of the soul.

We, who listened, gave thanks to God that He had used us, His unworthy instruments. For we knew that it was not alone the training of the Sisters and the instructions of the priests, but principally the power of God's wonderful grace which had created new life in her soul. No human effort of itself could have made this sweet but very ignorant old lady appreciate, as she did, the Sacraments which she received.

I should like our Catholic friends at home



A CHINESE BUCKET-MAKER. THOUGH NATIVE TOOLS DIFFER FROM THOSE USED IN AMERICA, THEY WERE NOT, OUR NEWLY ARRIVED MISSIONARIES NOTED, LACKING IN ORIGINALITY AND USEFULNESS. CARPENTERS, MASONS AND CRAFTSMEN RECEIVE BUT A SMALL WAGE FOR THEIR LONG HOURS OF STRENUOUS LABOR

to be present at a deathbed such as was that of Helena Ho. The orphans and inmates of the lazarettos knelt about the room reciting the rosary and the Church's prayers for the dying. The Christians of the Mission were present later at the Requiem Mass, chanting the suffrages for the departed whilst the body of Helena lay in her large black coffin. A sympathetic group of the faithful went in funeral procession to our cemetery outside the city walls.

There she lies buried, next to the spot where later our four heroic missionaries

were placed at rest. It was the expressed wish of the bereaved old Mr. River that a space be left for his bones beside the coffin of his wife. But death struck so often amongst our flock that the plot was filled before Benedict died, three years later. Beggars, and sometimes princes, cannot choose their graves. But we are confident that these two faithful souls are now enjoying eternal peace, and that both are praying before the throne of God for us.

To those outside the Faith our efforts with these outcasts seem a waste of time and talent and energy. To us it is none of

these, but rather a precious, personal service to Christ Himself. Shall we, besides, set little store on the intercession of those grateful souls who were saved through our ministry and who, like Helena Ho—I still think of her as Mrs. Murphy—died with a litany of petition for us on their lips? Or shall we fail to acknowledge that the lights God has given to so many in these lazarettos have often been reflected back on us; and we have learned and still treasure lessons of cheerfulness in suffering, patient in poverty and joy in the glorious gift of Faith.

## Wang Sees a Light

By Nicholas Schneiders, C.P.

ALMOST a century ago a certain baby with slanting eyes saw for the first time the light of a Chinese day. Family tradition has it that little Wang grew up to be a good pagan, fervent in his supplications to the gods. He was not in the least like so many modern Chinese, thousands upon thousands of whom, seeing the foolishness of their superstitions, have abandoned the false religion, but have not adopted the true. He did not belong to those millions of pagans the world over who are simply indifferent to any kind of religion, and hence so difficult to convert.

Little Wang eventually became a man and, judged by Chinese standards, a most fortunate one. He wasn't rich in money or

lands, but he had "big face" and many descendants. Of his ten children, however, only four survived—three sons and one daughter. Their interesting history will reveal how far-reaching often are the effects of a single baptism.

The eldest son of pagan Wang became tired of life on the farm. He was in possession of that very dangerous thing, a little learning. He felt himself to be a member of the scholars' class so that farm work was beneath his dignity. Decked out in the long, flowing robe worn by those of higher standing on the social ladder than farmers, how could he tend water buffaloes or stain his silks with the mud of rice paddies? In American parlance, he belonged to the

white collar class, but with one difference. He would rather starve than, figuratively speaking, don a pair of overalls. This doesn't mean that he was extraordinarily proud. It was simply a question of conventions. "It wasn't being done, you know, here in China."

As the lad grew up he heard strange and wondrous stories of the nearest largest city, called "The City of Lasting Virtue." There were men there, he was told, who imitated in dress the magnificent splendor of the old imperial rulers of the Celestial Kingdom. And those men, to the accompaniment of drums and cymbals, would for hours and days sing the marvelous songs of a glorious past, chant the history of the "Three Kingdoms," picture the prowess of war lords, relate the vengeance of the devils and the rewards of the gods. Wang Shiang Tin, this is the full name of the young man, felt the lure of the city. Of him the Chinese proverb, "Eye not see, heart not want," was not true. He left home to see the bright lights even before the bright lights existed.

ARRIVING at "The City of Lasting Virtue" (Changteh), he was told of a certain foreigner who had come to town. Some called this foreigner a devil and stood in great fear of him. Had they not seen him go to the river bank, put a piece of medicine in the water, and at once the river was polluted by little imps in the form of white and foamy bubbles? No doubt he wanted to poison them all and then he would be sole master of their goods and their lands.

But there were know-it-alls in those days as well as now, and these said that the piece of medicine was nothing but a cake of foreign soda or salt used for washing. Soap was a luxury then unknown in Changteh. Even now soap is referred to as "foreign soda or salt," just as a match is called "a stick of foreign fire."



THE FAR-REACHING EFFECTS OF A SINGLE BAPTISM ARE TOLD BY FATHER NICHOLAS SCHNEIDERS, C.P., OF LIU LIN CHA, IN HIS STORY OF JUSTIN WANG. HERE IS ANOTHER REPRESENTATIVE CATHOLIC FAMILY OF HIS MISSION, AUGUSTINE AND RITA CHANG WITH THREE OF THEIR CHILDREN



Then there were others who, because of his venerable appearance, hesitated to call the foreigner a devil. At that time all missionaries had long, flowing beards and these beards at least, if not their cultivators, were held in greatest reverence. All the gods in the temples had beards then, and even now the greatest concession to modernity is to let the god do without the beard provided he has an adequate mustache. A story is told of a certain missionary long years ago who had a beard that reached almost to the ground. As he walked through the streets of China more than one person fell on their knees and kow-towed, for they thought a god was walking down their roads.

Wang Shiang Tin became acquainted with a newly converted Christian who brought him to see the foreigner about whom so many strange tales were told. Wang heard some of the doctrines of the Catholic Faith and was given a catechism to study. Before long he knew all the questions and answers by heart and asked to receive the "holy washing," as the Chinese call Baptism.

**I** WONDER what the missionary thought when his new convert came to him with this request. No doubt the good priest must have asked himself, like the missionary here today must do: "Is this person sincere? Or does he want to join the Church merely for the sake of the protection it may bring him?" For in those days the Church was a power in China and missionaries were of equal or of higher rank than magistrates. All that is gone now, but the priest must still ask himself: "Is this person sincere? Does this man want to join the Church in the hope of saving his soul, or merely his body?" For it is sad but true that one of the most difficult things in the work of conversions here as in other lands is to know the neophyte's motives.

There are not a few who, having witnessed the Church's charity to the suffering natives, think more of material than of spiritual gain. And whilst some who did not have the highest motives eventually became good Christians, it is also true that the gift of faith can not be bought with money. Who shall tell how many have lost both soul and body when they did not obtain the material help they hoped for when they joined the Church, or, as the Chinese expression has it, "entered the Lord-of-Heaven religion." Nowadays, because of more stringent rules, there is less danger of our Christians being merely so-called rice-Christians. One must be thoroughly acquainted with the doctrines of the Church and go through a long period of probation before receiving Baptism.

But there, we have wandered far from Changteh and our friend, Wang Shiang Tin. We left him with the good missionary who must have solved his doubts by this time, for Wang was baptized and called Justin. He became one of the first, perhaps

the very first Christian of this district. He had gone to Changteh to see the bright lights, and he had seen the brightest Light of all, that of the true Faith.

Returning home, Justin, who had married some time before he left, began to instruct his wife in the new religion. At first she wasn't much interested. She could not read characters, and the catechism meant nothing to her. But as she heard her husband recite his prayers daily, and saw the influence for good his new religion had on his life, she soon began to make efforts to learn it. It was slow work.



FROM THE GATE OF HIS MISSION AT KAOTSUN, FR. CORMAC SHANAHAN, C.P., OBSERVES THE CHANGING SCENES OF CHINESE VILLAGE LIFE. HERE HE IS TELLING INCIDENTS OF KAOTSUN'S MAIN STREET TO A VISITOR, FR. DUNSTAN THOMAS, C.P.

Her husband would read a line, she would repeat and memorize it. Then the next line, and so on until the whole catechism and the prayers were learned by heart. Justin's mother—his father had died some time before—and his two brothers also became interested and in due time all were received into the Church.

The old mother, now more than eighty years old, is still living. She has ever remained a fervent Christian. Every morning and evening you can hear her, if you go to her home, recite her prayers. Since she can not walk the distance of ten miles or more to the church, she is carried in on a chair for every big Feast. For a few years Justin helped as a catechist and then he died. But this is not the end of his history, for with his death the Light he saw in

Changteh was not dimmed, as the rest of this story will show.

Justin and his wife Monica, like Justin's father, also had three sons and one daughter. The eldest son was named Augustine. At one time one of the missionaries came to visit the Wang family. Augustine was a lad of about twelve or fourteen years old then. The good priest quickly recognized the character of the boy and when he left, with the permission of the parents, took little Augustine with him. Shortly after that the boy was taken into the seminary, then just opened. The other day I was talking to Monica about her son. She told me how she went to see him one day when she had received word that he was very, very sick. He was only about two years from ordination then. Day and night she waited on her boy, but he grew steadily weaker. There came a day when the priest in charge of the seminary told the mother to call him if Augustine should get worse during the night.

As Monica watched her son he told her to get the little box from under his bed which contained all his worldly possessions—some clothes, a few books, a crucifix, a few holy pictures. The pictures he gave to his mother to distribute amongst his relatives. The few books he left to the priest who had looked after him. His clothes he ordered to be given to the needy. A pair of cloth shoes he asked his mother to pass on to the poor man at the Mission gate who had none.

Then he took the small crucifix and whispered: "Mother, I think the good Lord is calling me. I want you to keep this little crucifix as a remembrance of me. Don't cry and don't miss me after I am gone. I shall pray for you in Heaven. Mother, always be a fervent Christian and see to it that my brothers and their families always remain good Christians too."

A little while passed and Monica asked him how he felt.

"Not well, not well!"

"Shall I call the priest?" she asked him. "Yes."

One look convinced the priest that the end was near. He started the prayers for the dying, and Augustine answered them all. At the end he made the Sign of the Cross, folded his hands across his breast, thanked the priest, spoke a last word of comfort to his mother. A few minutes later Wang Augustine was dead.

**I**T was just the other day that Monica told me the story of her son's death. She said she did not grieve, however, for whilst the Lord took away her son He gave her a daughter who for some years has been in the convent. On the last Feast of the Three Kings she took her perpetual vows as an Augustinian Sister, offering the Lord her triple gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh in the form of poverty, chastity and obedience.

Justin and Monica's second son, Jacob, and his wife Agatha had nine children.

The oldest, John, went to the seminary also, but after a fair trial found it was not his vocation. He is a very good lad, faithful in his religious duties. He is the "boy" of the missionary in charge of this Mission. Johnny's younger brother, Thomas, assists in his father's store. Of the rest of the children only one, Paula, is living. This, by the way, is another example of what I wrote in a former article, namely, that eight out of ten children in this part of the country die in infancy. The marvel is that two out of ten manage to survive.

**T**HE third son, Aloysius, and his wife Mary had eight children. Of these only two boys and one girl remain. Grandmother Monica never lets a day go by without a prayer that at least one of her grandsons may become a priest some day, to take the place of her son.

Justin's brother, Jerome, and his wife Cecilia had one son and one daughter. Both of them have joined the Wang family in Heaven. The third brother, Joseph, and his wife Mary had only one son. The lad is still living, but his parents have been dead for several years.

Lastly, there remains the one daughter of old pagan Wang. Whilst she and her husband were never baptized with water, there is reason to believe that they received the Baptism of desire. Their two sons and two daughters were received into the Church, and one of the daughters, a girl of extraordinarily good character, is now preparing to enter the convent.

The angels in Heaven must have been more than ordinarily happy when Wang Shiang Tin went to "The City of Lasting Virtue." Wang means King. As a result of Justin King's trip there are now nineteen little princes and princesses in Heaven, whilst there are as many princely Catholics waiting to join the royal family.

I must add a few words in particular about Monica, Justin's wife. For twenty-four years she has been helping the missionaries in their efforts to save souls. She has little learning, but her faith is strong. There are many who are good Catholics today because of the excellent example she gave them along with their religious in-

structions. Every Friday is not only an abstinence day, but also a fast day for her. On that day she will eat nothing but a bowl of rice with a few vegetables at noon. She never lets a day pass without some special visits to the Blessed Sacrament, and without saying at least two or three rosaries. One time Monica had gone to see her daughter, Sister Josepha. Each day of the trip, morning and evening, she knelt down

came, robbed her of everything and turned her pockets inside out, looking for money. One of them actually had his hand on the cross and ring when the others suddenly decided to go after some other prey that just made its appearance. Only a miracle, says Monica, can explain it. The days when saints walked the earth have not yet passed. There are saints living to-day and Monica is one of them.

**T**HIS past Christmas I was privileged to baptize three very promising young men. You may ask yourselves, "What has that to do with the history of the descendants of pagan Wang?" Well, I like to think that the missionary who baptized Justin little dreamed that that one, solitary Baptism would result in so many good souls won for the Faith. Not being able to see into the future, I might have felt discouraged this Christmas in having ready for Baptism but a few instead of many converts. But who shall tell what happy results may follow from even one of these baptisms? Perhaps the seed of a most flourishing Christianity was planted here this Christmas. We must not look for numbers instead of quality, and we must bear in mind what a good and learned Franciscan lately wrote: "The primary end and aim of all mission activity must be the permanent establishment of the Church rather than the conversion of the masses. By its very nature mission work is of a transitory character. Its task is the erection of a Church firmly rooted in the soil."

And you, my dear friends of the missions, when you offer a prayer or make a sacrifice for the cause of Christ in China, remember that it doesn't end just there. Long after you have met Justin King and his Catholic relatives in Heaven your one or your ten or your thousand prayers for the missions will be bearing fruit; and your dime or dollar, your ten or thousand dollars will be helping to carry on the grand work for souls—just as the Light which Justin saw in the "City of Lasting Virtue" is still spreading its rays, enlightening the hearts of men with the knowledge of Christ Crucified, and inflaming them with love for Him.



THE SMILING DAUGHTER OF THE YUNGSHUN MISSION'S GATEMAN. PLAYING WITH CLARA CHIANG IS HER LITTLE COMPANION, HELEN HSIAO. THE TWO ARE INSEPARABLE AND ALWAYS IN A HAPPY MOOD

on the deck of the sampan and turned her face in the direction of the church to say her prayers, much to the wonderment of the boatmen and pagans.

**M**ONICA is a firm believer in miracles. During the days of the Red uprisings in 1927, when our missionaries had to flee, leaving all their things behind, she was made the custodian of the Prefect's ring and cross. She sewed them in the clothes she was wearing. One day the bandits

## From My Mission Gate

By Cormac Shanahan, C.P.

**K**AOTSUN'S main street is like an open stage before me. Coming across my line of vision most often are the members of the Wu household, especially tiny Clara. Just over three years of age, she is possessed of a strong temper that finds its exhaust in fits of hysterical screeching. She has been taught, however, to fear and

respect the priest. It is amusing to see how readily the bright little tot can make excuses. A few days ago she wanted to go out on the street with her mother who had promised to visit some sick friends. Refused and left at home, Clara disturbed the whole neighborhood with her cries and shrieks. I went over to stop her. As soon

as she saw me the tone of her crying changed. With big tears rolling down her cheeks and her arms thrown out dramatically towards the empty bed, she bawled, "Spiritual Father, my mother is lost. Look!"

Last night she accompanied her mother to chapel for evening prayers. With a

slightly older pagan girl she occupied her time in playing on the benches. When scolded, she defended herself with, "Well, the older girl is more to blame. She has come to the age of reason; I haven't." Just now I see her edging over to a basketful of freshly dug and washed peanuts that are drying in the sun. She takes a few. Her little boy-friend is less daring. As he stands shyly by, she glances furtively about, then takes a handful for him. It is the eternal woman showing through this tiny Chinese girl.

\* \* \* \* \*

A FEW of the strange Miao tribesmen, from the county west of mine, have settled in and about our town. These Miao people, or "country folk" as they are politely called, seem to have no altar or graven image, but they do have their sacrifices. Recently I happened to see one of their most important ceremonies—the sacrifice of a large water-buffalo. When I asked what was the meaning of the ceremony, I was told that it was to *ching kwei*. This signified that it was spirit-worship offered with the suspicion that the spirit might be a devil. It was really meant to decide the most engrossing problem for any of these people—whether Miao or Chinese—the good luck or ill-omen of the family.

All the relations of the family were invited. Around a high pole, which was staked solidly before the main door of the house, was woven a strong, loose hoop of bamboo. To this hoop one of the members of the household tied a large water-buffalo by the horns. In this way the animal was able to move around the pole without leaving the family door. Seven spirit-men, whom the Miao people call *Lao Si*, chanted prayers and goaded the buffalo into motion. The head spirit-man carried a long knife with which he struck the animal from time to time just beyond the neck on the left or right shoulder. These blows did not kill the beast, and after each fall he was prodded until he rose again. The head spirit-man worked to the accompaniment of his companions' chants.

After two hours the weary beast collapsed. There was a hush as the on-lookers watched to see which position the victim would take in death. If his head pointed directly through the doorway, this would be the consummation of good fortune. Were his head to point in the opposite direction, as though walking away from the door, unheard of calamities would be the lot of the family. The victim lay kicking and, at each effort, shifted the position of his body. There was a tenseness apparent in the attitude of the Miao folk as the animal made its last few spasmodic movements. The victim lay with his head towards a window at the side of the house. This at least augured some good fortune, so a cheer went up from the on-lookers.

Politeness here has reached such a degree, however, that congratulations would have been in order even had the animal pointed in the opposite direction. Some excuse would have been offered. The spirit-men, with their chief, took the head as their portion of buffalo meat. All the relatives were given some part of the butchered buffalo.

Those of us who have lived here long enough realize that, despite these ceremonies, both the Miao and the Chinese are possessed of a saving commonsense. All of these folks know that their own individual efforts, not these empty ceremonies, determine, in great part, their fortune. They themselves will tell you



ATTRACTIVE LITTLE CLARA, PICTURED HERE IN SUCH DEVOUT REPOSE, IS WISE BEYOND HER YEARS. HER PRANKS ARE MANY, BUT FOR ALL HER ESCAPADES SHE HAS A READY EXCUSE

that "Tis in ourselves we are thus or thus—not in our sacrificed bulls."

\* \* \* \* \*

THERE is a village shrine at the end of the street. As I write I hear the entreating wail of an old lady, "*Tou Ti, Pu sha, pao yu, pao yu!*" A shrill voice repeats the appeal again and again, for she believes, perhaps, the spirit of the idol is asleep and may need a little rousing. "Earth-land idol, help me, help me. I'll do something for you, Venerable One. I'll weigh out a little meat for you and offer it here when I come back to adore you."

\* \* \* \* \*

MY barber was here this morning. He gave me what he called "an infantry haircut" for the warmer weather. He used to give me a Sun Yat Sen which, of course, is more stylish and leaves more hair on the head. So this new Chinese

patriotism seems to be filtering through to the common people, and they are giving to many of the things of daily life names that have connection with the new movement. Old missionaries tell us that these haircut styles used to be named after idols and had reference to pagan beliefs. Now, even these homely matters show that the people are beginning to think of the Three Principles, of the great man who gave them to China and of the Revolutionary Army that fought for the unification of China.

\* \* \* \* \*

ON my way to Wangtsun to greet Father Timothy, I met the mail carrier. He had a basket of mail on his back, suspended from the shoulders by two bands of interwoven bamboo. In his right hand was an electric lantern to light up the road, for he travels during a greater part of the night. But what caught my attention most of all was that in his left hand he held a spear, about six and a half feet long. The point was of metal, about six inches long. He carries this spear to protect himself against wild dogs and other vicious animals that roam about the mountains during the night.

\* \* \* \* \*

HERE is an example of what superstition can lead to. A member of the Li family died and was buried. Later one of the Chang family was interred in front of Li's grave. Chinese graves are mounds, so the grave of Chang prevented propitious winds from blowing on Li's grave. The latter's kinsfolk made a raid on the Chang clan and killed all that were home at the time. The Changs carried the dispute to the General. Shortly afterwards four from each family met on the road and one group was wiped out. Now of course the two clans are bitter enemies and are going about armed. It all started over a superstition but we don't know where it will end.

\* \* \* \* \*

ONE of the little girls here received her First Holy Communion. She is ten years of age but is only the size of a five-year-old child. She almost starved to death during the famine some years ago and since then her growth has been stunted. She is a pious and innocent little youngster and her acts of love towards Jesus this morning must have delighted Our Savior's Heart, which has so few adorers in this locality.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE sun came out at nine o'clock this morning. The river is low; men and boys can be seen up to their knees in the water lifting large stones above their head and crashing them down upon other large stones beneath the river's surface. They do this to stun and injure the fish that may be hiding beneath the stones.



# Gemma's League of Prayer

**GEMMA'S LEAGUE** is an association of those who carry on a systematic campaign of intercessory and united prayer.

**The Object:** To bring the grace of God to others and to merit needed blessings for ourselves. In a very particular way to pray for the conversion of the millions of pagan souls in the Passionist Missions in Hunan, China, and to obtain spiritual comfort and strength for our devoted missionary priests and Sisters in their difficult mission field.

**The Methods:** No set form of prayers is prescribed. The kind of prayers said and the number of them is left to the inclination and zeal of every individual member. In saying these prayers, however, one should have the general intention, at least, of offering them for the spread of Christ's Kingdom in China.

**Membership:** The membership is not restricted to any class. Men, women and children not only may join Gemma's League but are urged to do so. We are glad to announce that in our membership we have many priests, both secular and regular, as well as many members of various Religious Orders. "The Spiritual Treasury," printed every month on this page, shows the interest taken by our members in this campaign of united prayer and sacrifice.

**Obligations:** It should never be forgotten that Gemma's League is a strictly spiritual society. While, of course, a great deal of money is needed for the support of our Passionist missions in China, and while many members of the League are



GEMMA GALGANI

generous in their regular money contributions to the missions, nevertheless members of the League are never asked for financial aid. There are not even any dues required of members, though a small offering to pay the expense of printing the monthly leaflet is expected.

**The Reward:** One who helps the spread of Christ's Kingdom on earth is hardly looking for any reward. We feel that the members of Gemma's League are satisfied with the knowledge that Almighty God knows their love for Him and knows also how to reward them for the practical display of their love! However, our members cannot be unaware that their very zeal must bring God's special blessings on themselves, their families and friends. Besides, they will surely merit the reward of an apostle for their spiritual and corporal works of mercy.

**The Patron:** Gemma Galgani, the White Passion Flower of Lucca, Italy, is the patron of the League. Born in 1878, she died in 1903. Her life was characterized by a singular devotion to the Sacred Passion of Our Blessed Lord. Denied the privilege of entering the Religious Life, she sanctified herself in the world, in the midst of ordinary household duties, and by her prayers and sufferings did much for the salvation of souls. Her "cause" has been introduced and we hope soon to call her Blessed Gemma.

**Headquarters:** All requests for leaflets, and all correspondence relating to Gemma's League should be addressed to the Reverend Director, Gemma's League, care of THE SIGN, Union City, New Jersey.

## SPIRITUAL TREASURY FOR THE MONTH OF MARCH

Masses said.....	21
Masses heard.....	63,580
Holy Communion.....	38,212
Visits to B. Sacrament.....	69,502
Spiritual Communion.....	92,102
Benediction Services.....	15,135
Sacrifices, Sufferings.....	68,868
Stations of the Cross.....	16,601
Visits to the Crucifix.....	53,465
Beads of the Five Wounds.....	12,833
Offerings of PP. Blood.....	176,755
Visits to Our Lady.....	41,986
Rosaries.....	52,371
Beads of the Seven Dolors.....	10,810
Ejaculatory Prayers.....	1,834,833
Hours of Study, Reading.....	47,582
Hours of Labor.....	73,211
Acts of Kindness, Charity.....	38,091
Acts of Zeal.....	46,179
Prayers, Devotions.....	407,310
Hours of Silence.....	56,564
Various Works.....	77,209
Holy Hours.....	950

## ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ "Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Ecl. 7, 39.) ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠

**KINDLY** remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

REV. JOHN B. MCCORMICK  
RT. REV. MSGR. THOS. O'KEEFE  
REV. P. W. O'BRIEN  
REV. J. J. O'CARROLL  
REV. GREGORY O'BRIEN  
REV. F. X. TEAHAN  
REV. W. V. DAILY  
SR. M. OF ST. JOSEPH (McDONOUGH)  
SR. M. OF ST. JOHN BAPTIST (DORE)  
SR. M. OF ST. VINCENT (WALL)  
SR. M. IMMACULATE (RILEY)  
SR. M. OF ST. EUPHRASIA (SCHWARTZ)  
SR. M. PAULINA ZWERGEL, D.P.  
SR. M. BONIFACE  
CHAS. J. SHELANSKEY  
JOHN J. SHIELDS  
MR. W. F. VOLLMER  
ANNIE SYNNOTT  
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ANTONIA HART  
MARGARET DRESCHER  
MARIA CARMELA SOFIA  
FRANK SOFIA  
ANTONIA REIS  
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MARY NOLAN  
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ELLEN C. CONNORTON  
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I. R. CONNOR  
JAMES CONNOR  
MARY TERESA MacDONALD  
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FRANCES AGATHA DOLAN  
NICHOLAS SEERY  
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ALFRED FLEMING  
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ALICE MARY KELLY  
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CATHERINE C. McAVEIGH  
ELLEN MCHUGH  
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SARAH A. KENNEY  
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HERBERT MIRGON

**MAY** their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.

# To the GHOST of LORD MACAULAY

By Charles Willis Thompson

MACAULAY, with his usual hard scintillation, expressed his vexed wonder that so many men of culture, wisdom, and scholarship should begin by denying the existence of any God at all, and end by worshipping a wafer. It was only in his invariable precision of the *mot juste* that Macaulay differed from many others, before him and after. He expressed, as it took a Macaulay to express, the bewilderment over why intelligent skeptics should finish by accepting not merely a superstition, but the most childish superstition of all—a superstition of the Dark Ages, from which the mind of intelligent men was released when the light of freedom was turned on it by the Reformation, and the trammels taken off it.

That bewilderment continues, as year after year the Catholic Church goes on recording tranquilly, in its organs of news, the conversion of additional thousands all over the Western world, including not only routine-minded Protestants but men of light and leading. Such converts as Gilbert K. Chesterton cannot be dismissed as men of no intellect, any more than men like John Henry Newman could; and this only deepens the exasperated wonderment about what there can be in this medieval fiddle-faddle of superstition to bring into its mental slavery such men as Huysmans. The exasperated wonderment becomes all the greater when these converts, rejoicing in their chains, are skeptics, ranging all the way from agnosticism to atheism.

## Atheism First

AS one of this last-mentioned class, I intend to tell why. In doing so, I shall have to use the pronoun "I" pretty often, but that is not because I regard myself as a person of any importance; it is because the road from Romany to Rome cannot be made clear without it, just as Robinson Crusoe could not have told in the third person his personal struggle for a material way out.

The chief instruments of my slow discovery were Herbert Spencer and Matthew Arnold, for they started me on the road of inquiry which I trod for thirty years before finding the door that had always stood open and which I had always passed. Spencer's phrase was "the Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed." The phrase, with others of

Spencer's, produced no sudden conversion; but, as I pursued my way, it kept recurring. In the end it was a death-blow to atheism. There was not a day in which I did not observe tangible evidences that all things did proceed from an Infinite and Eternal Energy, whatever that Energy might be. The phrase, continually backed up by evidence, gradually withered my atheism. Carlyle has a pictorial metaphor about such a mortal wound; "the oak grows silently in the forest a thousand years," no one knowing it has received its fatal stroke, "until, with a resounding crash, it falls."

## Then Agnosticism

BUT there remained agnosticism. How can one believe in a thing he cannot see? How answer yes or no to the assertion that there is something beyond human knowledge which nevertheless controls human life? Matthew Arnold, in the course of his assaults upon routine religion, all of which I studied over and over again, made repeated use of his central phrase; "The Power *not ourselves* which makes for righteousness." The capitalization and italics are Arnold's. The phrase contains two ideas: there is a Power not ourselves, and this Power makes for righteousness.

At first I brushed aside this recurring phrase of Arnold's like a returning fly, but it always came back. It seemed to mean nothing. I knew of no Power not ourselves, and believed that if I had any desire for righteousness it was my own, uninfluenced. This was egotism, but I did not know it then. I thought, as Henley did—though his life did not prove his accuracy—that I was the master of my fate and the captain of my soul.

But, as with the Spencer phrase and the Spencer philosophy, I began to observe daily evidences that both of Arnold's two ideas were being constantly demonstrated in my life and in the lives of others. The demonstrations were not, usually, material, but they were facts; and this led to a wonder whether there could be facts, positive facts, which were not material, could not be weighed in machine-made scales or measured by man-made foot rules. Through years of such daily experiences I came to know that there could be, and were; and that they were just as much facts as if I could see them, weigh them,

and measure them. That settled that; but not all at once.

There was, then, something around and about us beyond our gross material approach, beyond the assaying ability of our brains—which brains are themselves as material as our lungs or our kidneys. Dr. William Hanna Thompson's scientific "Brain and Personality" puts that fact in its most forcible form. This, after long years, did not seem so improbable as at first, and, in fact, explained the inexplicable. Man is a being of limited knowledge. To every man there come more or less frequent experiences he cannot explain. He tells them to others, ending, "I never could understand that," or "Queer, wasn't it?" or "What do you know about that?"

There were proffered explanations: Spiritualism, clairvoyance, second-sight, telepathy, clairaudience, and so on. I investigated them all with an open and desirous mind. All of them, except Spiritualism, were mere words, and left the mystery of what is around and about us exactly where it was before. For, when you dig into it, what is telepathy, for instance? A word telling us that one mind knows what is passing in another mind or body. But we knew that before.

## Spiritualism Later

SPIRITUALISM offered a philosophy, and I investigated it deeply for a couple of years in all my leisure time. At first it seemed promising. I found enough in it to add to my knowledge that there is something around and about us that is unexplained. But I knew that much already. What was fundamental in Spiritualism was its attempted explanation of the unexplained, which was that the released spirits of the so-called dead communicate with the unreleased living and send them messages through psychically equipped individuals.

Two years of investigation proved to me, however, that the messages showed no knowledge of anything that is beyond the ken of the living, and this despite the fact that if "the soul goes on," as the Spiritualists say, it must be busy with many things in a life unlike this one, or at least evolutionary from it. I do not charge Spiritualist mediums with fraud, though there are many frauds among them, as must always be the case where easy money is to be made by the meeting of crooks and

gulls. But many of them are, I am sure, "sensitives" and not fraudulent. That is, they are by nature more responsive to "The Power not ourselves" than some others are; not difficult to believe, when one remembers how different the temperament of every human being is from that of all others. I ended, however, in the conviction that they have no "messages" to communicate from those on what they call "the other side," though many of them may honestly think that the movings of their minds and temperaments come from "the spirits."

### "Religious Eclectics"

I HAVE said nothing about my experiences with Protestant churches, all of which I investigated and, by turns, attended. I even became a member of one—Henry Ward Beecher's. But the more I investigated, the more I found that they gave no definite answer. They were split into different beliefs, many antagonistic to each other. This, I found, began while Luther was still at his zenith, and has continued progressively and almost geometrically to this day. The "right of private judgment," pursued to its logical conclusion, means that every man may be his own church.

In Maine, where I spent last year, I met an intelligent, cultured woman, an author, who proclaimed precisely that; she said she had "made her own religion," and yet called herself a Christian. I learned that basically she was a follower of Robert G. Ingersoll, whom she almost idolized, though she had tempered his jeering agnosticism by accepting so much of the New Testament as squared with her beliefs, and, therefore, she could declare, with a blind honesty which was pathetic, that she was a "Christian" and believed in God. And this, though she had added to her self-made religion such inconsistent beliefs as theosophy, reincarnation, and astrology. That would have made her patron saint, Ingersoll, laugh. I mention her because she was no crank, but a literary woman, widely traveled on two continents, and cultured.

I have met others like her, less deserving of commendation; "religious eclectics," as Louis Bromfield calls them. I mention her in fact, only to illustrate the point already made; that Protestantism, followed to its logical conclusion, must mean that every man can make his own religion and, by a strange perversion, call it "Christian," however little it has to do with Christ; can even add scraps of Shintoism or Buddhism, if he likes them, in addition to such sayings of Christ's as suit his already-formed "religion." Such experiences convince me more than ever of the truth of what James Anthony Froude said in a reference to the Catholic Church (which he did not like), "the miserable patchwork which Luther stitched together out of its tatters."

Finding that Protestantism means any-

thing from the Fundamentalism of Dr. Clarence Edward Macartney to the flat antagonism of all creeds by Dr. John Haynes Holmes, with the numerous way-stations in between in which ministers preach editorials on the topics of the day and call them sermons so as to attract the vaudeville-loving populace, I quit attending the Protestant church I had joined. It was one which, especially after Beecher's death, preached "liberal Christianity." Agnostic as I was, it was "liberal" enough (with my own mental reservations) for me and for other agnostics. But now, with an unsatisfied hunger I could not explain to myself, I quit all church-going and spent years as an agnostic, conscious all the time that I was feeding on husks.

Those of my fellow-agnostics who had the courage to proclaim themselves as such, I respected. But I had no respect for the more numerous class which shrank from whatever social opprobrium is attached to the name in some communities, and called themselves "Christians," while refraining from church-going and talking agnosticism only in private among co-believers. I recalled that Jefferson and Franklin and Paine had the courage to call themselves Deists, and that Ingersoll had the courage to call himself an agnostic. These people, on the contrary, shirked going out into the cold blasts, preferred to remain at the warm fireside of "Christianity," and got the pleasures of agnosticism without any of its detriments. For that extensive class I had, and have, an opinion not easily expressed in words.

All this time, and much longer, I was being convinced daily, by evidences that piled up, of the positive if not material fact of "the Power not ourselves which makes for righteousness"; of the invisible world around us of which our limited physical senses catch only glimmerings, though they do catch those, as any one can tell you. And, now, my attention became more and more centered on the great Representative of that invisible world, Jesus Christ.

### The Character of Christ

I HAD read "lives" of Him, and was undecided between Renan's portrait of a simple, guileless human being and the condescending life of Him by John White Chadwick (a "Christian" minister preaching a sort of pantheism, all of whose works I eagerly devoured), showing Him up as at first a well-intentioned reformer and then, in His last year, as a frantic monomaniac. Emil Ludwig has recently taken similar ground, with his usual air of doing something new. But I found that there were as many explanations of Him as there were books about Him, mostly irreconcilable; and that they continued to pour forth for nineteen centuries after His death, as if He were the most interesting Character in History. And the least explainable; for the more learned the explainers were, the more radically their explanations differed.

Reading the New Testament, I saw that the idea of Him as a "meek," gentle, senselessly benevolent soul required modification. He could use the most blasting words ever uttered and, as when He lashed the money-changers out of the Temple, He could be as tremendous in acts as in verbal denunciation. The popular idea of Him, I saw, had been created by the artists, especially by Guido Reni, who had made Him the ideal milksop. I found that if He was a man, He was the most many-sided man in History; and I found in the words His reporters quoted sentences and paragraphs that were not merely enigmatic; they referred to strange things, quite beyond the knowledge of all men that have ever lived. And He said then; they were not invented; for, as Matthew Arnold said, He was "far above the heads of His reporters," and they were not capable of such invention; capable, however, of reporting faithfully the strange things they heard and which, as the Gospels tell us, made them argue among themselves about what He could possibly mean. Sometimes they brought their disputes to Him for settlement, and asked Him for elucidation.

### The Eternal Question

ON one such occasion He asked the Apostles, who were pretty well mystified, who they thought He was. Only one answered, and he said: "Thou art Christ, the Son of the living God." The mystery was solved, so far as one man could solve it. "Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona," said Christ, "because flesh and blood hath not revealed it to thee, but my Father Who is in heaven." The invisible world had told a fact to Simon the Rock—not a material fact—and he had announced it as a fact; and Christ told him he had been correctly informed. If anybody knew that fact, it was Christ.

The wishy-washy "meek" figure of the Guidos was gone. The only link between the material world we live in and that which surrounds us had come to resolve the eternal question. But what, specifically, did He come for? To preach ethics for three years? Many people have done that. He came, it is obvious from His sayings—mystical or outright—to teach men how to get the material finite in true relation with the unseen but actually existing Infinite. Three years was enough; but how should that work, so begun, be carried on forever? By men endowed with the clear understanding of the Infinite which Simon the Rock had shown; and Christ completed His answer to Simon by saying, "Thou art the Rock indeed; and upon this rock I will build my Church and the gates of Hell shall not prevail against it."

Neither did they prevail; and the Rock stands. The tide against it has arisen again and again and threatened to submerge it, from the first century to the sixteenth. The Protestant Reformation looms larger than Gnosticism or Arianism



or Paulicianism or any of its forgotten predecessors, but only because it is still with us and they have all gone the way it will go. The difference is merely that they did not disappear by splitting into endless wrangling sects, or into that ultimate absurdity: Every man the maker of his own religion.

### The "Unbroken Series"

I READ all the history I could lay my hands on, and traced the various dis-integrations, from Luther and Calvin and Zwingli to the Mormons, the Holy Rollers, Christian Science, the various sub-divisions of the Baptists which war on each other, the swift evolution of the Independents of Cromwell's day into what is now called Congregationalism, and in which a Congregational church stands on its own bottom and listens, as it chooses, to sermons ranging from the original Cromwellianism to Unitarianism; to the splits in the Church of England, echoing in this country; to a Presbyterianism which runs from Huxleyan evolution to the stern old doctrine whose staunch seventeenth upholders Carlyle so eloquently applauded. All in this country and in all countries, and all since Luther nailed his theses on the Wittenberg church. Could this be "the Rock" against which "the gates of Hell" should never prevail—the Church Christ told Simon Peter He was founding?

Over against the "miserable patch-work," the anti-Catholic Froude had called this dissolving view—a modern one, only four short centuries old even if you count it as a solid Lutheran structure, which it is not and never was—and against the atheism I had found impossible and the agnosticism which failed to face the fact of the surrounding world, I came, by years, to see the old gray Colossus. The Rock, founded nineteen centuries ago to perpetuate Christ's explanation of the union between the physical and the material; the same today that it was then, unchanged, unchangeable, never altering and never to be altered, since "the gates of Hell" can never—we have His word for it—prevail against that Rock. I read, with new meaning, Macaulay's unwilling but honest statement of the fact:

"The history of that Church joins together the two great ages of human civilization. No other institution is left standing which carries the mind back to the times when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon, and when camelopards and tigers bounded in the Flavian amphitheater. The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday, when compared with the line of the Supreme Pontiffs. That line we trace back in an unbroken series, from the Pope who crowned Napoleon in the nineteenth century to the Pope who crowned Pepin in the eighth; and far beyond the time of Pepin the august dynasty extends, till it is lost in the twilight of fable.

"The Republic of Venice comes next in antiquity. But the Republic of Venice was modern when compared with the

Papacy; and the Republic of Venice is gone, and the Papacy remains. The Papacy remains, not in decay, not a mere antique, but full of life and youthful vigor. . . . The number of her children is greater than in any former age. Her acquisitions in the New World have more than compensated for what she has lost in the Old.

"Nor do we see any sign which indicates that the term of her long dominion is approaching. She saw the commencement of all the governments and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on Britain, before the Frank had crossed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveler from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's."

When I had first read these words they had puzzled me; they were so utterly at variance with what I had heard about the Catholic Church. It had never occurred to me that it was the Church, the Church Christ founded to perpetuate His three years; I thought of it as just another sect. I was even doubtful whether it was really any kind of church; from what I had read and heard it was a semi-military organization headed by a crafty despot in Rome called the Pope, whose object was world dominion and riches. The priests, from what I heard, were not ministers, as other ministers were; they were officers of this secret order, at the service of this Roman boss. They were men of cunning, who made use of a pretense of religion to keep in docile servility their ignorant and superstitious tools. As for the congregations, they were unlettered servants and laborers who "pattered prayers and mumbled over their beads" when the slick priests told them to, without any idea what it was all about. And their religion was not monotheism, but worship of the Virgin Mary and of a long string of Saints designated for them by the priests, who used this device to prolong their superstition.

### Superstitious Dumcrambo

IN my wanderings among churches, I had visited a Catholic church, but could making nothing of it. I saw a robed man going through apparently meaningless motions; I saw the people rise at certain times, and then fall on their knees and apparently pray, without any direction from the pulpit. It all seemed like a game of dumcrambo. In all the churches I had been in, the *pièce de résistance* was the sermon, and people went to such-and-such a church because the pastor was "a good speaker" or stayed away because he was not. In this Catholic church the sermon was only a few minutes long, delivered in a conversational tone, and without a text, and it consisted only of short in-

structions about how to be righteous. There was nothing in it about the topics that filled the newspapers.

What was still more incomprehensible, the people neither whispered nor looked at each other. Their minds were intent on something of import to them alone; I could not guess what. I know now what it was. I went from that church with an impression of mumbo-jumbo, and it was not hard for me to accept the idea constantly dinned into my ears that the Catholic Church was a thing apart, alien, un-American and even anti-American. It was not like anything else I had seen. I had some difficulty in reconciling this un-American or anti-American idea with my studies in American history, with its Lafayettes, its Carrolls of Carrollton, its Meaghers and Sheridans; but I finally solved that contradiction by giving it up.

### Figurative or Literal?

I WAS still vegetating along in an agnosticism which did not satisfy me or explain the constant proofs of the real but invisible world. Then I began to fall, socially and professionally, into the company of Catholics and to find that they were not ignorant, uneducated or superstitious. The first was Joyce Kilmer who, besides being a poet, was a man of the widest culture. How could he have aligned himself with hod-carriers and washerwomen? Perhaps the explanation was that he was a convert from Protestantism and above his new company. But then I met Thomas Walsh, also a poet and noted as the translator and introducer of South American poetry to this country, and that was a hurdle hard to take, for Walsh was a born Catholic and had not Kilmer's excuse. Then I was astounded at the news of the conversion of Chesterton, all of whose books I had been reading with admiration for the keenness of his mind; and following that came the news of other conversions, including eminent clergymen noted for their culture.

Macaulay's reluctant tribute recurred to me, and I began to wonder a little if, after all, this strange Church could be the one founded in "the quarters of Casarea Philippi" nineteen centuries ago by the inexplicable Being Whose words often hinted at things beyond any human experience. Supposing He had meant what He had said, and uttered no poetic figure of speech in His apparently straightforward answer to Simon the Rock; nevertheless, how was it possible that the Church against which "the gates of Hell" should never prevail was still, after Jesus and Simon Peter were both dead, what it had been from the first? I read again that answer to Simon, and saw that Christ had ended it by saying, "I will give to thee the keys of the gates of the kingdom of Heaven. And whatsoever thou shalt bind upon earth, it shall be bound also in Heaven; and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth, it shall be loosed also in Heaven." Was it possible that Christ, Who sometimes

spoke figuratively but often literally, uttered these words in dead earnest, and that that "unbroken series" of which Macaulay spoke, begun with Simon, still held those keys?

### The Catholic Freemasonry

OVER these and many questions like them I pondered for fifteen more years. What surprised me more than almost anything else about my Catholic friends was that they never spoke of their religion; they might have been Mohammedans for all they ever said about it. This was different from all my experiences in the churches I knew, where personal religion was a current topic. In many of them, especially in Baptist and Methodist churches, there were even evenings set apart for "experience meetings," at which one after another arose and talked about themselves. This happened even at prayer meetings; and, of course, it was the very bone and sinew of revival meetings. But not only did my Catholic friends never talk about their inward "experiences," or even say they were Catholics; they showed no desire to make converts.

This last surprised me more than all, for I had learned as a boy that the Catholic freemasonry went about with fish-hooks, seeking to draw confiding Protestants into their anti-American and superstitious net. But I found through the years that no Catholic seemed desirous of so much as interesting me in his Church. This seemed, on reflection, to connect up in some way with what I had seen in that Catholic church; the intentness of the worshippers on something inward, their inattention to all around them, so that no woman parishioner noticed whether her neighbor had on an Easter hat or not, no man seemed to know that his next-door neighbor was in the next pew.

When I went, occasionally to Catholic churches, what had puzzled me once puzzled me no longer. I did notice that I could walk into any pew in the church and not be beholden to a pewholder; there were no pewholders, and the rule was first come first served. The church expenses were met not by pew-auctions, but by collecting a trivial coin at the door, and everybody, rich or poor, paid the same amount, a dime or a quarter; all were on even terms. Those too poor to pay it got in anyway, and had the same right to the best seat. Later I was to read that Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, who never joined any church, attended the Catholic by preference for that very reason; he was democratic and plebeian, and was delighted to find a church in which the President, himself, got no better treatment than a penniless scrubwoman, and had to take his chances with her for a seat.

But was there no Catholic equivalent for the Protestant "experience meeting," "prayer meeting," "revival meeting,"

and "mourners' bench"? Yes, there were "missions" at the churches. I attended one, and there was the same mighty difference. The priest sought no converts, no "mourners." He addressed his own people—Catholics—and warned them of their sins and deviations from the will of God; that was the "mission." At intervals the congregation prayed; it recited the Rosary; the Rosary, to my early imagination a symbol of superstition. I found it consisted of the Lord's Prayer, the Glory be to the Father, etc., and the Hail Mary; and they recited the Apostles' Creed, and sometimes sang hymns.

Then I learned that the Paulist Fathers were conducting a "mission for non-Catholics." Aha, that must be it. I went, expecting to hear exhortation to "come to Jesus" such as I had so often heard elsewhere. Not a bit of it; the lecturer simply set forth in simple and straightforward language the doctrines enunciated through nineteen hundred years by Christ, by Simon the Rock, and by that "unbroken series" to whom Simon had bequeathed his right, none of them contradictory of each other. The "mission to non-Catholics" was merely a statement of what it was which the Church has taught for nineteen centuries; the non-Catholics could take it or leave it. That was all, except that at the end the lecturer answered questions sent up by non-Catholics which indicated that they were mistakenly informed about some point of doctrine. No appeal for converts; not even an argument; solely an exposition.

### Finally Received

AT last I made up my mind. A sentence of Matthew Arnold's had kept hammering at my brain: "The word of Protestantism is the word of the method—repentance, conversion; the word of Catholicism is the word of the secret—peace, joy." I had seen enough of Catholics like Kilmer to know the peace and joy that seemed to transform their characters after their conversions; though Arnold was not quite accurate—the Catholic Church does welcome conversions, though it does not go after them, and does insist on repentance, but only among its own members. As for Americanism, I knew by now that I would not be dishonoring my Revolutionary and Civil War ancestors if I followed the footsteps of the Carroll who risked his neck by signing the Declaration of Independence, or of the Corcoran who languished in Libby Prison where my father was.

So, years ago, I went to a priest and told him of my long search and of my finding, at last, the door that had stood open all the time. By that time I had met and known a number of priests, but none of them had ever mentioned religion to me, much less so much as hinted, by a look, at my conversion. The one I went to now did not gush over me, or seem surprised; he said, in a business-like way, that before baptizing me I should come to the rectory

once a week for "instruction." I found that "instructions" was just the same thing such Protestant ministers as Henry Ward Beecher and Lyman Abbot used to administer, once a week, to persons who wanted, as the Protestant phrase goes, to "join the church." Once a week such Protestant pastors would receive the would-be joiners and explain any doubtful or difficult questions that might have arisen in their minds through ignorance. That, and that only, was what the Right Reverend P. N. Breslin did with me. Then he baptized me, "conditionally," he explained, because my original Protestant Baptism was perfectly good if it had been correctly bestowed, but as he had no way of knowing whether it had been or not he baptized me over again to make sure. "That wasn't very terrible, was it?" he added, after the "conditional" ceremony, with a genial smile.

### Word of the Secret

THE word of the secret—peace, joy," has been mine ever since. It never was, so long as I could never enter a church knowing whether I would hear a pastor deliver in a sermon the views of John Calvin or those of Voltaire. It never was, while I knew as well as I knew anything that a non-Catholic can get any kind of interpretation of Christ he wants, and that if he does not like the interpretation of a pastor who preaches Jonathan Edwards he can get what he wants by moving into another church of the same sect and hearing the interpretation of Thomas Paine; and still be just as good a "Christian" as his more rockbound neighbor. It never was, while I knew that "the right of private judgment" can, and does, lead to any person—even an intellectual person—setting up a church inside himself and creating for himself a creed which may include scraps of Brahma, scraps of Zeus and scraps of Christ, and still hold himself forth to his church-going neighbors as a "Christian." I have known "the secret—peace, joy," ever since, years ago, I began to receive the never-changed, never-to-be changed doctrine—not mere ethics—which Jesus Christ briefly taught and bequeathed to Simon the Rock and his appointed successors. Ethics belong to all religions, and to none; the very atheist is often ethical in the extreme. What Christ brought to this earth was something far transcending ethics, though, of course, He did not neglect ethics.

In all this experience I have never known a Catholic priest to abuse Protestantism or any form of non-Catholicism, though there has been plenty of clerical Protestant abuse of Catholicism and Catholics, and of priests. The furthest any Catholic priest has gone has been to defend and explain the doctrines of his Church. I read carefully Reuben Maury's "Wars of the Godly," a complete history of bigotry in this country, in which Maury endeavors to show that both sides were equally

guilty, and it was always a case of the pot calling the kettle black. But all his quoted revilements are by Protestants, often ministers, against Catholics. It adds one more count to my conviction that I found, after the toilsome search of years,

not only the doctrine but the spirit of Christ.

Properly speaking, this article is a letter to the ghost of Lord Macaulay. I aim to resolve the doubts of his spirit, if it is still unquiet. I am not one of those great

scholars who so exasperated him by first refusing God and then "worshipping a wafer." But, perhaps, less scholarly as I am, my adventures may explain a few things about them to that honored—and, I hope, now wiser—ghost.

# The NEW RÉGIME

## By Denis Gwynn in GERMANY

THE general elections in Germany will have taken place before this article is printed, and to that extent any close survey of the new situation is subject to reconsideration. But there is no apparent reason to doubt that Hitler will succeed in gaining a majority at the elections, as a result of the extraordinary measures of repression and intimidation which he has adopted without any pretense at disguising them. Moreover he has announced publicly on several occasions at the end of February that he will disregard the elections if he does not gain a majority. And in the circumstances there is no means of preventing him from consolidating the dictatorship of the new régime, even if the elections should go against him.

But it is unlikely that he will disregard the advantages to be gained from at least pretending to have won the elections. He has already suppressed nearly all the Socialist and Communist newspapers. He has made it almost impossible for those two parties (which between them have hitherto polled about as large a vote as his own National Socialist party) to hold public meetings. He has even suppressed for one day the Catholic Centre party's newspaper *Germania*, because it published a very guarded appeal by a number of the chief Catholic organizations in Germany, which he chose to regard as a denunciation of the Government.

He has taken full control of the broadcasting services and cleared out every member of their staffs who is not an active sympathizer with his own party; and he uses the broadcasting stations openly and defiantly as vehicles for his electioneering propaganda. There is no apparent reason why he should stop short of direct interference with a free ballot. If so, his victory at the polls can be taken for granted.

That he and the other two members of the present triumvirate will continue in power after the elections seems to be beyond doubt. But how long the triumvirate

will hold together is much more problematical. If the three dictators should disagree, it may even be doubtful whether Hitler will emerge triumphant over the other two, unless he forms a new alliance. That could only mean alliance with the Catholic Centre; and, at the time of writing, the leaders of the Centre are plainly maneuvering to bring such a combination within the range of practical politics.

To understand the extraordinary situation which has arisen it is necessary to recall the main lines of what has happened in Germany during the past six months. In a previous article I have explained more fully the complicated system which had gradually made government impossible in Germany, owing to the rivalry of so many parties which were not willing to combine in forming and supporting a stable Ministry. For a good many years the Catholic Centre has practically held the balance of power. In the various combinations which have been necessary, it was almost inevitable that a Chancellor should be chosen from the Centre, to create whatever combination he could by alliances based upon the Centre and tending to Right or to Left as circumstances demanded. Dr. Marx, Dr. Wirth and especially Dr. Brüning have been leaders of the Centre, which does not call itself a Catholic party, but is definitely Catholic in its principles and is directed in essential matters by its adviser, Msgr. Kaas. They have in turn been Chancellors, attempting to maintain a stable government in Germany under intolerable difficulties because of the chaos of so many parties in the Reichstag.

### The Centrist Leader

OF that succession of remarkable men, much the ablest is Herr Brüning, a brilliantly gifted political leader who has devoted himself to public life with the austerity of a priest. Brüning may be said to be the "discovery" of Msgr. Kaas; and as

soon as he was put forward as the official spokesman of the party he very quickly made his mark. He soon became one of the most dominating figures in European politics. No one ever doubted his intense patriotism and his unselfish devotion to the resurrection of Germany. Wealth had no attraction for him. Overwork, and the abuse which responsibility always entails, had no terrors for him. His closest confidant had been his brother who went to England as a missionary priest and died after exhausting himself by missionary labors in Manchester. Unmarried, leading the simplest life, and caring nothing for any worldly interest, he has served his country with magnificent devotion. He has shown an extraordinary capacity for political diplomacy, and for impressing other countries with the reasonableness and the urgency of Germany's claims during a period of appalling depression.

### Brüning and Hindenburg

BRÜNING'S dexterous diplomacy was rapidly winning important successes in combining other countries in support of Germany's claims as against the Treaty of Versailles. But this involved many compromises from day to day; and in the meantime the violent nationalist agitation of Hitler's National Socialist (or "Nazi") movement was steadily gaining ground. Patience gave way while the economic and financial depression deepened; and Hitler won more and more votes for his policy of direct and reckless defiance.

Brüning occupied a most invidious position in having to retain the confidence of old Marshal von Hindenburg, who was distrustful of all Catholics by tradition as a Lutheran, and was always inclined, as an old soldier, to sympathize with the demands for an open revolt in Germany against the Treaty of Versailles. Yet even Hindenburg came to regard Brüning with feelings of real esteem, and was prepared to support him in face of increasing



abuse of himself as a traitor to his own military traditions.

The breaking point came when Brüning introduced various measures of social reform, which were based largely upon the social teaching of the Holy See, for the subdivision of the great landowners' estates and to make better provisions for the enormous number of the unemployed at the expense of the State. The old Marshal-President of the German Republic felt that this was simply Bolshevism in disguise; and he suddenly informed Brüning that they could collaborate no longer. So Brüning was cast aside. And with his Ministry there ended the long endeavor to govern Germany by Parliamentary methods when no one group in the Reichstag could achieve an independent majority.

### The "Baron" Ministry

THE tide of violent reaction was running strong. The older Nationalists had hopes of a restoration of the Hohenzollern dynasty; while the younger movement, led by Hitler, was concerned chiefly to denounce every compromise which implied acceptance of dictation by France. Hitler himself was so untried in statesmanship, and his program was so violent and so unconsidered, that Hindenburg refused, with great courage, to entrust him with office, although he led the largest party in the Reichstag. Hindenburg knew that Hitler had always threatened to use his powers to the utmost if he were given office, and the President was determined to avoid a dictatorship. For years he has occupied a most thankless position as the custodian of a Constitution of which he never approved. But with a noble sense of duty he had accepted the Presidency, after earnest solicitations to give his prestige to the fight for constitutional government.

Once Brüning went, however, it was impossible to find any other political leader capable of forming a Ministry. The Hitlerites were determined to make Parliamentary government unworkable. The Communists, who were a very powerful body also (with some 7,000,000 voters at the last elections) were still more anxious to wreck the parliamentary machine. So Hindenburg attempted a bold personal experiment, and suddenly appointed as the new Chancellor his friend Captain von Papen, whom no one had ever previously considered as a possible leader. The constitution gave Hindenburg power to assume such authority if government by normal methods became impossible.

He accordingly formed a government of his own personal advisers, with von Papen as its leader. It was soon known as the "Ministry of the barons," as it consisted almost exclusively of Junker landowners and military men. Chief among the latter was the War Minister, General von Schleicher, a soldier with an unusual aptitude for political manipulation, who was

known to have personal contacts with the Nazis as well as with the Centre and other groups. Von Papen especially was likely to be treated with sympathy by the Catholic Centre, because he was one of the largest owners of the *Germania* newspaper. Actually he had ceased to belong to the Centre Party, and he never interfered with the newspaper; and even when it denounced his being chosen as the new Chancellor, he did not interfere.

However, the von Papen Government did not last long. It was overwhelmingly outvoted in the Reichstag; and a series of high-handed but well-intentioned decrees by the new Chancellor made it generally unpopular. Before long von Papen had to resign. General von Schleicher, who was believed to be more acceptable to the Nazis, then assumed office in his place. He soon relaxed some of the drastic decrees imposed by von Papen, and gradually the atmosphere began to clear. But the pressure from the extreme nationalists and from the Nazis, who were all the time maneuvering for power, soon involved him in hopeless difficulties, and he also resigned.

By that time, however, the nerves of the old Marshal-President had begun to give way, as was scarcely surprising in a veteran of 86. Unable to get support from any other quarter, he once again fell back upon his personal friends, and von Papen was recalled to undertake immediate negotiations for an entirely new combination.

Parliamentary government in Germany had thus become more and more remote from reality; and much had become possible which would have been unthinkable even six months ago. Last year Hindenburg was still regarded as an invincible bulwark against unconstitutional measures; and public confidence in him as the heroic guardian of constitutional and popular rights was still unshaken. But the prolonged strain had worn him out; and the crisis had become so acute that he felt justified in acting according to his own judgment. So he aimed boldly at creating a Ministry of the Right which would be in general sympathy with his own views. He was still anxious to avoid giving a free hand to Hitler; and he only agreed to bringing Hitler into power under restraints which no ordinary man could break down.

### The Triumvirate

HE accordingly created a triumvirate. Hitler was offered the Chancellorship, but only on condition that von Papen must be his Vice-Chancellor, and that Hugenberg, the great industrialist and newspaper-owner who has for years led the extreme Nationalists, must be made director of economic reorganization. That stipulation in itself would have been intolerable to Hitler a few months ago. But Hitler has shrewd advisers, and they agreed to take their chance. He accepted the Chancellorship on the agreed conditions. Only two

of his own party besides himself were to be in the new Government. But the two offices he claimed were the Ministry for Home Affairs, and a special post for his right-hand-man Captain Göring.

### The Brownshirt Army

WHEN he accepted office on those terms, it seemed that his hands were completely tied. His whole gospel of economic reconstruction in the interests of the downtrodden seemed to be stultified by his acceptance of Hugenberg (who personifies Big Business and capitalist enterprise), as a colleague who was to be Dictator of economic affairs. But Hitler has since maneuvered with consummate ability. Through the Home Affairs Ministry he at once gained control of the police and of all local government. He has dismissed right and left every government official who was suspected of disapproving of his program. He has practically established his private army of Brownshirts as an auxiliary police force. The regular police have been definitely ordered to support all political demonstrations which favor the new régime, and to shoot without mercy upon any demonstration against it.

If Hitler and Hugenberg and von Papen had really solid interests in common, a new régime would be already evolving on clear lines. But von Papen as a Catholic is naturally sensitive to any attack upon the Church or upon Catholic demonstrations as such. So when Hitler suppressed the *Germania* newspaper, because it published a very sensible manifesto appealing for a cessation of violent party warfare, von Papen must have been on the side of those who protested at once, and compelled Hitler to withdraw its suppression.

The *Kölnische Volk-Zeitung*, that other great Catholic daily newspaper in the Rhineland, was similarly suppressed; and some six hundred Catholic papers were all prohibited under a sweeping decree which practically lumped them all with the Socialist and Communist organs as being unpatriotic and seditious. But within a day the order against *Germania* was revoked, and the Catholic Centre has thus gained the first big success in revolt against the dictatorship. If von Papen really represented the Centre Party he would be a very powerful brake upon Hitler's program. But he is only in the triumvirate as Hindenburg's personal friend; and it seems impossible that he should retain his place for long.

If von Papen goes, then the issue between Hitler and Hugenberg remains to be fought out. For years they have been at loggerheads, although both advocating an extreme nationalist policy. Hugenberg and his rich and powerful friends despise Hitler, as a demagogue with a rabble as his followers. They have refused repeatedly to be associated with his demonstrations even when his movement had gathered most strength. And on questions of social reform any common ground between

them seems impossible to find. Hitler has gained his following as the leader of a downtrodden working class, which hopes to gain improvement of its position at the expense of the rich. Hugenberg, on the contrary, is the old-fashioned reactionary capitalist who believes that the masses must be kept in their right place, almost in a servile condition. But for the time being Hitler has accepted Hugenberg as economic dictator.

### Catholics Anti-Monarchist

**I**N a free election, Hitler would have lost many votes by accepting Hugenberg on such terms. For the present they have joined forces in holding an election which is anything but free. The issue between them will have to be fought out when the election is over. And in those conditions Hitler will unquestionably have to seek new allies. Von Papen counts for very little except as a channel of communication with the aged President. But Hindenburg is no longer regarded as the watchdog of the constitution and his former popularity has failed accordingly. It seems inevitable that von Papen will have to go. But before he goes he may yet be the intermediary in bringing Hitler into closer working relations with the Catholic Centre.

A further complication arises from the conflicting attitude towards restoring the Hohenzollerns. Hugenberg, as a despotic capitalist and newspaper-owner, believes that by gaining power he can bring back the Hohenzollerns; perhaps not the Kaiser, but the Crown Prince. But Hitler's army of Brownshirts has been recruited largely on the promise of achieving a popular government, which could never be compatible with a monarchist restoration. Hitler himself cannot be regarded as anxious to bring the Kaiser back. That issue may even arise quite soon; and if it does, it may split the Hitler-Hugenberg alliance even before they have had time to quarrel over economic and social reforms.

Here also the Catholic vote in Germany is likely to affect the situation profoundly. Whatever Prussia may want about getting the Kaiser back, Bavaria and the southern German states, which are overwhelmingly Catholic, are determined that they will never submit to have a Hohenzollern King. Bavaria idolizes its own Crown Prince Rupprecht who belongs to the Wittelbach dynasty. For a long time he has been virtually given royal honor wherever he goes. But that in itself—triumphant ovations at an opera house or fervent manifestations outside his residence—means little enough. Prussia controls Germany, and any attempt by Bavaria to secede from the Reich would lead to fierce civil war. Even the existing customs and postal and transport systems would be paralyzed by any open conflict on that issue. Yet the leader of the Bavarian People's party (the Catholic party in Bavaria) has already been announcing that any attempt

to coerce Bavaria would be resisted vehemently and by force of arms.

Moreover, if Bavaria wished to have Prince Rupprecht as its King, he is most unlikely to accept the honor at the price of civil war. But Prussia would be equally reluctant to incur civil war by attempting to impose a Hohenzollern upon Catholic Bavaria. Hitherto any question of restoration has been ruled out by the certainty that it would provoke a general strike all over Germany, with seven million Communists and six million Socialists ready to defy the Government. At present, however, Hitler's despotic and violent methods make a general strike almost impossible. On the other hand, he would cause such chaos in southern Germany if he attempted to dictate to Bavaria and the other States that he would be mad to attempt it—even if he desired to bring the Kaiser back, which he is not believed to desire.

In these conditions one may expect that the Hugenberg faction will press hard for suppression of the trade unions and for all the political organizations of the Left, while aiming at a restoration of the Hohenzollerns in Berlin. Hitler, on the other hand, has to satisfy his own working class followers that he has not surrendered to the old régime. He will turn inevitably to the Centre for new support, by promising consideration to the special demands of the German Catholics and particularly of the southern States. It happens that the Centre for years specialized in conciliating the various groups in German politics; and Brüning, especially, may be counted upon to assist any such move towards a working agreement.

Moreover the Catholic Centre has at least one aim in common with the Nazis. No Catholic party can be anxious to protect the Communists in any country. In Germany the communist party is in fact more powerfully organized even than in Russia; and it has a far larger membership. To divorce the Socialists completely from the Communists, and to unite as far as possible the masses which support the Socialist and the National Socialist and the Centre parties, would be an immense achievement. Brüning may be expected to do everything humanly possible to achieve that aim.

### A New Alliance

**H**ITHERTO the Nazis have always been in opposition and, consequently, reckless in action. Now that they are in office they will be anxious to find support against their many opponents—against the old landowners as well as against the Communists. It may even be that the Hitler régime will result in a new alliance, which was impossible to achieve in the past, between the National Socialists and the Catholic Centre; and that von Papen's personal rôle will be to bring about that alliance before he retires from the scene.

That is, however, an optimistic view.

There have been many incidents this month which suggest how difficult such an achievement would be. Not only have the Catholic newspapers been suppressed, Catholic meetings have been violently attacked by armed Nazis operating under Government orders. Even former Chancellors Wirth and Brüning have been assaulted; while the leader of the Catholic trade unions, Dr. Stegerwald, was seriously injured at one meeting which was broken up, where even priests who tried to defend him from physical injury were injured also.

Passions are running very high and such incidents should not be taken too seriously. Even when Hitler has tried to excuse them by suggesting that the Centre is no better than the Socialists or other Marxists because it criticizes his régime, he is probably not expressing his real views. He is trying to keep his followers loyal to his own leadership while the election is being conducted in circumstances of most exceptional excitement and confusion.

### Compromise Necessary

**H**ITLER is shrewd enough to know that he cannot safely antagonize the Centre as well as the Socialists and the Communists, while he still has to reckon with a stand-up fight with Hugenberg when the elections are over. Still more, he has been made acutely aware of what problems he will have to face in Bavaria and Württemberg and Saxony, to say nothing of the Catholic Rhineland, with its great industrial population, who detest his methods. If commonsense is to prevail, he must sooner or later try to come to terms with the Catholic Centre in the Reichstag. It seems likely to increase its poll heavily, as the one party capable for exercising a restraining influence after the elections; unless indeed the balloting is made subject to such intimidation that no free vote will be possible.

Should such coöperation between Hitler and the Catholics—who are roughly one-third of the whole population of Germany—come about, then the situation would be immensely eased. The fiercely anti-French politics of the Nazis would be modified; and the systematic preaching of racial hatreds and of preparations for a war of revenge would gradually die down. At the same time one might at least hope that the appalling outrages which the Nazis have so often committed would be no longer tolerated. There would be an end to the bombing and burning of private houses where defenseless laborers' families, who are suspected of Socialist or Communist sympathies, are known to live. There would be a cessation of brawls in the streets in which innocent persons are killed or wounded as often as the partisans between whom the fighting begins. Hitler as Chancellor would in short have to behave like a civilized ruler and not as the instigator of bloodthirsty outrages against his political opponents. But it is too early yet even to hope that such moderating influences will prevail.

# The Little Shepherdess

*The Third of Twelve Chapters in a  
New Life of Blessed Bernadette Soubirous*

By Aileen Mary Clegg

**T**HE winter of 1855 was a specially severe one. Week after week the ice was thick and hard underfoot, while the mountains lost their craggy outlines, so repeatedly had snow fallen in the higher altitudes. How beautiful they were! By day the sunlight made them glitter with an unbearable radiance. At night they grouped themselves rank behind rank in the stillness, like a crowd of faintly revealed spirits guarding the sleeping earth. But the wind raging towards that unearthly beauty was like a sword-blade. How terribly poor little asthmatical Bernadette must have suffered from the cold!

They would all be suffering, the poor Soubirous, because they were all underfed and their clothes were thin and fuel lacking, so fast had the tide of their fortunes been ebbing of late. Perhaps it was during this winter that Bernadette's brother had the bright idea that candle-drippings might possibly be useful for warming and feeding purposes. At any rate he was discovered surreptitiously scraping them up from the floor of the parish church and popping them into his mouth.

**B**ERNADETTE herself would not have thought of that. Not that she was a prig, but simply that she had such an inborn sense of the inviolability of property that she could not have imagined such a way of staying her hunger pains. In any case she never seemed to take much notice of them. She was just as cheerful whether she had been fed or not.

Luckily, at this difficult time, her Aunt Bernarde—she was her mother's eldest sister and had been married before their father died—carried her off to live among her family of little ones and saw that she was properly fed. So the little girl had one more chance of survival, while the Soubirous had one anxiety the less because one less mouth to fill.

Bernadette had had other changes already. Her foster-mother at Bartres had got into the habit of sending for her, small as she was, whenever she got into difficulties. The child was older now and big enough to be of use. The situation was this. . . .

Marie Laguès had two small children to be looked after, there being times when,

the rights of property and the duty of charity to one's neighbor, feeding charity and not annihilating it. So, as season followed season, a string of dusty peasants were threaded across the dun fields for the maize and bean sowing, or scythes swept in unison down through the seeded grass, or, gold-dusty in the light of autumn suns,

the laborers toiled among the fast-ripening grape clusters, or at last, in generous barns, the lantern rays fell on the heap of feathery maize stalks, and dimly on the crowd of olive faces and the knotty earth-grimed fingers diligently stripping leaf from cob.

At Bartres Bernadette would not be wanted to help in the actual farm work, except of the lightest kind. She was to look after the children, she who was still only a child herself. But so she would set her elders free to struggle, with what blissful weariness, with what almost despairing hope, to wrest forth fruit from a soil still stubborn under the curse of those first gardeners, whose Paradise, indeed, could not have been vastly more beautiful than this.

**A**BOUT the middle of August the lambs would be led down from the mountain pastures. Bernadette would be given charge of them too. Probably the lambs were a good deal easier to cope with than the babies. French children can be difficult, whereas French sheep are docile, friendly beasts.

It has been said that we come to resemble what we associate with. I doubt if there exists a Pyrenean shepherd who is

not as gentle as his lambs. He must win the love of his beasts if he would keep them together. He must lead them through the mountainous country he inhabits. If he were to use force with them and try to drive them before him, they would soon scatter and inevitably be lost to view behind rocks and bushes, and down gullies and precipitous paths. So the shepherd in the Pyrenees, like the shepherd in the Holy Land whom Our



FROM AN ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPH OF BLESSED BERNADETTE SOUBIROUS, TAKEN SOON AFTER THE APPARITIONS OF OUR LADY IN 1858. THE PHOTOGRAPH IS OLD AND VERY FADED

if sowing and harvesting were to be carried through successfully, every woman was needed in the fields with the men. In fact, so arduous was the work at certain periods, where every farm was a small holding and methods were primitive, that it was customary to take over the work in a communal spirit. The adults collected together for service on the various farms.

This was true communism . . . Catholic Communism following naturally from



Lord took as one of the most touching images of himself, must go before his flock and lead them lovingly. Like the Good Shepherd he must win their affection by his own tenderness and by his gifts. Like Him, too, he must carry the weakly ones in his arms or on his shoulders. In this conscious or unconscious following of his Divine Master, he learns many virtues. He must be meek, humble, patient, gentle, and compassionate.

IS it to be wondered at that God has given so many of His chosen ones the training of a shepherd's life in solitary places, before calling them, white sheep of His pastures, to their own altars of sacrifice in the world of cities and of men? There have been many shepherd saints among Bernadette's country-people alone. Saint Germaine, Saint Joan, Saint Vincent de Paul, Saint John Vianney—these are only a few of those who first found God in lonely French country ways while they were tending their sheep.

Such silence wrapped them about that, when He spoke to them, their ears had no difficulty in hearing the tones of His voice. Such loveliness surrounded them . . . They had so long contemplated the reflection of His beauty . . . that they at once recognized the serene inviolable beauty of the revelation of His will. Their souls, so full of peace from long, almost uninterrupted communion with God, had become like a garden filled with the flowers of all seemly virtues. Wherever He might lead them thereafter, through what crowds, in the night of what temptations, the fragrance of that garden was with them, in which God never ceased to dwell.

So was it to be with this later Saint, Bernadette Soubirous. She, like these other saints, had, from the very nature of her occupation, unworked opportunities for contemplation.

All day long she wandered with her flock through grasslands, knee-deep in flowers. She said endless rosaries. She built numberless tiny altars of any little precious valueless thing she could lay her hands on—among roots of trees a lowly shrine of shining pebbles and stones. Over her head was a sky whose depth of blue, whose shining clouds, continually reminded her of Mary. The sun shone down on her in ardent benediction, as though God raised His pierced Hand in heaven to bless her humble head. The shimmering airs that made faint the distant town, and even absorbed something of the reality of mountain and forests, glanced with unbearable light as though from the wings of angels guarding the fortress of her soul.

There have been some who said that she never saw the beauty of that marvelous Pyrenean world about her. Surely this cannot be true. She had no culture, it is true. Her vocabulary was limited. She could not have described the scene in the phraseology of a poet. None the less it all had its share in her making. Otherwise

God would not have set her there at that particular moment of her life.

Her days at Bartrès were nearly as regular as those of a Religious. They were quite as austere.

At dawn she tumbled out of her wooden bed with its mattress stuffed with maize-leaves and its coverlet of carded wool in a faded cotton case. Her breakfast was as quickly made as taken. It consisted of home-made bread soaked in soup. The bread was notable. Like the wine drawn from the grapes in the neighboring vineyards, it was thought of as a sacramental. Among Catholic peasants the bread is always *pain bénit*.

The corn of which it had been made had been grown on the rich soil in their own valley. It had shot up tall at the burning summons of their southern suns. It had grown strong in the buffeting of mountain tempests. It had become sweet with the



FRANÇOIS SOUBIROUS, FATHER OF BERNADETTE. NOTE THE PEASANT'S BERET

saturated sweetness of mists and rains. When it was ripe at last it had fallen in long swathes to the shining blade of the sickle. They had piled it high on the farm wains and set the patient silken oxen to drag it home. There it had been made to suffer the flagellation of the threshing floor. It had endured confinement in sackcloth in the rat-haunted gloom of the granary. It had been released from its bonds to fall between turning stones.

When baking day came at Bartrès, the gray flour that had come home at last from François Soubirous' watermill would be mixed with water and sour dough from the last baking, and set in the unwashed wooden trough by the open fire to rise. Oh! blessed days when the house was scented utterly with the perfume of wood burning for the baking of bread. The faggots blazing in the oven's mouth twisted like the evil one in torment. The red embers died and crumbled away. The loaves were ranged in order. The door was

shut. But late that day there would be a row of hard-crusted nut-brown shapes on the side table, and the farmer's wife, signing a loaf with the cross, distributed the bread. A loaf could be a fortnight old of such a baking and only the more delicious. Bernadette, little hungry growing creature, must always have been glad when her turn came to receive her slice.

She helped in the house now; washing up, making beds, fetching vegetables from the garden and preparing them. Her working dress was a cotton one that had been cut down to fit her; her head was tied up in a handkerchief; her feet, muddy from her continual pattering journeys across the dirty farm-yard, were thrust into wooden sabots. Though she was thin of body, her tanned face was well rounded, and her dark brown eyes had so pure an expression that, unless one were too used to her to think much about her, the sight of her was strangely touching, and the thought of her became, in some curious way, a part of one's mind. One day, for instance, the village priest noticed her—she looked at him as she passed him with her sheep—and he, who had seen her many a time before but had never given her his attention, was overwhelmed by her. He said to the schoolmaster a little later: "She is like a flower. If Our Lady appeared to Maximin and Melanie at La Sallette, they must have been very like her." He little realized how prophetic were his words.

She loved most tenderly everything small and helpless. Her favorite lamb was the smallest of them all. She had told us of him: "Sometimes he would come and butt at the chapel I had built for Our Lady and knock it over; but I willingly forgave him, and, instead of punishing him, I used to give him bread and salt of which he was very fond." Someone asked her why she loved this particular lamb the best. "Because he was so very tiny," she said, "and I love everything small."

So later, when she was grown up, and they stopped at Bordeaux on the way to Nevers to show her the wonders of it, she was able to write back to the nuns in the convent at Lourdes: "We saw the Carmelite Church; from there we went towards the Garonne to see the ships; after that we went to the Botanical Gardens where we saw something new; guess what? . . . Red, black, white and gray fishes; I thought it was loveliest of all to see these little creatures swimming about while the street boys stood and watched them."

AS she loved all small things, so she was always gentle. Sometimes the children were horrid to her, but no matter how they teased her or how naughty they were, she never was known to complain or tell tales. She told them herself that they had been bad if she thought she ought to do so. If they then turned on her and attacked her, as they were very likely to do, she wept for

a minute or two and then forgot. It never entered her head that she had to forgive them anything, because she could not imagine they had committed an offense against herself. It is easy to understand how dearly they must have loved her, though their love probably seldom led them to make amends.

**B**Y the time the morning work was well under way, the men would be coming tramping back from their work in stable and field. They would slide into their places on the forms to either side of the table while they waited to be served with their meal. The women did not eat with them. They took their own part standing in the intervals of serving the men. That the women should feed apart is an almost universal habit among peasants. It implies no lack of consideration for the weaker sex nor any inferiority in them. It simply means that the women recognize that the men have had a heavier labor, and are exhausted and in need of rest and refreshment.

The men, crouched over the long greasy table, knees apart, clasp knives in hand, faces well down over their plates, accept the attentions of the women with a gratitude that is ever renewed. They do not issue orders. They receive what is put before them without comment. They give one the impression of being not so much the masters as the children of the house, waiting, in dependent orderliness, to be fed. It is those who move about the table who are the free ones. They dole out rations as it pleases them. No man helps himself. Inside the walls of his house the woman is supreme.

So Marie Laguës would ladle out thick vegetable soup into the pile of bowls warming on the hearthstone, and cut great chunks of bread and fill the glasses with wine, while the men fell to, without sound of words. It would be Bernadette's duty to collect the empty bowls and fetch more water and wine. The old granny would be feeding the children the while, because looking after the babies while able-bodied folk are busy is the perennial vocation of the old women of France. Then, when the men had pushed their benches back and were wandering towards the work waiting for them out under heavy sun or mist or steady rain, Bernadette would be given a piece of bread and a fig or two, or perhaps a pear or an apple, and sent up to the sheep-hut to attend to the lambs.

I wonder if they grew to know her? Sheep are such inexpressive creatures. Perhaps they are no more egotistical than other animals, whose functions, like theirs, are to feed and to wander and to sleep; but if they are affectionate they are certainly undemonstrative. Though Bernadette herself loved them individually, and the smallest one more than all the rest, I doubt if they reciprocated her tenderness. That one, the special favorite, who used

to wait till she had built of stones and flowers one of her manifold altars to Our Lady, and then overturn it with his woolly head, might have been urged on to his work of destruction either by playful love or by malice, so little can his curious eyes and his blunt face have expressed any feelings at all.

Those sheep at Bartres, whom Bernadette loved and amongst whom she moved praying, but who seemed oblivious of her affection, lavish it on them as she would, were they not in a sense rather like the nuns she was to live amongst at Nevers? I say, in a sense. I mean, in one sense only. For the nuns had dedicated souls and were good women. But Bernadette was often to have her warm heart frozen at Nevers. God was doubtless making use of human weakness to lead this special soul to greater sanctity, as in the case of other women saints who have suffered in just the same way. There was Saint Margaret Mary and Saint Theresa of Lisieux, and doubtless a thousand others. It makes one realize again how prevalent human weakness is!

At Bartres Bernadette might have been bored during her long hours of solitude had it not been for her rosary. She used to say it over and over again. In fact she only knew by heart the prayers connected with it. It was always in her hands.

So, at the age of nine, her life was evenly balanced between prayer and contemplation. Without knowing how she was doing it, or even that she was doing it at all, she was living, with an immense simplicity and a complete absence of effort, in union with God. Beyond her thoughts of her own family and of her foster-parents and the village people and the animals, she had nothing but God to fill her mind with. "Nothing but God." In a short time He and His Blessed Mother came to absorb it wholly, so that everything she felt or thought or saw existed for her only in Them. The heavens became almost literally God's footstool. She saw His face in the flowers. He was hiding among the trees of the forest. The shimmering grass, the polished chestnuts bursting from their spiky sheaths, reflected His Beauty. His Voice spoke to her in the streams.

**P**EOPLE said afterwards that He so loved her as to work miracles for her, that once in torrential rain, when a woman called her to shelter, she found the child's clothes dry as though no drop of rain had fallen . . . that a stream divided to let her pass without wetting her feet. . . . These are legends. Bernadette herself denied that they held any scrap of truth.

You would have expected the child to have known more prayers than those used in saying the rosary. The truth is, she was rather neglected in some ways. Though the French are kind to the little members of their own family, they have a tendency to exploit other children if they can. Even the most pious people will

sometimes do so unblushingly. When Bernadette went to Bartres to work she was not paid for what she did, but she was being fed. Doubtless that cry went up in the Aravant household that seems to have been echoing down through the ages from the very moment of the expulsion from Paradise. . . . "Everything costs so much nowadays!"

**A**T times Marie Laguës would make an effort to teach the little girl her catechism, but as she tried to drum it into her head byrote in French, and Bernadette knew nothing but *patois*, the result of the lessons was easily foretellable. The foster-mother would lose her somewhat unsteady temper and send the book flying with the exclamation, "It's no good. You'll never be anything but a stupid little ignoramus!" The child would coax her back to good temper again with her arms flung round her neck.

From the time Bernadette was nine years old she went to Bartres every summer, going back to her own family for the winter, wherever they might happen to be; but when she was twelve she stayed on with her foster-parents for eighteen months on end. This time the parish priest of the village of whom we have already spoken insisted that the Aravants set her free to come to his catechism lessons on three afternoons in the week. All the time she had been growing up she had been absorbing the spirit of Catholicism, simply from contact with a truly religious people. She was now to be taught the essential dogmas of the Faith in a form she could understand. She took the greatest interest in the lessons and the explanations, which were given in *patois*.

By this time Marie Laguës evidently felt she had definitely "taken over" Bernadette. (This is another proof of what a satisfactory little creature she must have been.) Yet the foster-mother seems to have grown less kind and considerate as she grew more and more used to her nursling. She promised to have her prepared for her first Communion, but she did nothing of the kind. She grew rougher in her dealings with her, too. Bernadette said nothing of all this to anyone. She explained later to a cousin with whom she was talking in confidence, "I thought God wanted me to be there. If you think God wants a thing, you don't grumble about it."

However, her friend, the parish priest, again intervened. He was going away to try his vocation as a Benedictine. He thought if he went, leaving the child at Bartres, she might even find it difficult to get to Mass, especially as there might be a lapse of time before the arrival of his successor. The child's soul, too, was crying out for the Eucharistic Bread. "*Je m'ennuie ici*," she said, which might be translated, "There's something wrong. I'm not happy. I'm willing to stay here if you want me to be, but I'd rather be at home if I could. I'm really needing God."

# POROUS PLASTERS *and* WOODEN LEGS

By Ig Nikilis

## Topics in Grief

THE only part of the taxpayers' S.O.S. which Congress has really observed is the O.

The great star Betelgueuse looks no larger than a dime forty miles away. Must be the star of Prosperity.

What is making the Depression seem so long? Well, aside from the fact that it hasn't ended yet, maybe the jokes about it which one continues to hear!

Political sandwich: two slices of blah with a nice piece of rest in between.

Spring is here; but, financially, it feels more like the fall.

Movies are said to be kinder to the eyes than books. The surrounding darkness enables one to sleep more serenely.

## Sad Fact

ALL men are born equal—  
And that is no lie.  
But they quite overcome it  
Before they—er—die.

## Oooh-La-La

IT has been suggested that Colonel Lindbergh be sent to France on another "good-will" visit.

So that's what we want—the good-will of France, eh? And all the while, many of us were laboring under the illusion that the national desire was cash.

Well, if that's all we crave (good-will), we need send neither Lindbergh nor anybody else abroad. A tiny telegram will do:

ALL IS FORGIVEN STOP LOVE  
AND KISSES. UNCLE SAM.

And instantly France will guarantee us sentiment enough to make even Hollywood feel wobbly. She will *kees* us on both cheeks and *chérie* and *bay-bee* us to a fare-you-well.

She has more gold *per capita*, at present, than any other nation in the world; but, alas, she can give us nothing but love!—and not a whit of that, either, unless—

Ah, we! In this instance, of our Uncle

the woman that "kissed him and pinched his poke" was not the lady "known as Lou" but as "Oooh-La-La."

## Back Again

TWENTY-FIVE *per cent.* of the clubs of the U. S. Golf Association have disbanded or "gone broke" in the last few years. So that it now looks as if children will have an opportunity to see their fathers again and become at least slightly acquainted.

It will probably be rather hard, at first, for the little ones to get used to the barrel-bodied, extra-jowled individuals who begat them and then wandered off in plus fours into strange, strange fields, unmindful of everything but "a hole in one." Anyhow, the important thing is that the prodigals have returned. Through the night of this Depression, the bells are beginning to peal: "Papa has at last come home."

Nevertheless, we can't but wonder what new excuse Dad will soon trump up to get out and away again. Depend on it: he'll be itching.

Ah, these young, young old boys! Lame-ing Youth. Once a man: three times a child.

## The Skin They Love to Touch

A LITTLE lamb slipped into Wall Street,  
And slipped in again and again—the dunce!  
And this is the moral: A man is  
The sole lamb that's skinned more than  
once—than once! Than once!  
The sole lamb that's skinned more than  
once!

## No Fooling

"WHAT do you charge for your rooms?" "Five dollars *up*," came the frown.  
"But I lost all my cash  
In the great Wall Street crash."  
"In that case, it's five dollars *down*."

## All's Wells

SIR ORACLE, H. G. Wells, asserts with his usual flair that the chances are there will be little or no education in a generation or so. We almost suspected as much, from the popularity of his "Outline of History." We wonder, however, whether he is at all aware that he may be contributory to an educationless future.

Likely not; because he mentions that a few people are fighting to save our civilization, and presumably he includes himself in this golden minority.

The education which he thinks the future should have embraces about everything but God. A bucket of blessings without anything to hold them; a ship without any ocean to sail on; an adjustment to Life that leaves Life itself unadjusted; an outline of future history, with little outline and less history; a typical Wells conceit.

Some day, H. G. the Great should sit at a little child's feet and study what's lacking in his thought. Almost any little child will do; but, of course, the Little Child would be best. Wells would doubtless learn, if he listened closely and pondered deeply. He would learn that He Who causes Life ever to be renewed with children, can well take care of the future, and that any reckoning without Him Who holds the race in the palm of His hand is educationlessness indeed.

Without the Deity, H. G. Wells' pessimism is abundantly justified. With it, his dependence on a purely natural education would be absurd. It was such an education that largely brought down our present woes upon us, and can guarantee us an increasing supply of the same.

## Most Beautiful Word

A LEXICOGRAPHER is scouting for the most beautiful ten words in the language. Let us help him.

1. It seems to us that, when one asks for a loan in these times, the most beautiful word one can hear is "Yes."

2. If one tries to pay off something of one's indebtedness and the creditor smiles benignly, shakes his Christian head, raises a protesting palm, and breathes "No": why, "No" then skips to the top of any "most beautiful" list.

3. If one is wondering whether this depression will ever cease, the loveliest word seems to be "Certainly."

4. If one is pondering when one's mother-in-law will decamp, the king of expressions is "Soon."

5. If one is a young man contemplating marriage, the queenliest word is "Love."

6. If one is middle-aged, with an out-falling waist-line and incaving ambition, and is on the merry-go-round and can't get off, and wants to escape one's job, one's spouse, one's self: naturally the most thrilling of words is "Liberty."



7. If one looks out on the human comedy and notes its follies, the most captivating of terms, by contrast, seems to be "Common-sense."

8. If one is hungry and has the price, the fairest of *mots* would be "Restaurant."

9. If one has been robbed through the "experienced" advice of one's broker or banker, and is thinking against them with venom, the most gratifying of words is "Jail."

But *seriously*—if you are just an ordinary, groping human being, at times heart-sick, at times hopeful, always insufficient, absurdly strong in your weaknesses and yet more absurdly weak in your strengths; just one of Life's myriad fools, with an intense yearning for something better: the most authentically beautiful word in the universe is—

Your heart will tell you.

### Just Suggestions

SO live that, when you're gone, even your wife's mother will miss you. If you can do it, you're too good to live, anyhow, and might just as well hurry up and make her miss you.

What's Technocracy doing all this cackling about? You'd think it had just laid an erg!

One should have complete confidence in the banks, but—er—nothing else.

A certain doctor says that modern fashions make women live long. May it be said that they also make men long to live?

Paradox: the more one is fed up on the way the country is being run, the hungrier one gets.

### News

IN Maryland, a man bought a graveyard for \$200 and, in the vaults, found \$30,000 in gold. It may be an exaggeration, but some think that, as a result, there will be a boom in Philadelphia.

In Yugoslavia, a man dropped dead when he saw that the rats had eaten all his savings. In America, the wolves eat ours; and then we have a Stock Market Investigation which peters out long before it's finished, because "there's no more fund to carry it on." After which, we simply-mindedly smile, live, and start all over again.

In a bank in Memphis, Tenn., there's a rug patterned after a \$5 bill. What a marvelous memory the designers must have!

A man in Seattle wants to trade a cornet for a revolver. In other words, he would like to do unto others as others would like to do unto him.

In France, a man drank a glass of wine without noticing a wasp in the glass, and was stung to death. In America, full many a fellow drinks a glass of liquor with a mule's kick or three in it, and doesn't flicker an eye-lash. Verily, an Old Ironsides nation!

In Kentucky, a girl cut off the ear of a young man whom she thought untrue. A cutely modern little way of saying, "Friend, lend me your ear." Once the angry female's resource was to blacken, if possible, the errant Romeo's eye: today, she merely lops off an auricular appendage. Such is the evolution of Romance.

In Chicago, a woman sought a divorce on the grounds that her husband had eloped with her mother. As if the man hadn't been sufficiently punished already!

### Straws Show

AN Italian in Canada tried to buy, at present reduced rates, ten round-trip steamer tickets to Italy: enough to take care of his summer vacations for the next ten years. The steamship line accommodated him, but only for the next five. Which would suggest that this particular company thinks that depression-prices, hence the depression itself, will hold for a half-decade yet.

If this is so, then the aforesaid thrifty Italian will soon not have to go to Italy at all: he—and the rest of us—shall have duly arrived at Kingdom Come.

### Expense and Pains

IT is consoling, in these difficult days, to know that the really important things of Life are not forgotten. For instance, Harvard has assembled funds for a five-year survey of the earth's surface; and a Tufts' professor has painstakingly estimated for us that the present age of uranium is 1,070,000,000 years, while that of pitchblende is 1,300,000,000. So there!

To be sure, there are some of us who can't see why the earth's surface should attract a five-year study, when the folk that have to live on it are not given a two-minute thought. But that's probably because we are inclined to be near-sighted.

Isn't it just too silly to get so much interested in the human drama as not to bother about the number and quality of the clapboards that constitute the stage! Besides, you know, if there wasn't an earth for us to have our depressions on, where *could* we have them? What should we have to walk on? Where might we be buried when we die? When inclined to throw mud at our politicians, where could we find it? Ah, indeed, this old earth of ours is thrice important; and a properly financed five-year survey of it, and a thorough investigation of its elements, are quite in keeping. Only that—only that—

Well, the fact remains that, if a choice were given today between a keen knowledge of the crust of the earth, and a present of a hard crust of bread, there'd be plenty who'd frenziedly grab the latter.

### Tit for Tat

WHAT has become of Democracy? Why, haven't you heard?—It's Technocracy!

And what do you mean by Technocracy? Well, what did *you* mean By Democracy?

### Progress

MEN want bread. And what do our inventors do? Invent 'em a new electric cocktail shaker. 'Slike giving a man without a pair of trousers a ticket to the opera.

Postmaster-General Walter F. Brown had placards in the street cars anent holiday shopping this year. The message read: "The Government would appreciate it if you will shop early." The Government certainly had its wish. Most of us did our Christmas shopping *very* early: to be precise, back in 1928, before the crash.

There's a lady that makes money by putting her pet canaries on the air every morning over the N.B.C. stations. Yep, birds make great broadcasters. Take Rudy Vallee, for instance—

Mr. Garner says that, as Vice-President of the United States, he will continue to go to bed at 8 P. M. Could a Vice-President of the United States do anything else!

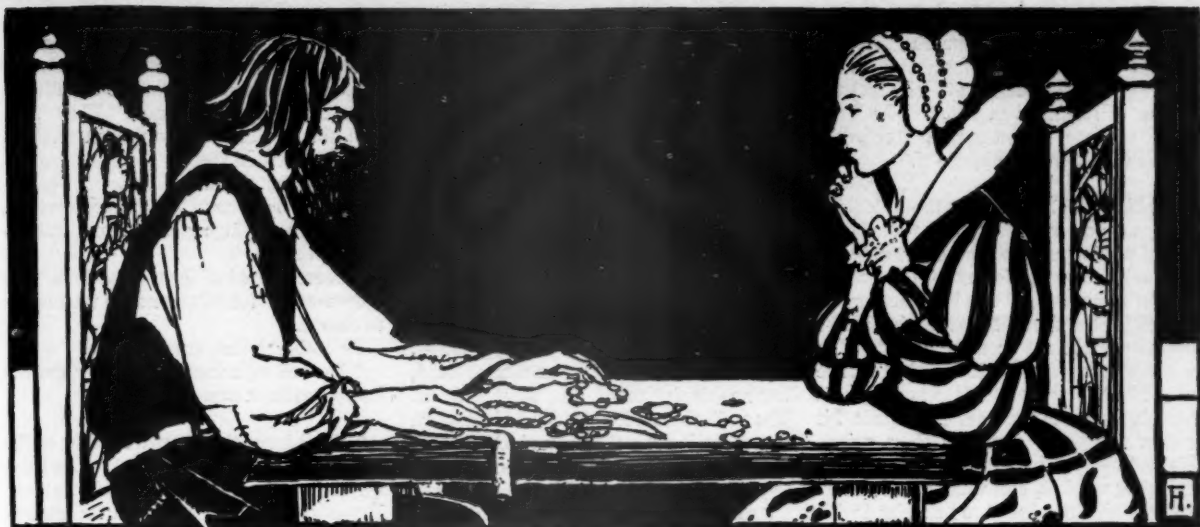
If an army travels on its stomach, these hunger marchers to Washington will be successful only if and when organized as a Cook's tour.

The substitution of Roosevelt for Hoover doesn't make any difference to anybody, says George Bernard Shaw. No? The omniscient G. B. should see the scowls on the faces of the out-flung Republicans and the ear-to-ear grins on those of the in-skipping Democrats in Washington.

Europe prefers to pay her debts, if at all, on the in-STALL-ment plan.

A London memory expert has sold his brain to a college for \$10,000. Just goes to show how badly the modern college needs brains.

The Japo-Chinese War is over: the only trouble being that China doesn't know it, and Japan won't admit it.



# THE PEDLAR'S PACK

## BY ENID DINNIS

ANNE TAVERNER was busy at her embroidery frame—or, at any rate, endeavoring to be busy. She put in a stitch here and there, and then let her gaze wander out through the mullioned window of the oak parlor in the great new house which Sir James Taverner, her husband and “honored lord” in the parlance of the day, had built on the parcel of land handed on to him by one of the looters of the confiscated Church property.

Half a mile away the pedlar was striding along with his pack on his shoulder. He was a shabby fellow, like all those who take to the road with their merchandise. He had a large nose and a short black beard. The huckster was as often as not a Jew, but that being the case he generally avoided the lonely roads where robbers were ever ready to relieve him of his pack and wallet of takings. It might have appeared that some encounter of the kind had already befallen the pedlar, for his hands were tied up in bandages, but the pack on his back gave every indication of being well filled, and, moreover, the owner was in a cheery mood, which would point to a still bulging wallet.

Lady Taverner thrust her needle through the canvas and left it. She walked over to the window and stood looking fixedly at nothing in particular. People said that Sir James' young and beautiful wife was being bored to death in this quiet country place to which he had brought her from the full whirl and bustle of the Court in London—the Court of “good Queen Bess.” The wenches in the kitchen talked it over, commiserating the poor little Lady snatched from the delights of town life and doomed to pine away in a place

where even the Fair was held only once a year.

Kitty, a wide-awake maiden, whose eyes missed nothing, and whose tongue published the results of their observations with equal efficiency, noted how My Lady refused to take comfort from the fine words delivered by the minister at Morning Prayer, to which she accompanied her honored lord every Sunday morning. Kitty herself found church-going a welcome diversion. But My Lady sat like a statue, her exquisite features as though carved in stone. A cold and scornful little Lady, although she could look so very different when she was giving alms to the beggars in the courtyard, or feeding them in her own room, which Kitty had known to happen more than once.

MY Lady had set her face against the one diversion which a country life offered. Hunting was her husband's favorite pastime, but his Lady turned from the sport of killing with loathing. They were hunting men in England in those days—recusant priests who went about the country in disguise, saying Mass secretly in the houses of the gentry who remained true to the old religion. Once Anne Taverner had been present at the taking of a priest, and since then she had turned at the sight of a fox being dug out of the earth or of a spent hare overtaken by the hounds. So, whilst Sir James went a-hunting, she stayed at home and dreamt of the days gone by. That was her occupation, she had once told Kitty when the latter found her gazing through the window at the gray ruin of the monastery whose revenues were now her husband's.

Kitty, who would have given ten years of her life for a glimpse of Gloriana's Court, pictured the visions of the past in her Lady's mind. My Lady had given her descriptions of the great balls and banquets, and of the amazing jewels that the Queen wore. Little Lady Taverner, it would seem, took a great delight in jewels. She described them to the maid. Once she had taken her own gems out of the great oak chest and shown them to Kitty. The wonder of them! Kitty also loved jewels and her mistress was glad to give her pleasure.

Then My Lady had once told her how she had danced with the Queen's favorite poet. And then she had added that she had also met another poet who was said to be as much a poet as Mr. William Shakespeare himself, and his poetry had been indeed wonderful, but he had also been a priest, and so they had put him to death.

“That were waste of a poet,” Kitty had observed, and her Lady had smiled a sad smile, and answered: “Those of the old Faith thought that it were waste of a priest.”

THE pedlar was a somewhat slow walker. He took some little time to cover the half-mile that lay between him and the big new house where he hoped to dispose of some of his wares. He had heard speak of Lady Taverner. She was a good lady, charitable to the poor. Her father had been a rich land-owner, but he had clung to the ancient religion and now he was practically penniless. His daughter had made a good match, and a safe one, so he had heard it put. Sir James Taverner was not

likely to squander away his fortune in fines for non-attendance at church. At the present moment he was away from home on a visit to the Magistrate who had the taking of recusants in hand. The Lady would be alone. So much the better for the pedlar with wares to dispose of.

ANNE TAVERNER continued looking at nothing through the diamond-paned window until something intruded itself on her view and forced her to focus her eye on things seen. She had been preoccupied by the thought that her husband's business might not be as he had stated, a question of leaseholds and dues, but that he might be taking a part in the hunting of a human hare. A prisoner had made his escape from the county gaol—a priest. He had escaped by means of a rope from an upper window, and when the rope was discovered it was found to be stained with blood, showing that the escaping man had rasped his hands in climbing down. This had offered a clue to the pursuers, a means of identification of suspects. It was a hideous game, this chasing of men whose only crime was their religion.

The figure approaching on the path outside was that of a pedlar. These traveling merchants came ever and anon to offer their wares, and Anne seldom failed to patronize them, for they had a hard life, for the most part. A couple of minutes later Kitty arrived at the parlor door, flushed and excited. There was a huckster at the door who had, he declared, some right fine wares to show My Lady.

Anne could not forbear smiling at the eagerness of the other. Kitty really believed that the contents of a huckster's pack could serve to bring her mistress consolation, alleviate her exile from the Court of Gloriana! Drive the demon of desolation from her soul!

"Bring him hither," she told the maid, and in a few moments the pedlar was standing before her.

Lady Taverner ran her eye swiftly over the shabby figure. It rested for a fraction of a second on the man's hands, which were bandaged. She glanced at his face. It was a very pleasant one. The eyes were kindly and frank in their expression. Hers dropped before them.

There was a large oak table in the room. The pedlar began rapidly to spread his wares out on it. They were the usual kind. Ribbons, laces, beads. Tawdry ornaments of glass and tinsel, as well as useful articles of various kinds. Kitty would fain have lingered to get a better view of them, but her mistress had noted that the pedlar, as he spread his wares on the table, had leant forward to support himself on the latter, as though overtaken by weakness.

"Go," she said to the maid, "and fetch some meat and wine. Our friend here will be glad of something to eat and drink."

Kitty vanished, and Anne turned to the pedlar. His wares lay on the table. Tawdry trinkets made of colored glass

with brass settings met her eye. These would delight the wenches in the kitchen. How proud Kitty would be to fasten her cloak with the big pearl brooch. Poor little Kitty, she loved glamor and glitter, and little of it came into her life. Anne Taverner was not for blaming her. She also had loved glamor and glitter, and things as worthless as the pedlar's gawds.

Suddenly the figure of the pedlar swayed. Anne caught hold of him and pushed him gently into the high-backed oak chair which was set at the table. His head fell backward. He had gone off into a dead faint. Anne glanced hastily round. There was a pitcher of water near at hand, but no drinking vessel. She must find one. The pedlar's sack from which he had taken his wares lay on the ground at his feet where it had slipped from his hand. She tripped on it and stooping picked it up. There was still something inside. Her hand encountered something that had the shape of a goblet—the very thing she was in need of. She thrust her hand inside and drew it half out.

Anne Taverner had become deadly pale, paler than the unconscious man in the chair. She had hold of a worn velvet bag, at the contents of which she had taken one hurried glance. She let go of it as though a snake had bitten her. But she—she who had dared to touch it was the snake. It would have been sacrilege for any unconsecrated hand to touch that Cup, and hers were worse than unconsecrated! There was something oblong, something like a slab of stone—in the sack as well. The pedlar had kept these wares to himself. She thrust the bag with its contents back into the sack just as the fainting man opened his eyes.

"What have I been doing?" he asked. They were not the tones of an ordinary huckster.

"You had fainted away for want of food, or, perhaps, from fatigue," his hostess said. "Pray sit quietly until my maid brings you some food and wine."

He thanked her very gracefully. He had not yet remembered that the way in which pedlars usually express themselves was best suited to the occasion.

Kitty reappeared, carrying a tray which she set down on the table. She cast another glance over the contents of the pedlar's sack, but her mistress did not encourage her to linger.

THE latter set the dishes herself before the guest. There was a goblet full of wine, and bread and meat. The chair which he was sitting in was close up to the table. Lady Taverner invited him to fall to after he had refreshed himself with a draught of wine.

"I see you have hurt your hands," she remarked. "Was it the pain that made you faint?"

He smiled and made light of the idea. "It's nothing," he said. "I've only scraped the skin off a bit, tugging at a rope."

"Was it a bell-rope?" she asked. "There was a lad here who fancied to ring the church bell, and it lifted him up into the air, and he had need to cling to it until the skin came off his hands. They sent him to me and I put an ointment on them that soon healed them."

The visitor shook his head.

"It was not a church-bell rope," he said. "I leave the ringing of church bells to other folk."

"There is need of them these days," his hostess said, "for folk do not go too readily to church."

The other smiled, grimly.

"The bell calls them," he said, "and the Law gives them a push."

ANNE knew that he was alluding to the present law of the land which fined the recusant papist, who refused to attend Protestant worship in his parish church no less than twenty pounds a month. She was seated at the table opposite to him. Her elbow was on the board and her chin rested in her hand. The gawds and finery lay on the table in front of her. She cast her eye over them.

"Is this all that you had in your pack?" she asked. "Is there nothing left that you have not shown me?"

She sat watching his face intently.

"Nothing that My Lady would wish to purchase," he replied. She glanced at the bandages on his hands.

"I will dress the wounds in your hands for you before you go," she said. "My ointment would soon make them heal and you would not need to have bandages at all."

By way of answer he, with a swift movement, stripped the wrappings off.

"See," he said, "there is very little the matter."

He was holding them up, palms outward, towards her. The long, thin fingers were slightly bent. They hovered for a moment over the cup of wine and the dish that held the bread.

The gesture was reminiscent. It might have been the Supper in the upper room, and she?—she the disciple who had denied her Lord! Yes, she had denied Him, but so far she had not betrayed Him.

The man whose merchandise lay glittering on the table was watching her. She sat there, her elbows on the table and her head lowered on her clasped hands.

She looked up and spoke in a new tone.

"There is that in your pack," she said, "that is of more value than aught that lies here. You have shown me these baubles—have you nought else for me to see? Something real?"

He accepted the challenge.

"That which I have here is very costly," he said. "There are few who care to pay the price."

She glanced at the bag lying on the table, near the bread and wine.

"Are you not afraid?" she said, "lest



your pack be stolen from you and you lose your merchandise?"

They were facing each other, each reading with keen intensesness the expression on the other's face.

"Even in such a case," he told her, "I should still have merchandise. I should still carry in my hands a pearl. I do not go empty-handed."

"I know," she said, after a pause, "that which you carry in your hands is indeed a pearl of great price." She bowed her head—"A price which I could never pay."

"Yet it is worth more than all the rest put together," he reminded her.

They were both looking at the merchandise spread out on the table. They both smiled. The trinkets and finery spoke in a parable of the Court of Gloriana, of the broad acres and finely furnished mansion—of all that wealth can buy.

"My husband would never pay twenty pounds a month for me," she said. "He would let me go to prison rather. I have no money of my own. My father has already paid away his substance in fines."

"Make the pearl yours and then trust to Heaven," he told her. She sat there thinking. Then she rose from her seat.

"Walls sometimes have ears," she said, and went hastily over to the door and opened it. "The serving wench is not without curiosity," she remarked, as she returned. "I had half expected to find her there at the key-hole."

Then she went down onto her knees.

"Father" she said, humbly, "give me this pearl of great price."

\* \* \* \* \*

MY Lady had made quite a large selection of goods from the pedlar's pack. They were set out on the table in the oak parlor, and Kitty had been invited to inspect them and take her choice of what pleased her most; the other serving-maids could have the remainder. My Lady Taverner was far too grand a lady to care about anything that a common pedlar might seek to tempt her with. She was used to the goldsmiths of Cheapside!

It was whilst Kitty was engaged in this enthralling occupation that the sound of riders was heard in the avenue. Anne looked up uneasily.

"Can it be Sir James back?" she said.

"Nay, 'tis a stranger." Kitty had run across to the window.

"'Tis Sir Jasper Plowbotham, and he has his men with him." She named the officer who acted as pursuivant in that district. The man whose business it was to hunt out the recusant priests.

Sir Jasper was a staunch adherent of the new religion. He had long entertained certain suspicions of Sir James Taverner's wife. She came of a recusant family, and although she had "conformed" she still might cherish a lurking sympathy with the fugitive priests. At the present moment he was following a clue in the search for a

popish priest who had escaped from prison by means of letting himself down by a rope. It had been reported that a pedlar had been seen on the road with both his hands tied up in rags. It was quite a well-known trick for a priest to disguise himself as a pedlar, and there were always friends at hand to supply such a one with a stock-in-trade. It was a clue well worth following. The pedlar had been last seen going in the direction of Sir James' Taverner's house, and that not so long since. It

features," the lady replied. Her tone was cold. She was obviously ill at ease.

"A man of fair complexion?" the other suggested. He mistrusted the lady and hoped to catch her.

"Conceivably, when his face was washed," she replied. "That was dark enough."

The interrogator turned his attention to the maid standing by.

"Did you see this fellow?" he asked her.

"Aye," was the ready reply. Kitty ap-



THE FIGURE APPROACHING ON THE PATH OUTSIDE WAS THAT OF A PEDLAR

would save trouble to identify him first before pursuing the scent. Lady Taverner and her maids could be interviewed with great advantage.

The pedlar's wares were still spread out on the table when Sir Jasper was shown into the oak parlor. Yes, a pedlar had certainly called, and there were her purchases. Lady Taverner waved her hand towards them with a smile. Rather a scornful smile.

"Did you mark his appearance?" the pursuivant enquired.

"I marked his goods rather than his

peared to be more than ready to be questioned, to make up for her mistress' reluctance. "'Twas I that opened the door to him."

"And you were present," the minion of the Law suggested, "when My Lady Taverner did business with this fellow."

Kitty hesitated.

"I was and I wasn't," she said. She averted her eye from her mistress' gaze. "I wasn't there, but I heard what they said for I was listening at the hatch over yon."

Anne Taverner held herself rigid. She

was conscious of a sickening faintness. She prayed inwardly, not daring to move her lips.

And it was Kitty who was about to betray her. She had been fond of Kitty, with all her faults. But it was not for herself that she prayed. It was for the safety of the man who had brought her salvation.

"Ah," Sir Jasper said, "then doubtless you overheard something that My Lady may not, mayhap, have meant for your ears?"

The kitchen wench complacently nodded her head.

"I heard some deal," she said.

"And now I am going to put you on your oath to tell me what you heard," the pursuivant said. "You understand what an oath means?"

Kitty nodded again. Then, the oath having been administered, she made another movement of her head which would be better described as a wag.

"That was no ordinary huckster," she said. "He was a mighty cunning fellow. Marry, he was a clever rogue. He had precious things in his pack as well as the trash yonder—that were but a blind that was meant to put off the thieves. And—marry, he was a cunning fellow!—he had one precious jewel that he carried in his hands that were tied up in rags. A fine place of concealment that was. He was for getting My Lady to buy it, but she liked not the price at first. He was for getting her to pay for it month by month, as the Jews do—methinks he must have been a Jew—but she said that her good lord would not agree, and she had no money of her own. 'If I take the jewel,' quoth she, 'and then I cannot pay the price I shall be cast into prison,' quoth she."

The cautious pursuivant had puckered his brow.

"Is this tale true?" he demanded of the listening Lady.

She bowed her head, with heightened color.

"It is," she said.

Kitty continued.

"But he did persuade her to buy it in the end," she said, "for, although I listened no more after that, when he went away I did notice that his hands were no longer tied up. Oh, marry! He was a clever fellow!"

**S**IR JASPER had come up against the unexpected. It was an awkward position. Sir James Taverner was an acquaintance of his, and he had put his wife into an embarrassing position to no purpose. Women loved jewelry, and Sir James' wife had been at the gay court of the divine Elizabeth.

Lady Taverner was regarding him with a scornful turn of her lip.

"You have shown much curiosity as to my trafficking with the huckster," she said to him. "I trust that you are satisfied."

Sir Jasper had caught sight of the pearl brooch lying amongst the baubles. He wondered if it were the costly one which the Jew had coaxed the lady into buying. Anne Taverner followed his eye. It would not do to smile. She must contradict the wild joy in her heart.

As for Sir Jasper, he made all haste to take his leave. At least he had got clear of a false scent. The suspicious pedlar's tied-up hands had been satisfactorily accounted for. No wonder he had been said to have been loath to exhibit his hurts to inquisitive folk! These Jewish merchants were indeed cunning fellows. The man was a rogue, but he was not a popish priest. He could go on wheedling foolish women out of their husband's money. The point was, he would not be saying Mass. The pedlar could go on his way unmolested.

\* \* \* \* \*

**L**ADY TAVERNER was eating her solitary meal at the same table where the pedlar had displayed his wares. She did not keep up any state during her husband's absence. Kitty was hovering in attendance. My Lady was in a silent mood. The former took it, not unnaturally, that she was not overpleased with the serving-maid who had confessed to eavesdropping, albeit that her evidence had served a useful end. The purchases made from the pedlar's pack had been sent out to be divided among the wenches in the kitchen, and there had been great joy and excitement over them. A lace collar for one, a blue ribbon for another, a skein of silk for a third. My Lady knew that maidens, even be they kitchen wenches, love such things.

Anne Taverner was thinking of her own purchases. The purchase for which she had still to pay the price. What would her husband say and do when she refused to accompany him to church on the following Sunday? He might allow her to be sent to gaol as an obstinate recusant. Or he might turn a popish spouse out of doors—repudiate her. Sir James had already tired of the wife whose reawakened soul had recoiled from the Court life in town—who had pleaded to be taken away from it?

A sense of loneliness crept over her. There would be no single one on her side. She must stand alone. The pedlar had gone on his way. Her heart was full of gratitude for that amazing escape from the very jaws of the pursuer. Naughty, eavesdropping Kitty had unwittingly served her well. It had been an untold honor to be allowed to anoint the hands already mystically anointed by Holy Church. And they had rested on her head after she had made her confession. That had been a mighty piece of trafficking!

**K**ITTY had set a fresh dish in front of her mistress, having removed the previous one practically untasted.

Suddenly Anne addressed her. Silence is not always politic.

"'Tis an evil habit," she said, "to be listening to other folk's conversation, but your naughtiness has served that poor pedlar in good stead. Elsewise he might have found himself in the pound."

Kitty cocked her tip-tilted nose in the air and gave it a little twitch.

"And 'twas all the truth—every word of it," she said, "for I indeed heard no more than that. I thought there was someone about and slipped off, and when I crept back later on—I peeped through a hole that I found in the hatch shutter, and I saw you; and you were on your knees; and I wouldn't have listened—no, not for all the gold in the world."

Her mistress was sitting gazing at her with wide eyes.

"No, not for all the world," Kitty repeated. "But when I first heard the pedlar talking I did get that idea that he was a rogue, and, so, when they started questioning me, methought that I might just pass it on to the gentleman that was being so mighty inquisitive. . . ."

The tears had come into Anne's wide-open eyes.

"You are very quick with your wits, Kitty," she said. She could not trust herself to say more.

The serving-maid grinned.

"They do tell me," she said, and there was a glint in her eyes, "that it was not yestreen that I was born."

Her mistress, by way of answer, threw her arms round the other's neck and, laying her head on her shoulder, wept.

\* \* \* \* \*

**T**HE pedlar was taking an evening meal at a friendly inn. It is sometimes safer to put up at an inn than in the houses of the gentry when the hounds are on the track of the hare. It was many years since the hare had escaped from gaol and eluded his pursuers, and since then he had done much trafficking, pursuing his trade with singular success.

The good wife of mine host welcomed the pedlar with more than usual heartiness. There was one stopping with her who had special need of his wares. A poor soul who lay dying upstairs. A lady of high degree who had fallen on bad times. She had with her a faithful companion who had one time been her maiden.

Upstairs in an attic the man with the pack found his client. She lay on a poor bed. A woman with sharp black eyes and a tip-tilted nose was seated at her side. There was little beauty left in the pinched and faded face of the woman lying there. The thin hands on the coverlet were hardened with toil. The pedlar was puzzled. The face was faintly familiar, yet he could not place it.

The dying woman noted the questioning look and came to his aid. She smiled, and whispered, softly:

"The Kingdom of Heaven is like . . . a pearl of great price."

# LURE of the ABYSS

No. 9 in *The Divine Tragedy* — by Daniel B. Pulsford

WE are told that, in the violent assault which the powers of evil made upon Our Lord, it was suggested to Him that He should throw Himself down from a pinnacle of the Temple. This would have been a direct tempting of Providence, a thing which, as Jesus pointed out, was forbidden.

There would seem to be darkly hinted at, also, in this particular temptation a form of what may be called spiritual vertigo. It is not difficult to imagine what might be the effect of looking down from such a height, seeing the city lying out beneath one as in a map, its thoroughfares running this way and that like so many tiny threads, and beholding in the Temple Courts small specks moving hither and thither as though they were so many ants, but representing, as a matter of fact, men and women. Such a spectacle produces in many a species of dizziness. The vast, empty space beneath seems gaping to swallow them up. The distant ground exercises a fatal attraction. Giddiness seizes them, and it is all they can do to prevent themselves giving way to this lure of the abyss and flinging themselves to the earth.

## Spiritual Vertigo

CORRESPONDING to this physical sensation there is a condition which may be not inaptly termed spiritual vertigo. The yawning chasms of misery exercise over certain minds a powerful fascination. A perverse element in human nature causes us to delight in unhappiness, to take pleasure in torturing ourselves, to crave self-destruction. One of Edgar Allan Poe's characters is made to say: "My visions were of shipwreck and famine; of death or captivity among barbarian hordes; of a lifetime dragged out in sorrow and tears upon some gray and desolate rock, in an ocean unapproachable and unknown." Speaking of what Ernest Hello calls "the passion for unhappiness," Johannes Jørgensen, the Danish poet and convert, says: "This passion lies at the root of many human lives. To them the thought of being happy seems insipid and sickly, like food that is too sugary. They aspire to bitter, proud, stiff-necked unhappiness."

It is a form of disease which causes men sometimes to maroon themselves from human society. They hug the desolation of solitude. Others again embrace poverty, for its own sake, enjoy going poorly clad and hungry, and choose for their associates those who are of a like condition. The suicidal mania shows that death itself can exercise fascination. The depths of the grave produce a vertigo which, in some cases, proves irresistible. But it is under the auspices of religion that one best sees the working

of this desire for self-inflicted suffering.

The assertion that Christianity introduced ascetic practices is sheer nonsense. Those who speak as though hermits and monks cast the gloom of morbid ideals over a society previously governed by a healthy enjoyment of life have never faced the facts reported by students who have explored the field of comparative religion. If they had they would know that fakirs, eremites, and fasting ascetics have appeared in all forms of paganism. Celibacy was no new thing when it was introduced into the Church. Voluntary poverty was known long before St. Anthony led his solitaries into the desert, there to subsist on a few dates or a little rice. The East has been particularly prolific in men of this type, and to the present day you may see in India those whose twisted limbs and unnatural attitudes witness to the craving for self-torture.

Christ's constant references to the doom which awaited Him, His preoccupation with the thought of death might lead the superficial to think that He was subject to the type of vertigo described. Was it some morbid strain in Him which made Him embrace the Cross? Was there an element of perversity in this notion that He had a rendezvous with death? A glance at the New Testament narrative is sufficient to reassure us. Not only have we, almost on the first page of this narrative, the story we have recalled in which He rejected the temptation to hurl Himself down from the Temple pinnacle, but there is ample evidence that He had a healthy love of life. We find Him beloved of little children and simple peasant folk. Hardy fishermen followed Him. Publicans and sinners crowded to hear Him.

## The Sympathetic Christ

THESE are not the types that throng about a monomaniac obsessed with the belief that wholesome enjoyment is wrong. That kind of person is not invited to marriage feasts as Jesus was. And if he goes He does not contribute to the merriment as Jesus did by supplementing the supply of wine. There is nothing of the sour Puritan in the homely parables He told, reflecting sympathetically, as they did, the many phases of domestic, social and commercial life as it went on about Him in the crowded region of northern Palestine. Despite the habit of keeping lonely vigils, for the purpose of prayer, among the unfrequented hills, He showed Himself a lover of human society. He could be drawn from those retreats by the importunateness of the multitude seeking Him. He had His Own chosen friends in whose company He could feel at home.

In His Agony in the Garden He craved the fellowship of His intimates. The tears He shed are evidence of the depth to which His roots had gone down into the soil of this earth and of the suffering it cost to pull them up. It was no stoical philosopher or fierce fanatic who trod the sorrowful way to Calvary but a veritable son of man clinging instinctively to life. "Not My will but Thine be done" was not the cry of one infatuated with the prospect of casting off this mortal coil.

## His Cue From God

HE would not throw Himself down from the Temple because that would have been taking the initiative into His Own hands. Providence was not to be prematurely forced to act on His behalf. He must, speaking in human fashion, take His cue from God, and, until that cue was given, action would be but a hasty and impatient forestalling of the Divine intent. His absorbing passion was to do the will of the Father. He found His life, His blessedness in obedience. That obedience was not a forced or grudging one. It was not servile or mechanical.

His whole being responded to what He knew to be the Divine purpose. Because He loved God He rejoiced in acts of self-renunciation. The renunciation was not for its own sake, nor was it a gesture of contempt for the world. Not hatred of the things given up, but love of the Father was its motive. It was, therefore, positive rather than negative. And this marks its essential difference from that type of asceticism which is prompted by a peevish spite against the good things of this world or against self. In short, the Cross is not an end in itself, but is the offering which love makes to the Supreme Lover.

Asceticism is not a Christian invention, as modern pagans would have us believe. It is a common human instinct. What Christianity did was to give a right direction to what else had been meaningless self-destruction. The capacity to suffer voluntarily, which is one of our endowments, is dedicated to God. Where pride had been the impelling force, it substituted the humility of the faithful servant. Where had been hatred of self and the world, it found its inspiration in love of God. Where, as in the case of the Pharisees whose ostentatious fasting Our Lord condemned, it looked for its reward to the admiration and applause of men; asceticism, in its Christian form, was simple and sincere, offering its oblation on the secret altar of the heart.

These non-Christian types of asceticism at times may inflict more terrible forms of suffering than the Saint permits himself,



because they are fanatical whereas the follower of Christ must consult reason and prudence. However flaming be the desire for self-immolation, Christian devotion is not allowed to fling away its possessions in the reckless lust of privation which characterizes others. He Whom it serves is Wisdom Itself, and therefore He must be served wisely. Superstition delights to throw aside all restraints, including those of reason. Its passion is a disordered one. This was the lesson which Jacopone da Todi, the Franciscan poet, had to learn. He had written:

"O Love most gentle, look upon my pain,  
How can I suffer all Thy dreadful heat?  
All crazed I am, close fettered by Love's  
chain,  
I know not what I say, nor Whom I greet:  
Fevered, amazed, to wander I am fain,  
In anguish oft, and dragging weary feet;  
I have no strength to meet  
This torment's tide;  
My heart is dried,  
And like an empty glove."

But he represents Christ as replying to this outburst of unregulated devotion:

"Order this love, O thou who lovest Me,  
For without order virtue comes to naught;  
And since thou seekest Me so ardently,  
—That virtue may be ruler in thy thought  
And in thy love—summon that charity  
Whose fervors are by gentle Order taught."

We read of St. Francis of Assisi compelling a brother who had been fasting too severely to eat meat, setting the example by doing so himself. And that sane English mystic, Richard Rolle, counsels his readers against lack of moderation in abstinence. "If thou dost leave many meats that men have, not despising the meat that God has made for man's help but because thou hast no need thereof, thou dost well; if thou seest that thou art stalwart to serve God and that it breaks not thy stomach. For if thou hast broken it with overmuch abstinence thou art bereft of appetite for meat, and thou shalt often be in distress, as if thou wert ready to give up the ghost. And know well, thou hast sinned in that deed. And thou mayest not soon know whether thy abstinence be against thee or with thee."

### A Reasonable Service

THIS makes it evident that there are limits which the excessive desire for self-immolation must respect. The sacrifice which we are to render to God is, in St. Paul's fine phrase, "a reasonable service." Many things have to be taken into consideration besides our willingness to suffer for God—our human frailty which may break down under the strain, the duties which we owe our fellow-men which might be interfered with if we carried our asceticism to lengths, and the question whether by excess and singularity we may not inflame spiritual pride.

The true Christian saint, governed in his abstinences by charity and reason, is distinguishable from other ascetics by his

cheerfulness. There is about him none of that dourness which we associate with the word Puritan. We note in him neither the haughty pride of the Pharisee nor the sourness of the misanthrope. Nor does he display the coldness of the stoic. A generous warmth, a holy joy, a humble love of service make him the most attractive type in the whole range of our varied humanity.

### The Patient Christ

THIS ideal has its source in Christ Himself, from Whom it is derived. Clear and definite as was His vocation to suffer, He showed no mad impetuosity in rushing upon the Cross. Divine Reason guides His every step. He came to do God's will and, therefore, He abode God's time. The sin of presumption is as far from Him as the sin of slackness. His advance towards the trysting place with Death is one of steady progress. He is never hurried. The day's work is done calmly. He sleeps soundly, and has time to feast with wayside hosts who, like Zaccheus, invite Him to turn aside for a meal.

His discourse is marked by what one writer has aptly called "sweet reasonableness," a curious characteristic for One Who knew that, in a short while, He must suffer a horrible death. Altogether lacking in His talk is the breathless haste and panting incoherence of the fanatic. His serenity chides our fevered modern ways. We are more excited over a market deal or a sporting event than He was over His Own death as the Redeemer of the world. Who would think from the large leisure with which He sits by the well to talk to the Woman of Samaria that He knew Himself fated shortly to play the chief part in the world's supreme crisis?

This "unperturbed pace, deliberate speed, majestic instancy," is so marked as to be deceptive. It seems scarcely consistent with the frequency of His reminders that He was bound for Jerusalem, there to suffer crucifixion. Our natural impulse asks, "Why does He not proceed by a less devious course and get it over?" If it is so inevitable, and if He has no shrinking fear to retard His steps, why the gradualness of this approach?

Were we not familiar with the story, His patience would weary us. Like the readers of exciting novels, we should want to hurry on to the crisis so clearly foretold. The river, as it nears the cascade, quickens its movement. But this Stream, though the roar of Golgotha's Niagara is in its ears, shows the same deliberateness as of old. For centuries the Day now so near has been foretold. Generation after generation of Jewish prophets have strained to see its crimson dawn, yet the culmination of all this expectancy impresses us with the Master's complete mastery of the situation and with His refusal to be hurried in His steady purpose.

For a solution of the problem we must look back to the incident in the Temptation from which we started. The fact that

Jesus rejected the suggestion to throw Himself down does not contradict the fact that He sought the Cross, but only tells us why He sought it. It was because it lay within the plan of God that He made it His goal. "He humbled Himself, becoming obedient unto death: even to the death of the Cross," says St. Paul. We have to realize that He overcame both the temptation to lag behind the Divine will and the temptation to run ahead of it.

Obedience has to avoid both extremes. Sin is to be found in excess of zeal no less than in delay. The world has suffered not only from a lethargic conservatism but also from the precipitancy of its would-be reformers. Many a battle for Truth has been lost because its champion has not waited for his reserves to come up but has flung himself with gallant but unwise bravado upon the foe. Life is like dramatic art in one respect. The playwright must lead up to his climax by carefully studied steps. The actors, so to speak, must not rush on to the stage before the scene has been set. The fitting background must be arranged, the characters marshaled in due order. The culminating event must seem to issue from the concatenation of circumstance which has made up the story as something inevitable.

An ending that is forced is bad art. And so it is in life. The really decisive events in history are growths. They seem to spring from a silent conspiracy of many agents working towards one overwhelming finale. To the impatient the advent of the Great Man or the performance of the Great Deed will seem always over-due. Anticipation has grown stale in waiting for the fulfilment of hopes. Yet a backward glance at the accomplished fact will reveal how timely Providence has been. A little later or a little sooner and the enterprise would have been ruined.

### The Proper Time

THIS applies in a supreme way to the Death of Jesus Christ. It was "in the fulness of time" that He accomplished our redemption. There is a depth of historical significance in that phrase which has not been explored. We shall have to see in some detail in future articles how *punctual* was Our Lord in keeping His appointment with Death. And the more clearly we see this the more shall we be convinced that His whole life was ordered to this end.

The novelist whose plot displays in its climax the unity of the story gives evidence that the final chapter has been no improvisation but was foreseen by the writer from the beginning. It is this kind of impression which the Gospel narrative, properly studied, makes upon us. Its dramatic unity, centering in the Cross, is an irrefutable argument that He Whose life it tells and Who, from day to day, worked out His pre-appointed course both foresaw and deliberately advanced towards that Hill which was the outstanding landmark of His career.

# RAVENNA AND CLASSIS

## *The Second of Three Papers on the Third International Congress of Christian Archaeology*

By Gabriel Francis Powers

THERE are two churches dedicated to S. Apollinare in Ravenna, or rather one in Ravenna and one at the old port of Classe. The latter is the more important, or used to be, for the newer received the inheritance of the older one and then surpassed it in brilliancy. But the ancient, historic episcopal see began at Classe.

If there was a see at all, and if Christianity flourished on these shores in the first century of our era, it was due to S. Apollinare. According to tradition he was ordained by St. Peter in Rome and sent by him to Ravenna where he labored much in the Gospel; and where, says the Roman Martyrology, at length "having endured with patience various and multiplied sufferings for the faith of Christ," he "completed his glorious martyrdom under Vespasian Cæsar" on July 23.

It was over his tomb that the basilica was built in the sixth century; but, judging by what occurred in every case of a martyr's tomb in Rome, we venture to assert with confidence that an underground decorated crypt, or an overground church, had already seen for centuries the veneration of that same tomb. And how much more in the case of an apostle and founder of a Christian community! "To his preaching, and to the seed of his blood, Ravenna owes her faith in Christ," is engraved upon the altar at the center of the edifice, perhaps the memorial of his first resting place.

We have mentioned already how, in the eighth or ninth century, the title and relics were removed to S. Apollinare Nuovo in the city, and the great basilica stands now in the midst of the wide and rather desolate plain, colossally lonely and sad. It is no longer officiated in, and what is a church or an altar without the Holy Sacrifice and without the Abiding Presence?

THE city had placed a special train at the service of the Congress for the four-mile run, and as we alighted at the little station of Classe, we heard the bells in the great round tower of S. Apollinare, storming in welcome. All the peasants of the neighborhood had come from their homes and fields to see the visitors pass, and the men stood bareheaded with that instinctive courtesy of the Italians of all classes, and the powerful white oxen turned their patient heads to gaze, too, from beneath the yoke, where the wagons were drawn up

along the road's edge. Six hundred strangers passing by together and speaking all languages.

It was Monsignor Mesini, a noted scholar of Ravenna and ardent lover of its monuments, who illustrated S. Apollinare for us, and he mentioned first the debt which he and all men born upon these shores owe to the great martyr and bishop. The actual basilica was erected by Archbishop Ursicinus (535-538) under the direction of Julianus Argentarius, who also built S. Vitale, and it was consecrated in 549, two years later than the latter, by Archbishop Maximianus, the friend of Justinian. In plan it is true to the Roman type, nave and side aisles, twenty-four columns of Peronese marble, a raised presbytery, and semi-circular apse. The proportions are extremely spacious.

THE color is all in the mosaics, which are of the sixth and seventh centuries, and represent in the concave of the apse a large Cross towering in the midst of a sky of blue scattered with gold stars, and the Transfiguration of Our Lord, with Moses and Elias at His sides. Beneath that, one vast composition occupies all the rest of the space. At the center S. Apollinare stands in prayer with arms extended. Over the white tunic he wears a purple chasuble and the pallium marked with black crosses. Six lambs advance at each side of him, with plants of lilies growing between one and the other, and a landscape of green-sward and trees spread behind them.

S. Apollinare has an interesting crypt, but as it is almost always flooded by infiltrations of water we were not able to see it. This basilica, which is the largest of the Ravenna churches, was formerly rich in precious marbles, but Sigismund Malatesta carried off most of them to adorn his famous temple in Rimini. A curious inscription upon the left wall recalls that here St. Romuald received the Emperor Otto III to penance (1001). In fact his monks officiated in the church for several centuries, and it was probably from here that the Camaldolese community moved into the city with their magnificent Bibliotheca Classensis.

As we left S. Apollinare, we found a wagon at the door from which young men and girls were distributing the fine grapes of the countryside to the Congressisti. Each

person received the gift of a generous bagful of fruit inscribed with the "Compliments of the Fascist Agricultural Association," and all agreed that it was impossible to surpass Italy in the delicacy of courteous attentions.

Another morning of delight was spent at S. Apollinare Nuovo, which an air bomb partly shattered in 1916, but which has been admirably restored. Fortunately the precious mosaics upon gold ground were scarcely touched. This church also has the ancient basilica form, apse, nave and aisles, and was erected by Theodoric the Goth, who then reigned in Ravenna, soon after the year 500.

Although an Arian, Theodoric dedicated his basilica to Christ Our Savior; but the Catholic Faith being again in the ascendent with the advent of the Byzantine power, the Archbishop S. Agnellus consecrated the building in A.D. 560, changing its name to S. Martin's of the Golden Sky. With the downfall of Classis, the port of Augustus from which the sea had receded and which successive barbaric invasions wrecked, the early Christian basilica of S. Apollinare in Classe was abandoned and the title itself passed in the eighth century to the beautiful "Church of the Golden Sky" which thus became S. Apollinare Nuovo.

The mosaics of the apse and ceiling disappeared long since, replaced by modern stucco work, but the two long side-walls of the nave resplend with gold and color, and one can imagine what the splendor of the edifice must have been when every part of it shone with equal luster. Those two long walls of S. Apollinare are dreams of beauty, fascinating the beholder. Each is divided horizontally into three portions; in the upper, lesser space the Miracles and the Passion of Our Lord Jesus Christ are represented in a series of mosaic pictures of great value, unfortunately too high up to be seen well; but, as far as we know, these representations of the Passion are among the very earliest, and perhaps, as a consecutive monumental series, quite the first.

BENEATH the small mosaics, the clerestory windows open, with tall figures of Prophets and Apostles standing in the inter-spaces, and at length, in the lowest band, the designer has done away with all troublesome limitations, and has flung one long picture continuously from end to end



TOMB OF THEODORIC THE GOTH. HE DIED IN RAVENNA, A.D. 526. THE TOMB IS A CLUMSY IMITATION OF THE CLASSIC ROMAN SEPULCHRES

of the unfolding space. There is a charm about these rhythmic processions of figures that makes it difficult to weary of them. On one side a solemn march of men, martyrs and saints, all clothed in white, advances toward the enthroned figure of Our Redeemer, Who sits purple-robed between four standing angels. The earth is green beneath their feet, with small fair flowers of different colors decking the grass.

AS it is St. Martin who heads the line it is thought that Agnellus altered the mosaics of Theodoric, perhaps removing subjects that were not in keeping with the Catholic Faith. But they are, at all events, of the sixth century. The mosaics of the Passion on this same right wall are certainly of the time of Theodoric, and were executed by artists summoned from Rome.

On the clerestory wall to the left, a long line of virgins advances toward the throne of the Mother of God, and the whole wall shines with the pure white of their veils, the delicate hue of their garments, the gold of necklaces, filletting and ornaments. An exquisite group at the head of the line, which includes Cecilia, Agnes with the lamb, Lucy, Agatha, and many more, represents Our Lady enthroned with the Divine Infant on her knee, and four majestic angels standing as guards around her.

Perhaps we have spent enough time and space upon our sight-seeing expeditions, and it becomes of importance to speak of at least a few of the most notable *Relazioni* made by the leading congressmen. And first one must speak a word of appreciation of our admirable Monsignor Kirsch who presided, never weary, always good-humored, thundering out from time to time his commanding: "SILENTIUM!" when the talking grew disturbing, but always with a twinkle in his eyes; and addressing the audience with complete ease in four different languages as the occasion required, besides Latin, which however, the ladies present audibly objected to!

ON the platform with him, Corrado Ricci, a general favorite, was constantly present but not always vocal, and the splendid old man and prelate Monsignor Francis Bulic, founder of the Congresses of Christian Archaeology, who had come all the way from Jugoslavia, in spite of his eighty-seven years of age, to address the assembly.

It would be invidious to pick out one discourse rather than another for comment, when all were of such enormous value, but subjects that seemed to us of special importance for the general reader were the recent discoveries made at the

Catacomb of St. Sebastian in Rome, in relation to the one-time burial of the Apostles St. Peter and St. Paul, a monument that was described as "The pearl of the Via Appia."

FRA DAMIANO, a little Franciscan lay-brother of the Convent of St. Sebastian, who first privately began the excavations for his own satisfaction, and who courageously allowed himself to drop into the unknown when he found space beneath the *tufa* he had pierced, and who was present with us, received a warm round of applause when Enrico Iosi recalled that it was "owing to the Sardinian patience and tenacity of Fra Damiano" that the "traces of the Apostles" (*vestigia Apostolorum*) had been restored to us.

Father Antonio Bellucci, a Redemptorist, gave an exhaustive account of an early Christian place of burial, a vast catacomb for which he was searching and which he was fortunate enough to find recently, in Naples, beneath the church of S. Antonio a Tarsia and its adjacencies. The cemetery is well preserved, the tombs unopened, and many of the crypts are decorated with paintings of the first three centuries of the Church. The discoverer had followed a faint clue, given by ancient writers, and after long labors was able finally, taper in hand, to enter the underground passages which no human foot has trodden for over a thousand years. The work of exhumation is being diligently continued.

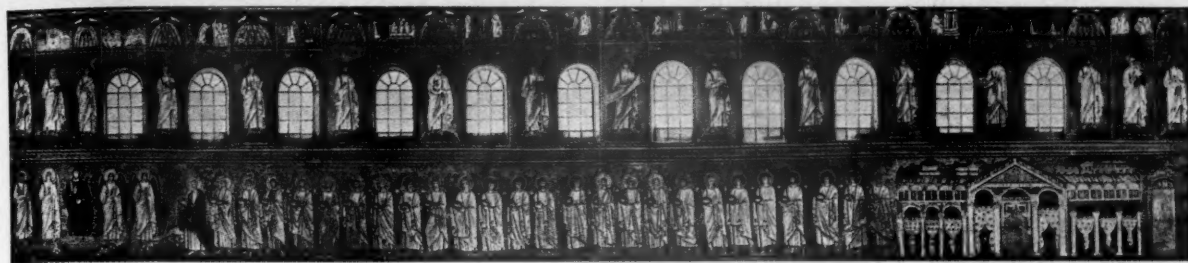
Also in the Naples territory, another absolutely phenomenal recovery has been made, and this was described for us, and followed with breathless interest by the audience, by the man who made it, Professor Amedeo Maiuri. He has actually identified with certainty the Grotto of the Sybil at Cuma, a place one was inclined to think more or less imaginary. In fact the Sybil herself seemed a somewhat legendary being. But Maiuri begged us to remember that, in the *Prose for the Dead*, the Church invokes the testimony of the Sybil, as she does that of David, for the final destruction of the world by fire: *Teste David cum Sybilla*.

These women prophetesses of past ages were held in the highest reverence, not only in the days of paganism, but the early Christians themselves appear to have be-



RENATO BARTOCCINI GATHERS A GROUP OF CONGRESSMEN IN THE CLOISTER OF S. VITALE. IN THE FOREGROUND MSGR. BÉLVEDERI AND ENRICO IOSI (LEANING AGAINST TREE). BETWEEN THEM FRA DAMIANO. TO THE RIGHT, IN WHITE, PROF. CLARK HOPKINS. AT THE CENTER, LOOKING TOWARDS CAMERA, MSGR. BULIC





CLERESTORY WALL (RIGHT SIDE OF CHURCH) IN S. APOLLINARE NUOVO. LONG LINE OF MARTYRS AND SAINTS HEADED BY ST. MARTIN, CARRYING THEIR CROWNS TO THE THRONE OF CHRIST. REPRESENTATION OF THE PALACE OF THEODORIC AT LOWER END. BETWEEN THE WINDOWS, PROPHETS AND APOSTLES. ABOVE, IN THIRTEEN SMALL SCENES, THE PASSION OF CHRIST. MOSAICS MADE BY ROMAN ARTISTS, ABOUT A. D. 500, FOR THEODORIC THE GOTH

lieved that they sometimes spoke by the Spirit of God. The Sybil of Cuma has been particularly celebrated by the Roman poets inasmuch as she is said to have presented to King Tarquin the Proud the Sybilline Books in which was written all that appertained to the ultimate destinies of Rome. But for the Christians she had another particular interest; she was said to have prophesied the coming of Our Redeemer and to have foretold clearly that He was to be born of a Virgin.

There was a medieval tradition that the Sybil had spoken with Augustus on the Capitol, and told him that there the First-born of God would descend. In relation with this is the altar in the church of S. Maria in Araceli, said to be of the time of Augustus, upon which is engraved: *Ara Primogeniti Dei*. Virgil alludes clearly to an oracle of the Sybil forecasting a new era of happiness and the coming of One Who is expected.

Trails of prophecy concerning the advent of a Savior are found in many religions and among many peoples, and a few refer to a virgin mother, but this prophecy of the Cuman seer was apparently so notable that the early Church recognized in it a testimony to the Divinity of Christ. And Maiuri confesses that when he found the grotto, he almost believed it had been in use as a place of Christian worship; though of course it is not certain that it was the Sybil who was venerated there.

That was his first impression, and may be correct. But it is also possible that the primitive Christians took advantage of the extreme secrecy of the spot, and of the awe in which it was held, to assemble there after it had been abandoned. Crosses engraved upon the wall, and the presence of an altar, leave no doubt as to the meetings of the faithful here.

WITH regard to the identification of the grotto, Maiuri brought forth convincing proofs. To begin with, the ruins of the city of Cuma, the oldest of the Greek colonies in Italy, dating back over a thousand years before the Christian era, are upon a hill overlooking the sea to the West. Other ruins of temples and tombs are scattered about the locality. The importance of Cuma as a center of civilization will be realized when it is remembered

that all the italic alphabets were derived from that of Cuma; and, with their culture, the religion of the Greeks spread over the peninsula.

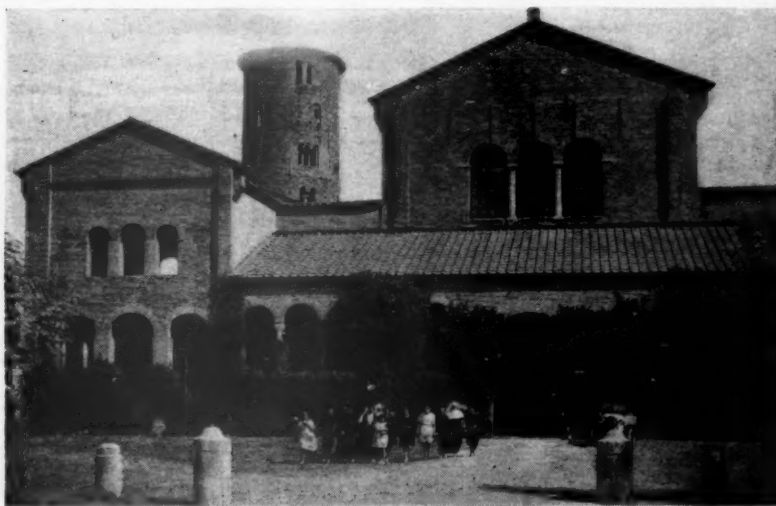
A GROTTTO in the vicinity of Lake Avernus, which emitted volcanic exhalations and was styled by the poets the entrance to the infernal regions, was named long ago the Grotto of the Sybil and so mentioned by guide-books. Maiuri has worked for long years on the problem. He was able first to clear a long gallery cut from end to end in the rock, a magnificent work which he attributes to military engineers, and which receives light at intervals from apertures looking to seaward.

The trapezoidal form of the excavation proves that it is of Greek origin: it is about eighteen feet high and twelve feet wide, and runs directly from north to south. About half way down the gallery, three small galleries start from it at right-angles, each one leading to a pool with channels for filling and emptying pierced through the living rock. Ancient writers state that the Sybil was wont to bathe in three different waters, a mystic rite of purification, before rendering her oracles, and here are three fountains.

One sees at a glance how these pools would serve a Christian community for the administration of Baptism. The long gallery terminates in a spacious crypt with three arched recesses, believed to be the grotto in which the Sybil dwelt, and in which the modern discoverer, to his amazement, found traces of Christian worship.

He recalled to us the words of Virgil that the cavern of the Sybil "lay along the edge of the hill," and further read the description of a Christian writer of the fourth century, the pseudo Justin, who visited the grotto of the Sybil and mentions the deep and fearful gallery, the three pools in which the prophetess bathed successively, and which he had seen, and the innermost cave in which she dwelt and rendered her oracles. The speaker concluded that for him the words of this eyewitness had been decisive, and he did not think the possibility of doubt remained.

THE Senator Paolo Orsi gave an interesting account of the discovery of several catacombs in Sicily, and expressed the opinion that probably many more lie still obscure beneath the soil. In fact, since one knows that in Apostolic days, or immediately after them, almost the whole



THE OLD S. APOLLINARE AT CLASSIS, AND ANTIQUE ROUND TOWER. THE CHURCH WAS ERECTED OVER THE TOMB OF S. APOLLINARE—APOSTLE AND MARTYR, AND FIRST BISHOP TO OCCUPY THE SEE OF RAVENNA

of Europe was evangelized, if not the whole of it, it is natural to conclude that these primitive Christian churches had their places of burial; and it is not improbable that, in spite of wars and devastations, their position underground protected them, and we may hope that in the course of time a goodly number of them may be exhumed.

De.Rossi in Rome set the example of searching diligently for these monuments of our predecessors in the Faith, and since his day, in fact in our own day, the circle of recoveries has widened enormously, and is continually increasing.

**F**OR Spain, it was a young priest professor of archæology, Don Eduard Junyent, who spoke of an open-air cemetery of the fourth century recently discovered near Tarragona, on the eastern coast. Hundreds of graves lie close together, many of them marked with crosses or early Christian symbols engraved upon them, and this vast field of the dead or "sleeping-place," *cameterium*, as the ancients called it, was sunk in complete and perfect preservation at only a few feet below the earth-level, which the passing of centuries had accumulated gradually over it.

The labor of clearing the large number of tombs without harming them is necessarily very slow, but there is a very great probability that if the excavators should pass afterwards to digging the under-soil to some depth, they would find subterranean galleries and crypts, for this is what occurred in almost every case in Rome: first an underground cemetery, then an over-ground cemeterial basilica, and finally, in the fourth century, an open-air burial area for the faithful around the precincts of the basilica. The discovery at Tarragona is a rare one, for the open air cemeteries were too much exposed, and have generally



STS. EULALIA, AGNES, AGATHA, PELAGIA AND JULIA IN THE LONG PROCESSION OF HOLY VIRGINS CARRYING THEIR CROWNS TO THE THRONE OF THE MOTHER OF GOD. MOSAIC ON GOLD GROUND. CLERESTORY WALL OF S. APOLLINARE NUOVO ON THE LEFT SIDE OF CHURCH. (SIXTH CENTURY)

perished in the onrush of invasions or by the destructive agency of time.

A most admirable and exhaustive treatment is that of Professor Joseph Sauer regarding recent discoveries in Germany, and particularly along the course of the Rhine. Here the finds have been mostly of ruins of early Christian churches, of primitive inscriptions, and of objects of gold and silver that offered Christian symbols or scenes from the New Testament. Enough to show that the Faith had penetrated, and that here, too, the feet had passed "of those who carry the Gospel."

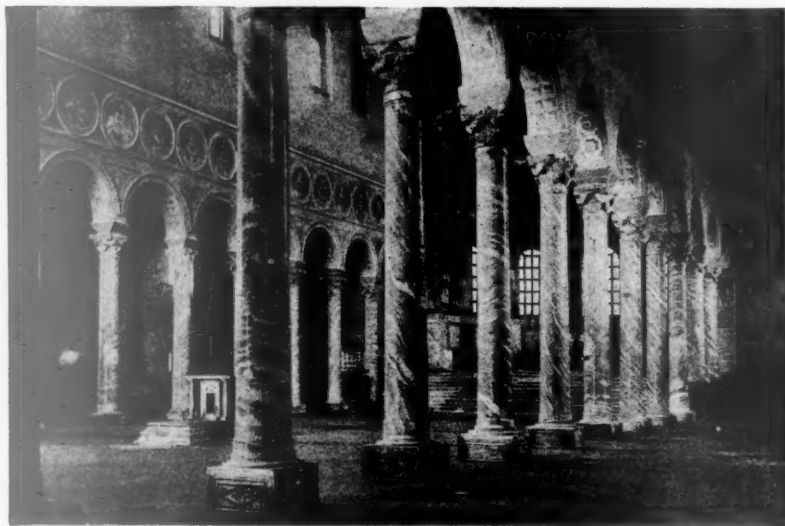
The same may be said for the interesting exposure of Prof. Nagy Lajos regarding Hungary, similar discoveries of traces of early Christian churches, and of inscriptions and works of art; and in his relation

it stands out with extraordinary distinctness—though the same is probably true also of Germany—that this early Christianity bears the stamp of Rome. Perhaps by the voice of missionaries, perhaps by the example and word of Christian soldiers in the Roman armies of conquest.

We were deeply impressed by the view on the screen of a metal vase or bowl worked in relief, apparently of the imperial era, on which Christian symbols and the figure of the Emperor holding the image of Rome or of a Victory in his hand are combined. This small bit of carving tells an ample and splendid story. The power of Rome, the art of Rome, conquest of peoples as yet uncivilized, and the Christ advancing in the midst of the victorious Roman legions. We remember once to have heard Rizzo of the University of Rome, a great scholar and historian, say in the course of one of his lectures: "The only satisfactory reason one can find for these Roman roads going everywhere, into the most distant parts, into every known continent, is that they were being made for the feet of those who were to carry the Gospel."

**M**ONSIGNOR BULIC bears the same witness for his own Yugoslavia, an eminently Christian, in fact early-Christian country, where the primitive monuments are so famous and where fresh discoveries add to the luster of the old. And these lands that lie along the sea's edge suggest a thought, namely, that—in the majority of cases—the infiltration of the new Faith occurred by means of the waterways, and the greater number of the original foundations were along the coasts.

Professor De Waele of Nymegen, actually attached to the American School of Athens, and relator at the Congress for Greece, displayed a chart of recent discoveries which would seem to prove this; for the ruins of



INTERIOR OF S. APOLLINARE IN CLASSIS. AT THE CENTER OF THE NAVE A SMALL ALTAR WITH "FENESTELLA CONFSSIONIS" OVER THE TOMB OF THE MARTYR BISHOP IN THE CRYPT. ST. ROMUALD USED TO SAY MASS AT THIS ALTAR

numerous early Christian churches are grouped mainly about the shore lines or at short distances from them. It is quite evident that this classic soil possessed many Christian communities from the earliest days.

Perhaps the preaching of St. Paul was not in vain, and when he left this scene of his labors the seed which he had cast with his hands had already pushed roots into the earth at many points. The islands, too, were visited and evangelized by him. From Macedonia and Achaia he went to Jerusalem for the last time, and then to Rome. Professor De Waele offered an apology at the end of his interesting conference, and it certainly was not necessary, but the form it took deserves to be remembered.

He excused himself for having ventured to speak on a subject which strictly speaking does not belong to his special field of study. "I am not a Christian archaeologist," he said, "I am a classic archaeologist. But I hope that need not prevent my being a servant and Knight of the King of Kings." The last words he spoke in Greek and it was a joy to hear them ring out in this public profession of faith of a young and very learned man. All the more remarkable in an enthusiast for Greek culture and art.

But De Waele is a strong and fearless Catholic and would laugh at the notion that classic studies are paganizing to the spirit. It must be owned that he himself gave general edification by not only attending but serving early Mass during the Congress, and by a happy and willing disposition to assist anybody who might be in need.

ST. PAUL passed from Greece to Syria, and we follow his example to mention one of the most remarkable lectures of the day, the account given by Professor Hopkins Clark of Yale University of an early Christian church recently discovered by him. It was a genuine pleasure to meet this fine young American, who is a distinguished archaeologist, and nevertheless modest in the midst of his achievements.

With complete ease and unconscious forcefulness he told the story of the excavations being made at Doura by the American Archaeological Commission in Syria, and of the surprise and interest with which he and his fellow-workers, at a point beneath the ancient city walls, saw the emerging of what they recognized at once as a place of Christian worship. It was well preserved, and consisted of a small sanctuary with its adjacencies, and of a much larger hall which was no doubt used for assemblies.

A number of paintings decorated the walls, some of them subjects from the Old and New Testaments, and as the lecturer placed admirable colored slides on the screen we were able to judge for ourselves of the rich and vibrant scheme of coloring of these long buried frescoes. One image of

paramount interest was a representation of the Blessed Virgin holding the Divine Child in front of her, the two figures of bust length and facing forward. This particular manner of depicting the holy group is known to archaeologists as the "imperial Madonna" or the *Maria Regina*, and the first instance of it occurs in the Cemetery of Majus in Rome in a catacomb painting that is attributed to the age of Constantine.

PROFESSOR HOPKINS found, not far from the sanctuary, an inscription with the consular data corresponding with A.D. 231, and he holds that, approximately, this may be regarded as the date of the exhumed church. Its date could not be set much later, as Doura was totally destroyed in A.D. 256. Here then we would have an imperial Madonna of the early third century, and it is particularly important that it should have been found in Syria; for if any portrait of Our Lady existed it would probably have been preserved in the East.

The mural painting of Doura is no doubt a copy of some famous original, but at all events it antedates by more than a century the basilica erected by Eudoxia in Constantinople, in which the Empress placed a picture of Our Lady which was in great veneration in the Holy Land, because it was believed to be a true likeness of the Mother of God.

The Madonna of Doura antedates by more than half a century the conversion of Constantine to the Christian Faith; and, though the earliest known Madonna still remains the Madonna of the Prophet, in the Catacomb of Priscilla in Rome, attributed to the reign of Trajan (96-116), this Syrian Madonna of the early third century is an epoch-making discovery,

for it witnesses to the public veneration of Our Lady in an early Christian sanctuary in the East—a land that was always devoted to Mary—and it seems to suggest that, already in 231, some image was held sacred there which perhaps reattaches itself to that ancient tradition of a would-be portrait of the Mother of Christ, of which it may have been a copy. The opinion of the discoverer is that the church formed part of a dwelling, with the larger hall across a court from it, and it would therefore have been one of those household churches, or *ecclesiae domesticae*, of the primitive ages, not an underground or cimerial place of assembly.

In Rome the Pontiffs were being laid, one after the other, martyrs, in the crypt of the Popes at the Catacomb of Callixtus, with the name and the title of their Bishopric in Greek upon each tombstone; but perhaps Syria, behind her sea, enjoyed days of quiet. Or in the interval of comparative peace while Alexander Severus reigned (222-235) or later, when Gallienus issued his edict in favor of the Christians (254-259), Doura was able to lift her head in the sun, and to cover the walls of her Christian church with glowing colors.

WITH the Madonna of Doura we take leave of our lecturers, although Professor Crowfoot of the British archaeological research in Palestine also gives an interesting account of an early Christian basilica unearthed near the seacoast, and of an image of Madonna venerated by angels, but space compels us to omit many of the *Relationes*, and we only mention, in passing, the entire group of excavations on the shores of North Africa, Algeria, Tunisia, Lybia, Cyrenaica, all proving that, wherever the Mediterranean sea carried a ship, the bearers of the Gospel had gone.

## The Altar of Repose

By Katherine Burton

STRAIGHT and tall stand the candles, guarding their Treasure,  
The roses shed their fragrance like incense over the altar;  
And high over head, commingled of hope and of sorrow,  
Go floating to God the prayers of the watchers who kneel there.

Only one Rose is folded among the sweet living masses;  
Only one Light is gone, and a whole wide world is darkened,  
Only one prayer is silent since last He knelt in the garden.

Rose of the world, unfold! Light of the world, be relumed!  
Prayers of faith, be woven into a carpet of flowers,  
Soft for the feet of One Who tomorrow shall walk here!



# NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

**BY POST TO THE APOSTLES.** By Helen Walker Homan. Minton, Balch & Company, New York. \$2.50.

We owe an immense debt to Mrs. Homan for giving us the opportunity to make her "best friends"—the Apostles—our friends, too. Readers of *THE SIGN* will be glad to possess in permanent form such of these Letters as have already appeared in its columns, and will be prepared to give a cordial welcome to those members of the Chosen Band who have not yet been introduced to them by the author.

The author tells us in her Preface that she had long suspected the Apostles (being in the first instance as human as you or I, though in the second instance holier than we can ever hope to be) "of sometimes growing awfully tired of their remote relegation to cold, distant pedestals"; so she determines to get in touch with their neglected humanity. At her invitation the Twelve step down from their pedestals, exchange their "stiff marble robes" for the freedom of their erstwhile tunics and, thus mixing in with us, become our intimate friends. And if, one by one, she reverently removes, for a brief space, their "gilt haloes," it is only to give them, surreptitiously, an extra shine, for when she puts them back again they glow with an added luster.

In her determination to remove the deplored distance between the Apostles and us, the author approached the Gospels with a new object in view and found that "read always before for their holiness, they revealed when read for their humanness a magnificent new proportion."

The author has succeeded in catching the human qualities of the Twelve in all their naïve frankness and has translated them into modern terms to bring them home. We suppose most of us in our Bible reading have at some time or other been conscious of critical thoughts—which we promptly buried. Mrs. Homan does not bury hers. On the contrary she

**ANY BOOK NOTICED HERE CAN BE BOUGHT FROM THE SIGN. ADD TEN PER CENT OF PRICE FOR POSTAGE**

brings them out into the open, apologizing to the Apostles in the most disarming fashion if she seems to point out some frailty, for our consolation and encouragement. But she does not let it go at that; she follows the fight to the finish, and we watch their greatest weakness become, through the grace of God, their greatest strength, and see the Apostle finally stand out in all the superb grandeur of his holiness.

The author writes with such naturalness, that it is only incidentally we discover how wide her field of research has been; she has been at immense pains to make her facts authentic, and where they have been taken from apocryphal sources she puts the matter up to the Apostles themselves.

Mrs. Homan combines lightness of touch with an amazing breadth of vision. She writes with a sense of humor that is irresistible; but she also plumbs the depths, and in her letter to St. Mark our heart grows chill as we share with her the poignant tragedy of Judas.

We sincerely hope that the author may continue to dedicate her gifts to the Catholic cause. We have all too many writers who, Catholic in name only, desecrate their talent to the exclusive and detailed portrayal of the pagan world. With increased knowledge comes, naturally, increased veneration; and as with regret we come to the end of the final letter, we discover that we have lighted an extra candle or two, in the shrine of our heart, to that most human, and *therefore* more glorious company, the Company of the Apostles!

**CHRISTENDOM IN DUBLIN.** By G. K. Chesterton. Sheed & Ward, New York. \$1.00.

One might describe this latest work of Mr. Chesterton as a record of the week of

the Dublin Eucharistic Congress; we prefer to call it a record of Timeless Truth, for the author makes us see not only the visible in a picture that his genius alone could paint, he also makes us see the Unseen.


As soon as Mr. Chesterton stepped off the boat at Dublin Harbor he found himself in the midst of a frenzy of enthusiasm and a riot of decoration. It was, he tells us, "as if flags were flames and all the houses had caught fire." But, "instead of the main stream of color flowing down the main streets of commerce, and overflowing into the crooked and neglected slums, it was exactly the other way; it was the slums that were the springs. *There* were the furnaces of color; *there* were the fountains of light; it was as if whatever hidden thing shone here and there in those passionate transparencies was shining in the darkest place; as if the dark heart of the town pumped forth that purple blood ending in a mere trickle along the highway. I know no other way of describing it; for I have never seen anything like it in my life."

But the people "were not rallying round any flag . . . they were rallying round something else"—a Person. All that seething mass were concentrated on one thing, to make the Congress a success for Him. The people possessed, the author tells us, that which would be the making of a Democracy, the thing the rulers of this world have long since given up all hope of inspiring—a General Will. As Mr. Chesterton graphically puts it, "A General Will walked about the streets of Dublin for a week."

The author has succeeded in doing what for long hours after that memorable Sunday Mass he despaired of: he has managed to convey to the world at large the astounding thing that happened in Phoenix Park, when a million heard Mass as one soul. The Mass was undoubtedly a feat of organization, but it was even more a feat of intention; so much so, that he doubts if any organization was needed, for every man, woman and child in the vast congregation had but a single Objective.

The author speaks of the event as an Achievement, an Act that could only be expressed, "in some sort of epic poetry which nobody now can write." We consider that Mr. Chesterton's account is itself an epic poem of unparalleled beauty—a thing apart, unique. We shall not mutilate it by partial quotation; everyone should read it entire. We have ceased to regret that we were not at the Congress last summer. We are there now.

*Christendom in Dublin*, with *By Post to the Apostles*, is the choice of the Catholic Book Club for March. It is also the first publication of Sheed and Ward in New York.



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**THE CATECHISM SIMPLY EXPLAINED.** By H. Canon Cafferata. B. Herder Book Company, St. Louis. 65c.

A lady of unusual mentality and culture desired some time ago to be instructed with a view to being received into the Church and went to a priest for that purpose. She, who is now an ardent Catholic, confessed with much amusement that at that time she was somewhat disappointed when her instructor opened a very small book and began to enlighten her on such questions as "Who made you?, etc.," just as if she were a child. Of course she realizes now the perfectly terrific importance of answering that and similar questions correctly and the vast system of philosophy and theology to which they are an introduction.

This story was recalled to us upon opening Canon Cafferata's *The Catechism Simply Explained*, and noting how extremely simple the explanations were. They are adapted to children but equally well to philosophers, if these be of good will.

There are, of course, those who deny the whole system of Christian belief *in toto* and for these another explanation is

first required in order to instil the necessary good will, but, as Canon Cafferata states in his introduction, this good will is taken for granted in his readers:

"It frequently happens that we come across non-Catholics who seem well disposed to the Church, but who have very little knowledge of its teaching; and we wish we had some short, practical book to put in their hands that would give them an accurate account of the Faith."

This is the type of possible convert for which this valuable little book is intended and as this is its tenth edition it has already done yeoman service. That it will prove as effective in the future as it has in the past we have no doubt.

The explanations cease with the close of the section on matrimony, after which the catechism is continued in its usual form to the end, the idea probably being that if the explanations are understood up to that point the average intelligence will have grasped the principles of the Faith and can apply them to the further questions and answers.

The explanations were written with a special view to the difficulties of English converts, and it would prove an added recommendation to its use here if they could be extended to include the more obvious difficulties indigenous to this country.

**MUSH, YOU MALEMUTES.** By Bernard R. Hubbard, S.J. ("The Glacier Priest"). The America Press, New York. \$3.00.

For those who love tales of travel and adventure under strange conditions in the frozen North and enjoy them the more for a lot of sound scientific knowledge mixed with them, this book of "The Glacier Priest" is just the thing. This means a large public, but Father Hubbard's public is already large and assured, for he is known

and loved for his stories from one end of the country to another.

The present volume is made up of a series of stories first published in the *Saturday Evening Post*, and give a more or less continuous account of his travels through and about Alaska, chiefly by dog-team and airplane. His experiences were most varied but whether he is visiting an isolated mission and making friends with Eskimo converts, especially the children, or exploring the giant craters of the great volcanic range, he has the faculty of taking his readers with him and showing them the sights he saw and making them feel the emotions he felt. For Father Hubbard is a born teller of tales and conveys an atmosphere or a casual impression with a rightly chosen word or phrase in a manner that many a more finished writer sighs in vain to possess.

The mind of man, or perhaps we should rather say the spirit of man, has the strange faculty of perceiving beauties and feeling fascination in conditions so inimical to his body that if he relaxes vigilance by a fraction they will kill him. That terrible cold of the North, for example. "Eighty-seven degrees below zero has been registered at The Birches on the middle Yukon," yet the terrible specter of frost lurking in every object you touch, in every atom of air you draw into your lungs, ready to lay its withering hand upon you, has its own grim beauty and the spirit of man can sense its sublimity. Is not this indeed one of the valid proofs of the soul, for surely the material flesh can find no pleasure in that which spells death?

The book is profusely illustrated with the beautiful photographs taken by himself among those frozen scenes and, by the way, amply support his contention that the Eskimos, so often portrayed as debased and degenerate, are in fact a friendly race, readily responsive to ideas and capable of a high degree of religious devotion.

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**THE SECULAR PRIESTHOOD.** By George Joseph Donahue. The Stratford Company, Boston. \$2.00.

This volume by Father Donahue is not a formal disquisition on the priesthood but a series of letters to a young man aspiring to become a priest. David, the young man, has his problems like others and these are the author's replies to his requests for advice, from the time of his entering college to the celebration of his first Mass. In them he has managed to convey an immense amount of valuable counsel, not only for the priest but for all men. Nor does he confine himself to merely practical advice but sets out with great good sense to aid his correspondent's taste in literature and to stimulate his interest in the great writers past and present who have made Catholic literature the mighty thing it is and fixed a tradition and standard of beauty and virtue that should be an ever present guide to every Catholic throughout life.

Father Donahue's style is charming, combining seriousness with a lightness of touch that renders it palatable to all. We would, however, quarrel with the author on one point. It seems to us that Father Donahue shows signs of falling into a habit that has been growing upon us Americans of late years—the habit of allowing our enthusiasms to betray our sense of proportion. His enthusiasms are noble enthusiasms but that should not lead to a disparagement of other noble things. His chief enthusiasm is Cardinal Newman. Now, we yield to no one in our admiration for the great Cardinal, but when we hear a statement that “to link him comparatively with Chesterton is almost burlesque,” we feel a recoil. When, further, we hear as a reason that “Cardinal Newman was not only one of the greatest names in the Nineteenth Century but is still growing,” we feel that the author's critical powers are for the moment in abeyance. It is quite true, of course, but he would be bold who would say that Mr. Chesterton is not one of the greatest names that the Twentieth Century can boast of so far, and certainly he, too, is still growing. But when he goes to the point of describing the personal appearance of the two men to illustrate his contention, we can only shake our heads and conclude that good taste has been sacrificed to enthusiasm, and ask what in the name of sweet reason has that to do with it? Are we to judge artists by their looks?

Nor is this the only connection in which the author exhibits this fault. In another letter he states that: “Once more we have proof that every non-Catholic who achieves anything like style in English, owes it all perhaps to Cardinal Newman. . . .”

There is, of course, the word “perhaps,” but there is also the word “all” which more than cancels it. In reading that remark we cannot fail to think that Father Donahue has thrown good sense after good

taste in praise of his idol. If he had remarked that writers, Catholic as well as non-Catholic, who achieve anything like style in English owe much to Cardinal Newman, he would be saying no less than the truth instead of the pure nonsense that his actual statement involves. Newman is too great a figure to be worshipped with extravagances which serve rather to dispraise him. Were there no great non-Catholic stylists before him? How silly! Father Donahue has forgotten that overstatement weakens argument and brings about a reaction against the very point he would prove. Nevertheless his judgment on many points is sound and his words illuminating; may he long continue to let us have the benefit of them.

**THE HIGHWAYMAN IN IRISH HISTORY.** By Terence O'Hanlon. M. H. Gill & Son, Ltd., London. Three shillings and sixpence, net.

Everyone has a sneaking love for a highwayman—we do not know what one's feeling may be upon actually meeting him, never having had the experience—but in the pages of a book we always favor him, particularly as against the police, but in the case of the bold men who rode the roads of Ireland and still ride through the pages of Mr. O'Hanlon's book, we have a reason for our affection added to our romantic predilection for the outlaw, for these were more often than not patriots who had nothing but their own stout hearts and strong right hands with which to champion a losing cause.

As in many other cases, the highwaymen of Ireland originated as the victims of oppression, the first of them being none other than the small local gentry who, having had their estates confiscated because of their allegiance to the cause of Irish independence, took to the hills and forests or rode the wild moors, descending now and then to strike shrewd blows against their enemies. These first outlaws were not called highwaymen even by their foes, but “Tories,” and their activities were regarded as legitimate reprisals against those who were responsible for their condition. Later their descendants were called “rapparees,” and these, the sons and grandsons of the original “Tories,” continued their depredations and wayward mode of life. Eventually, however, as must always happen in such circumstances, men of ignoble motives joined in the perilous life and, from playing the rôle of oppressed patriots, sometimes became robbers pure and simple. Yet even so they had much to excuse them, and it is surprising how rarely the code of honor set by their predecessors was transgressed. Rarely were their victims the poor of their own race, whom, on the contrary, they sought rather to protect and who, in turn, offered them shelter when hard pressed. If now and then such grim figures as Cabal Mor appeared amongst them, who would admit



no one to his band not already guilty of a capital crime, and whose hand was against all men, their reputation among the poor shows how great an exception they were, an exception almost forgotten among the host of gallant adventurers such as Captain Power or Redmond O'Hanlon, whose feats of daring have found their way into the popular legends of the countryside.

Whatever, in moments of sober reflection, may be thought of their way of life, the heart cannot fail to beat with sympathy, the pulse to quicken with excitement as our author leads us in their wake as they gallop across the wastelands, climb inaccessible rocks, leap yawning chasms or lurk in gloomy caves, planning bold attacks or making good their all but impossible escapes.

**INTRODUCTION TO THE BIBLE.** By the Rev. John Laux, M.A. Benziger Brothers, New York. \$1.12. Net to schools 84 cents.

A brief but comprehensive *Introduction to the Bible*, such as this now offered us by Father Laux, forms a valuable addition to the growing treasury of sound and illuminating literature for use in schools. It is as a text-book that it is primarily intended, being especially adapted for high-school students, but the average studious Catholic, however far behind he may have left his school years, will find it a great aid in developing his knowledge along lines too much neglected and, at least, an ever-ready reference book. In his "Preface to Teacher," the author quotes the encyclical *Spiritus Paraclitis* of Pope Pius X where he urges the faithful to "form the habit of reading the Gospels not merely from time to time, but every day," and ventures to hope that this volume may prove an added stimulus in this direction. The book is enriched by a number of maps and a large number of illustrations reproduced from the work of excellent artists.

**LEADING THE LITTLE ONES TO CHRIST.** Adapted from Gruber-Gatterer *Elementarkatechessen* by Rev. George M. Dennerle. The Bruce Publishing Company, Milwaukee. \$1.75.

One reads over this little volume with some wonder, much admiration, and not a little doubt. It is an adaptation of an adaptation of a scheme for teaching catechism to very little children, and has a quaint simplicity that is very appealing. It is the outcome of some lectures delivered in the years, 1828, '29, and '30 by the Most Reverend Augustine Gruber, then Archbishop of Salzburg, to his clergy on the famous work of St. Augustine, *De catechizandis rudibus*. It was the intention of this pious cleric to put these lectures into print, but his death occurred before the completion of the project. There remains to us, however, the contents of this volume.

The method involves the communication to the little pupils of the zeal and ardor of the teacher for his holy subject, and in the hands of the good prelate himself we can imagine that it might have proved most effective. This, too, would apply to its use by the truly simple or the judicious. Its danger lies in the hands of the injudicious in which in more extreme cases it might become positively maudlin.

We cannot but feel that, while there are many suggestions of great value in the ideas here presented, the putting of the volume into the hands of any but tried and experienced teachers is fraught with danger. It is obvious that if the teacher really possesses the intense ardor which this method would transfer to the children, then that transfer will all but inevitably take place. If, on the other hand, there is any artificiality or exaggeration in attempting this communication, then the result would be sheer bathos.

**UBER PSYCHOANALYSE UND INDIVIDUALPSYCHOLOGIE.** Dr. Joseph Donat, S.J. \$2.00. Printed and published by Felician Rauch, Innsbruck.

This work by the well-known Jesuit, Dr. Donat, will be a godsend to many a professor and student of philosophy in the United States. It is a scholarly and exhaustive discussion and exposition of the psychoanalysis of Freud, and of the related theories of Adler and Jung, who were trained in Freud's school, but who were excommunicated by the prophet and high priest of psychoanalysis, as renegades and heretics.

In this book physician, pedagogue, philosopher, social worker, studious layman, and priest will find the whole litany of terms that are being bandied about with such gusto by the word jugglers of modern journalism. Only these sex urges, these nerve and dream theories, and the whole spawn of repressions, complexes, sublimations, and the rest, are here mercilessly shorn of their husks of scientific jargon by means of clear-cut definitions, descriptions, and evaluations, so that even the unscientific mind can understand what it is all about, and whither it all tends.

On Dr. Donat's showing it is not necessary, either on scientific (that is to say, philosophical) or religious grounds to condemn all the theories or principles that Freud and his school have invented. For the author does not hesitate to point out the useful ideas contained in these otherwise erroneous and destructive systems. The general thesis of the book, however, will stand, namely, that psychoanalysis, together with the schools of thought which it begot, is one of those malign forces of the present day that are working for the destruction of Christian culture and of everything that is noble in mankind. It is earnestly to be hoped that this excellent work will soon appear in an English edition.

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